

AN INVENTION OF THE ENEMY.

BY WILLIAM H. BABCOCK.

COMPLETE.

ALSO, PART THREE OF

GEORGE W. CHILDS'S RECOLLECTIONS.

AUGUST, 1889

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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AN INVENTION OF THE ENEMY.

BY
WILLIAM H. BABCOCK.



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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1889.

AN INVENTION OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER I.

A STADTHAM-CORNERS INVENTOR.

NO doubt Stadtham Corners had its good points,—better than that uncouth conglomerate title,—but it was hardly the place for an aspiring young woman like Alice Ames. At least she said so to herself, walking briskly in from school one soft afternoon between winter and spring; and her face took on a smile at the high-flown epithet. For she had no delusions about genius, no ambition that led into the world of art or aimed at a startling outcome. Only, a child of her day, she saw the new doors opening and was prepared to enter. Yet, qualify it as you will, there is something tickling to the fancy in the thought that a feminine young person “aspires.”

A good broad forehead had Miss Ames; clear brown eyes, for all their daily hard work and the habit of study; a pleasing face, alert, intellectual, resolute, but, above all, kind and cheery. Ornament was not a feature of her apparel, partly for lack of time, as might be expected of a school-mistress with a conscience; but the active grace of her figure appeared all the more plainly, and there was nothing about her out of taste. She came right on, as if there were hope ahead.

The very young Alice had first entered the village as an item in one of those returning family migrations which occur, even in this country, more often than we know. There is a magnet in a man's birthplace. After many years the sand-hills between the sunrise and the Hudson grew beautiful again in the eyes of John Ames, plodding and dreaming in the fat bottom-lands of a water-way out West. One or two mishaps ripened the dream into a purpose; and presently he was back again, with some disabling memories, and an ounce or so of lead picked up inconveniently in one of the later battles of the war.

Ten years before our meeting with Miss Alice, he died, leaving his widow the little old cottage in which they dwelt, the hope of a very moderate pension, and the care of a girl and boy who were seemingly too young to help her.

Luckily, the daughter was the elder, with all the energy yet in its first height and head that had so flickered out in him. Under the pressure of their affairs she came forward rapidly to be the very efficient right arm of that family. Had she not earned the right to look abroad for ampler usefulness?

Everybody commended her in that worthy hybrid community, where the Hollander's solidity was leavened by the stir of a more grasping and lively race; and she held in return a liking for almost everybody,—or at any rate it seemed so on that prematurely warm and gracious day. Even the stranded odd-looking houses had the kindness of old acquaintance in their fronts, though no good will of imagination could make them picturesque. Even the ever-boisterous man who was then and there haranguing a group of men and boys on a corner found welcome in her sight.

Every one knew Issachar Bloomfield, and commonly more or less as you saw him now,—his soft felt hat pitched well back from his dome of a forehead, his arms in vigorous action, with a bit of something precious in one hand, enthusiasm swelling his large face and his larger utterance, evidently at very high pressure.

"I wonder," mused Alice, "whether it is a new mammoth brass band this time; or a hospital for ophthalmia—in case it ever should come here; or a permanent circus and hippodrome; or——" And her eyes followed his fingers, with their excited tangle of wire. "Yes, of course he couldn't keep out of that,—after Mr. Foster's success."

This was no more than a notably good sale of a minor invention,—a thing commonly much more difficult than making the invention itself, but full of meaning and incitement in their village. Though without factories, they were well within the circle of manufacturing interest. The Corners sent a yearly crop of young men to the great hives, heard continually from them of man's long wrangle with matter, and received them back, boasts and all, when they found themselves adrift for a season, or worn out, as all must be at last. Its fairy-tales were not of gold- and silver-mines, nor oil- and gas-wells, nor ranges of multitudinous cattle, but of patented inventions and the great fortunes to be (sometimes) milked therefrom. Its brisker elements took every new mechanical fever at an early stage. Barb wires just now were raging.

Half-grown lads of an ingenious turn went to sleep on diabolical prickly contrivances and visionary entanglements. Sinking men of business began to wonder whether there might not yet be salvation in this ideal metallic straw. Indigent spinsters took to puzzling over pins and blue string instead of inditing letters to unappreciative millionaires. Patient overworked widows gave up the habit of vague outlook towards English inheritances, and worried over their darning about controlling the inclination of vagrant swine. Of course Issachar Bloomfield must make an entry in that race.

Before Alice had gone much farther, she heard him and his voice coming up behind; and presently he loomed at her side with what one may call a benign slouchiness, his face a study of childlike simplicity. It was always thus when not perturbed by a sense of something to be righted or a waving of banners abroad.

"Good-morning," said he.

"Good-morning, sir."

"Nice weather."

"Very nice, sir."

There seemed to be more than contentment to him in this original opening. He walked in silence beside and above her, his face growing more infantile every moment and his eyes more abstracted, until she grew uneasy with a struggling sense of humor.

Just as she was about to break the spell, he pulled himself together, awakening. "Miss Alice," said he, abruptly, "you're a smart girl."

"Thank you," she interjected, demurely.

"And you've been school-marming and studying for a long time——"

"Oh, Mr. Bloomfield, *please* don't make me out an old maid."

"No danger of *that*,"—brightening a little. "If I were only a young man and a single man, I think even *I'd* have to propose."

"It would never do,"—with a judicial shake of the head. "You'd be hanging and banging a liberty-bell in the back yard to get even with the congregation round the corner. I've heard you threaten it, you know."

"And so I will!"—firing with oratory again. "That uproarious infamy of a church-bell of theirs would take the ears off old Beelzebub himself."

"Is it necessary for us to stand up for *him*?"

"I don't know: *I'm* a-going to. I won't see even the devil imposed on. Besides, they impose on me at the same time. That bell, I tell you, is the genuine jumping abomination of desolation. The one down the street's no better. There's just half a note between the two abominations when they clang away together. And they say that ain't discord,—it's worship. Well, then, wait till I set *my* bell a-wrangling; and I'll assure 'em it's heavenly music. It's a big one, I bet you, and a cracked one, with a voice like a brass-foundry and a buzz-saw interviewing a file. And I'm going to take sermon-time for calling sinners to repentance."

"Surely you won't do that?"

"But I will, then. Wait and see. That's my style: hit back hard. But see here, there's something for you to study on. It's a big thing, a Big Thing. Foster's was nothing to it. Do you know, Miss Alice, there's a fortune in that bit of wire!"

He spoke almost with reverence.

"But——isn't business doing pretty well?" she inquired, hesitatingly.

"A living,—a sort of living. But I want to go down to York with my stocks and bonds in my pocket and show the city chaps what a man like me can do."

"But——"

"Oh, you are thinking of my ventures,"—waving them mildly away. "There was a sound kernel in every one of 'em; and I've handled a deal of money in my time, Miss Alice. But this is different. It's make or break now; and *this* is to do the making. It isn't quite right yet; but when you once get an idea by the tail it's got to come. And, mind you, this is practical: not like those crazy notions of Augustus Yale. There he is now."

He stopped short, with a look of displeasure. Two men, tall and slender, were just entering her mother's gate.

Thinking aloud, she said, "I wonder whether he's been working over barb wire too?"

"My barb wire!" cried Bloomfield, with instant suspicion. "If I thought he'd stolen it——! And I've been talking——"

"Hardly safe," she commented, sagely. "But he wouldn't do that. And then I thought you hadn't completed it?"

"To be sure!" he answered, with great relief. "But I will, right away."

"You will come along and talk with them, won't you?" said she.

He hung back: "I suppose you know I've put a stop to George Yale's coming to our house."

"Is it quite fair?" said she, but with some effort. "What have you against George, except that he can endure the church-bell better than you,—and his brother's inventions? Come, Mr. Bloomfield, let me put in a word for Eliza."

"Amen!" he answered, with mock solemnity, then laughed, bowed, and hurried back down the street, looking like a colossal baby. She could not, in this instance, take any shame to herself for counselling one so much older. Any prattling four-year-old might appropriately advise him.

Alice's "good word" had been an effort of conscience, an element wherein she excelled, not always to her own immediate comfort. The truth was, George Yale had seemed to her more idealizable than any other man in that humdrum town. It was hard to think of him, and his religious exaltation, borne under by a dead weight of plump commonplace. And yet they were the best judges; and she wished him well, wished both of them well, and would show Eliza that she did, at their next meeting.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER OF ITS INVENTORS.

GLANCING through a window, as she came up from the gate, Alice could see Augustus Yale bending forward in his seat, with his shoulders bowed together, a long frail Spanish-looking man, with glossy drooping moustache and intense bead-black eyes.

There was no need to conjecture his audience,—her mother; and Alice could not keep the amusement out of her face, though she loved that mother tenderly, too, at this picture of Martha Washington in

later costume listening to the projected wonders of electricity. Not that the expounding Augustus would discover any lack of full comprehension. Her social forces were too well disciplined to show any weakness under fire. That appreciative concentration of face and eye, that promptness in applying vague verbal spurs and tones of encouragement, would be equally available when the pastor elaborated before her his ideas of a new concordance, or the social reformer poured out statistics and panaceas, or the politician grew eloquent over caucus management and factional battle-cries, or the professor from the Academy disported himself among egos and teleology. Had any misguided man opened on her with twenty pages of differential calculus, she would have faced it with animation. In a word, she was a benefaction to any community, and a consistent martyr to politeness.

The lecture was suspended for a moment's greeting as Alice came in, but straightway began again.

"The difficulty with us, madam," said he, "is to find something which can be burnt up more cheaply than wood or coal. Now, zinc, you see, won't do."

"Not at all," assented Mrs. Ames, with a little flutter of growing interest.

"No," he resumed, quietly, in spite of his uncomfortable eyes. "We must burn water. It's plentiful enough. There's no trouble in decomposing it. But for that you want your electrical current. If you get that from anything in the way of machinery, you still have to start and run that machinery; and there you are at the coal again. But a battery burns by acids, not by fire, and it burns a host of things; only, so far, they are all too costly for this use. If I could only find something cheap enough which would answer, *then* I could give you water for fuel right along. Just consider, madam: no ashes, no dirt, no expense worth mentioning, a supply inexhaustible."

"It would be honor enough to satisfy any man," declared Mrs. Ames; but Alice felt almost sorry for the words.

Yet probably nothing could now make any difference. In his aspect there was much, very much, to move pity, even if he could win success. "A case of congested and chronic invention," a young medical student had called it, with the charming hilarity of his tribe, and the definition fitted very fairly. At least it marked him off from sporadic inventors of the Bloomfield kind, who pitch on a novel device as they might on any other promising speculation, and leave it, unless entangled by passion, as soon as Fortune beckons down some other vista. Equally visionary they may be; but in the one case it is the vision of impulse, excitement, cupidity, in the other of downright abiding fanaticism.

His brother spoke for him: "It will indeed be a great boon to the human race, and a service acceptable before God."

It was impossible not to like that face, handsome, vivid, zealous, not full, but very healthful, suggesting the elder in line and tint, but, so to speak, on a warmer, nobler background. Without the glossy garnishing which so marked Augustus, the complexion of George was yet unusually dark, and his hair darker. His deep-brown eyes had no uncanny light in them,—their worst fault being a tendency to weave

aureoles. He had unlimited capacity for faith, for sympathy, for self-sacrifice.

"My motives have not been chiefly religious," answered Augustus, barely smiling.

George looked crestfallen: "But it's not mere worldly pelf you're after," said he, defensively.

"The man of science looks far beyond the suffrages of the present time," announced Mrs. Ames, being put to it by the difficulty of agreeing with both parties.

Augustus gently shook his head with a half-amused, half-hopeless air. "I don't know that I can make myself very clear," said he. "I often seem to have lost count of science as science, or utility as utility, or fame as fame, or man as man. These things are like names spoken in dreams; but it would revolutionize everything; and it is *my life*. Did you ever get absorbed in a problem and rack your brain over it until you hardly knew there was anything else in existence? Well, it's done its best to outlast me."

It was not in human nature to keep silence. With that disquieting smile on his face, the man looked as though he were making haste to his grave. "I can understand, I think," began Alice, gently. "But—is it right to cast one's self so wholly on one chance?"

"Everything worth doing is dangerous," he answered, in even tones. Then, with a little glitter of the eye, "What is more so than marriage? Yet we see even women try that every day."

"I haven't, so I can't say," laughed Alice, constrainedly, for it was not easy to be mirthful with him. "But—yes, I should think electricity might be. Between matrimony and electrical invention, I think I should choose matrimony."

"I *didn't*," said Augustus Yale. "The economical decomposition of water is the only wife I ever had,—and as attentive to my pocket-book as they tell me wives usually are." A languid shrewd look came and went again. He resumed in a matter-of-fact tone: "There is no part of the country where we have not been together, and hardly anything, from school-teaching to ditch-digging, that I have not done to keep alive meanwhile. A little money came to me at the outset: that went long ago. My friends loaned me more, my father mortgaged his farm, George here threw in all that he could make and raise: the experiments made away with everything. I moved again and again, wearing out new friends, new employment and supplies, and still the thing was on ahead, just out of reach, and life going too. My parents died, with no home of their own, unhelpful, not rich. Of all my acquaintance—and there were those who cared for me—there is hardly one who would not be afraid of my coming. Yes, others have suffered, necessarily, but not such suffering as mine. I have gone a winter with no overcoat in the latitude of Chicago, and lain out night after night in Philadelphia lumber-yards or odd corners of New York. I have lived on one meal a day, and that no good one, for weeks together. I have tramped miles daily through all sorts of weather with my feet on the ground, for lack of six cents to pay my car-fare. And when sickness came, as of course it must come, I have been all alone——"

"Because I couldn't find you!" exclaimed George, who had been fidgeting and groaning.

"Yes," assented Augustus, then pulled up suddenly, as if aware that he had been more frank and ghastly than there was need. "Once in delirium," said he, "I fancied it was an octopus that had me; and I do believe it has taken most of my common sense away."

George looked relieved, though unhappy. A dread had been haunting him that there was worse to follow,—what, he hardly knew; possibly something that would present the inevitable martyrdom of others in a legally punishable light. He had never heard his brother so voluble as to the past before.

Mrs. Ames was quite overcome. For once her powers of concurrence had met their match and more. Poverty she knew well enough, with no love for it, yet without shame; but it was a sane and decent poverty, that paid its way. She could not help pitying him, but, after all, was chiefly aware of a certain incredulous distress. How came it that she and her daughter heard such dreadful things in their own home?

"You have been very unfortunate," said she, at last, in a non-committal way.

"It would seem so," he replied, with a touch of irony.

Alice felt more deeply the long, deplorable tragedy of his life; but no good was to be done by dwelling on it. "At least," she said, "you have suffered for something great,—something more than fence-wire."

Her mother smiled. The infatuation of the village was so obvious! But George and Augustus looked at each other.

"I am ashamed to tell you that I have not even kept clear of that," said the latter; "but as a temporary expedient. I must have money for electrical supplies and books, you see."

"And Mr. Bloomfield for a competitor," put in Mrs. Ames, who knew of most things about as soon as they happened.

"Well! well! well!" said Augustus.

"Why, now," protested Alice, "is there anything so hard to understand in a barb fence-wire? I think even I could get up one; though I would rather handle something less pointed in its insinuations."

"I doubt that man's ability to do anything," said Augustus, more positively than he had yet spoken. "Why, his very hat is blown over on the back of his head by the wind of his wild projects and theories. One day he is for rolling all our roads with concrete six miles out into the sand; another, you meet him flourishing a subscription-list for a new comic paper to be published here,—himself to do all the caricatures. Why, they tell me he even intends to set up a new religion in his back yard, church-bell and all, since he wasn't allowed full swing with the choir!"

The speaker was growing almost vivacious. George aided and abetted him by dumb-ague laughter.

"Moreover," said Alice, "he is irrational and fantastic enough to object to the visits of certain young gentlemen." And the laughter ceased.

Just then the mother drew the attention of Augustus away, and

Alice added, quietly, "I think we may consider the prohibition removed. I had a talk with Mr. Bloomfield to-day."

It did not altogether please her to see George brighten thoughtfully at her words, nor the uneasy glances that he stole towards the door. At last he excused himself and slipped away.

His brother stayed a little longer, then went off with bent head up the road towards the faded flowerless house where he dwelt,—the only object on a bare hill-side except a Lombardy poplar with its one finger of shade.

Alice stood looking out of the window rather dolefully. Her mother, divining something, came softly up and put one arm around her, most like a good stanch comrade in spite of her olden-time look. Stanch she was, too, and warm of heart towards her own, as had been well proved in the long battle which they had made together against the enemies of life.

"My dear, I hope we *may* go to Washington," said she. "Our friends here are very kind; but you need a wider experience. My own was not always so circumscribed." And she heaved a little sigh.

"You are right, mother," answered Alice, promptly. "Depend upon it, we *shall* go."

Therewith the eidolon of George Yale was put to rout by those prospective opportunities of which she really knew so little. A minor position in a governmental department, with moderate salary and meagre possibilities of advance, may seem a poor thing to make much of; but at least she would be near the throbbing of the national life, there would be something to hear and know and do, and what was there for her or any one in the sand of Stadtham Corners? She did not put it to herself so plainly; but this would be a pretty fair report of her underlying feeling.

Both she and her mother drew comfort from the thought that they should not be altogether friendless at the capital. Several friends were rather vaguely "in office," and consequently in possession of undefined influence and power. Also an old-time neighbor, a lawyer who had branched off into political management, now represented that district in Congress, being of course a very notable man indeed. Nevertheless, they had wondered more than a little at his promotion.

CHAPTER III.

YET ANOTHER.

AFTER all, George did not bring himself to the point of calling at once on the lady of his choice. Half-way, his uncertainty got the better of him and carried him homeward to an early supper, where distrust of Issachar was served out with the coffee, and Augustus laid it on to that prospective father-in-law every time he buttered a slice of bread. There was never any love lost between the two men, partly because each felt that the other made him ridiculous.

George could not wholly agree, yet had his own grounds of disapproval. In many ways this young man was notably unmodern. A

multitude of topics were barren of humor to him ; for humor implies at least a doubt whether its subject be of the last importance and the highest verity. Worship, conversion, evangelization, were terms which whirled him away in assured and aggressive rapture. No *reductio ad absurdum* had any chance whatever against his robust conviction of the practical physical efficacy of prayer. He would admit it might be better if the two church-bells were not endowed individually and collectively with such hideous capabilities of uproar ; but, after all, everybody was sure to hear them, and that was the main thing. Issachar Bloomfield, with his undaunted congregation of one, struck him as a fit object for derision.

Even Eliza troubled him. At times he feared she was inconsistent, almost worldly. Also, she had declined very promptly his favorite day-dream of missionizing in the Solomon Islands, where were many fine coppery old chiefs to be persuaded into a modest costume and a non-cannibal diet. Her own alluring cheeks might excuse this holding back. At any rate, they softened George Yale in his judgment of her. He could not look on them and doubt that she was designed expressly for a minister's wife,—himself being of course that minister, in the future. When his meditations had reached this pass the magnet was too strong for him, and drew him straightway to her home.

But there was a visitor before him, captured and installed *vi et armis* by Bloomfield in person.

"Immensely rich !" he whispered to George, impressively, at the first opportunity for an aside. "The old man left the money, but he got most of it, and runs the company his own way. It showers out the dollars, they tell me. You wouldn't think it, to look at him. No, I wouldn't, either. He was here to see Foster ; and I guess some of the boys put him up to a thing or two about my wire. Well, he won't get it *too cheap*." And he nodded sagely.

George Yale was as little mercenary as a man could be, but he looked with interest at the great possessor. No doubt even Diogenes would have done as much. The sight was disappointing, or encouraging, as one might take it.

A civil, featureless man, plainly dressed, thin in the hair, smooth-shaven, neither young nor old, neither dark nor light, neither tall nor short, neither stout nor thin, marked in no way at all unless by the want of individuality,—that was James Nidlake. You might lose him in a crowd very easily. You might come on him without surprise in any of those niches of life where neat men win scanty bread by some service between the minimum of manual skill and the minimum of knowledge and wit. Nevertheless he had been for years the manager as well as chief owner of a great Western manufacturing company, and undoubtedly a success therein.

When George glanced at Mrs. Bloomfield he was afflicted with a sudden sense of the unfairness of wealth. Always overdressed, the good woman now bloomed and fluttered like a gorgeous parterre in a breeze. He thought even Eliza more hospitably attentive than there was real need. His own presence appeared to disturb her, and though she turned his way now and then, it was not quite with the whole-

heartedness of old. The mother clearly wished him away. He did not enjoy much more the father's unwonted cordiality,—it was so evidently the overflowing of the great Nidlake.

"And how is your brother, Mr. Yale?" inquired Eliza, very graciously. "Still lost in his investigations?"

"Yes," said he, with a sigh, "and they are wearing him down. It is not as though these sacrifices were for the only cause that can justify the utmost endeavors of an immortal soul."

Mrs. Bloomfield caught, or thought she did, an accent of reproof in the words, though it is likely that George in his soreness hardly knew what he meant to convey. She murmured to Nidlake, rather sourly,—

"I always think that it's a pity for young men to make their immortal souls too heavy for other people to carry in comfort."

Of course George overheard her, as was intended, and moved farther away, with the purpose of shortly withdrawing altogether. Issachar good-naturedly followed and stood by him.

"Oh, these inventors!" murmured Mrs. Bloomfield, again, with a look at the favored guest, expectant of sympathy.

Nidlake might have answered that *he* was one of them; but that remark would perhaps have been against his interest. Oddly, none of these people thought of him as a possible competitor in that invention, although he had already taken out twenty times as many patents as would ever be granted to all the Bloomfields and Yales combined, making money, moreover, as the phrase goes, from nearly every one of them. This does not imply any hidden store of genius; for genius is the very last quality to meddle with mechanical invention. A sense of commercial needs, experience in practical details, just so much enterprise and ingenuity as will smooth away an obvious excrescence, or improve the working of some minor part, or simplify a costly combination by the aid of a hint here and there,—add an unwearying capability of reticence and quiet observation, and the instinct of turning to his own advantage everything that befell, and you have very nearly the whole mental equipment of James Nidlake.

Not miserably after the old fashion, and wealthy beyond all his real needs, he was yet quite capable of hunting down a few thousand or even a few hundred extra dollars with infinite persistency. Why not? What else was there for a man to do? He knew very well that some men had their hobbies of reform, politics, religion, art, science, or salmon-fishing; but none of these diversions happened to take his fancy. He had lately been to Europe, and been bored by Europe, coming back very gladly to business, which he did undoubtedly enjoy, though with no great exhilaration.

This was no hopeful subject for Issachar, nor for his wife. He was as unlikely to fall in love with Eliza as with the angel Israfil. He had called on them because he had been urged and besought, sufficiently to appease a very mollifiable conscience,—which he never overstrained by breaking any statute law. Could they have read his mind as he sat among them, he would have been far from popular, might have been looked on indeed as a spy and eavesdropper; but was he bound to

be as foolishly voluble as his host? He had heard a good deal already in going about the village, and did not question that two men besides himself had hit on this particular improvement,—so slight a thing that there might well have been a dozen, yet with a good marketable quality in it. Only one of the three could get a patent; and the dates and doings of each would be weapons in that war. Clearly, he who should keep in the dark and look and listen unsuspected would have the better chance, other things being equal. Items of value might come to him, or they might not. He would do nothing dishonest, but merely remember and hold his peace.

At present he merely smiled appreciatively, saying, "We have a good deal of experience with them. All their crystals are diamonds."

For it *might* just possibly be worth while to buy off her husband; only not at the Bloomfield price.

Issachar looked reproach at his wife. "I'm sure you know," said he, "that the only invention I ever got up is practical enough,—and valuable, too."

"The fence-wire?" said she, hastening to repair her depreciation. "Oh, *that* is important, of course."

"It's perfectly splendid," declared Eliza, who was fond of her father, if not always happy in epithet.

"A rallying of the clan," thought Nidlake, warily. Experience is the mother of amusement.

"It must be interesting," he said. "Your father partly explained it to me."

Now it was the wife's turn to take the alarm and be reproachful in the face. But, before she could speak, George Yale put in a word of inquiry for his brother.

"I suppose there's a good deal done in that line just now?" said he.

Nidlake laughed comfortably: "A good deal?—you would think so. Bits of twisted wire come in by the bushel, till one takes to dreaming of 'em at night. About nine-tenths are such as no machine on earth could make at any reasonable cost; and every one worth a fortune, in its owner's eyes!"

Bloomfield's face fell, but he had seen strategy in trade before. "I *know* I've got a big thing," said he. "And my patent's in already."

Perhaps he meant the wire "in" his upper bureau drawer. If not, here was another invention. Nidlake did not believe him, but there was a slight change in his expression for all that, which stimulated Bloomfield to talk him over. Now, this was a very unequal game. Before many minutes, Nidlake understood perfectly that the contrivance had not taken final form in the boaster's mind or under his hand until that very afternoon,—indeed, since his parting with Alice Ames.

The manufacturer had his eye on George Yale also, and did not miss the look of recognition in that very frank face when Bloomfield, warming with his hope of sale, hinted the construction clearly.

"I think, Mr. Bloomfield," said Nidlake,—"*that* is, I suspect I know of a man who got up something of that sort ahead of you,—perhaps a fortnight ago."

It was a mere guess, but George's brow began to wrinkle with calculation. It could not be far astray.

Issachar flushed with suspicion, then bethought him that this was only another purchasing ruse, and pooh-poohed it voluminously.

Nidlake, having learned all there was to learn, heard him politely to the end, and then brought the ladies again into the conversation, with an apology for "talking business."

Not long afterwards Alice Ames dropped in, and was made triumphantly acquainted with the millionaire. She did not like that spirit in them,—even allowed herself to feel that Eliza had never appeared to less advantage. A fine reliable custodian of the happiness of George Yale,—a man with too much in his head and heart ever to be paltry, at any rate! Instinctively she felt that the other male visitor might be so.

But civility had its claim on her, and curiosity as well. It was a novelty to exchange words with a magician who could make Stadtham Corners vanish from the face of the earth, if the whim should take him. How did such people think and feel?

Before long she saw how Mrs. Bloomfield felt on behalf of Eliza, for Nidlake, alas! was even over-willing to chat with Alice. She rose to go home, a little wroth inwardly; and he must needs volunteer for escort, which she could not well refuse, nor indeed had any wish to.

But Nidlake did not get away so easily. Quite to the front door, and beyond, Issachar Bloomfield followed him, with protest and invitation, and enlargement on the prize that might escape. Even after they had turned the corner he overtook them, running desperately.

"Just one minute!" he pleaded. "Mr. Nidlake, you don't know what you're losing! There's a fortune in that little thing,—a fortune! Won't you let me explain it all to you again?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly. Write fully, and send on at your convenience. I shall be most happy."

Bloomfield had a dubious look. Seeing his prey about to slip through his fingers again, he burst out, "Oh, you'll never give it proper consideration that way. There'll be so many other things to attend to. See here; I have it! shan't I take the train with you and talk as we go? Come, now; why not save time by taking a sleeper to-night? I can make the thing clear to you before it's time to turn in; or, if not, after we're in the berths I can talk it up to you,—or down to you,—just as you like."

Probably this was the first time-saving proposal that ever proved too much for James Nidlake. He stood dumfounded a moment, then spoke in this wise:

"I am a veteran traveller, Mr. Bloomfield. Let me advise against that. You don't know what the other passengers might do. Texans ride in those sleepers. Besides, I'm not going."

"Well, then, suppose I come around in half an hour and see you at the hotel?"

"My dear sir! I have a *string* of letters to write."

"Well, you'll be through after a while; and then——"

"Don't you expect me to go to bed at all?"

"That's just it. You go to bed, and be easy and comfortable, and I'll sit down alongside and make the whole matter delightfully plain. Why, I've pretty well thought out the machinery for twisting it already. Bless you, I shouldn't mind a bit sitting up all night——"

Nidlake interrupted with a groan. "I dare say," he admitted, lugubriously. "But we're keeping Miss Ames. Good-by, Mr. Bloomfield. It can't be! it can't be! Good-by! No! no! no!"

His tone had been gaining more and more of the hard unpleasing quality which he used in repulsing beggars. When they were quite out of call, he turned with an injured air. "That is a terrible man, Miss Alice," said he. "Who can lend me a bull-dog until to-morrow?"

Alice had been struggling with herself, but now gave up the fight and laughed heartily. "And yet it's a pity," said she, calming again. "The poor man is so sanguine, so painfully in earnest!"

"He's about the worst?" Nidlake declared, still resentfully; "and I've seen some pretty wild ones in my time. Miss Ames, between you and me, there ought to be a law about this thing. Nobody but a business-man ought to be allowed to make an invention."

She smiled: "Wouldn't we lose some valuable ones, and you some good chances?"

"Not many. A real improvement, called for by the state of the art, is pretty sure to be hit on by some one in the trade before long. These scrambles by outsiders don't do any good even to themselves, and unsettle everything. Why, there are inventions that have been made thirty times over, they tell me, and within no very long period at that."

Alice was beginning to think more favorably of her companion. He had ideas and experience, of a sort, at any rate. Moreover, he had called himself a veteran traveller. A report at first hand from the great outer world would be a godsend to a thoughtful, quick-witted girl who had grown up in a corner. She made her venture:

"Didn't I hear them saying something about your trip across the Atlantic, as I came in?"

"I believe so. I was very sea-sick, and stood on all parts of me in succession."

"But the ocean in a great storm,—it must be grand."

"Oh, yes, certainly. Grand. But uncomfortable. I think a brick-yard suits me better. The window by my desk at the works has an outlook on one; and the floor stays still."

"But you did get across. You have seen England, then?"

"To be sure. You can't help seeing it when you get there. I'd rather see the Bad Lands of Dakota: you don't have to go to them on a dose of medicine."

"Did you get up to the lake-country? Did you see Windermere and Rydal Mount?"

"Well, the fact is, their mountains don't amount to much. Small island, you know, and can't afford many."

"Did you cross to the Continent?"

"Oh, yes."

"And saw everything? How I envy you!"

"I don't know. We didn't lose much time getting back. That was *one* good thing."

Alice hesitated, with a comical half-look, which the uncertain light did not let him see. She was beginning to feel herself in the part of the interrogating stage-Yankee. Then she took the plunge again:

"What impressed you most over there, Mr. Nidlake?"

"Impressed me?" he repeated, fumbling among his ideas, like a school-boy unexpectedly brought to book. "Why, now! On the Continent? Impressed me?—Oh, yes: it was the language. The language impressed me the most. It was pretty much like going into a Dutch beer-garden when they're all at it together."

Alice laughed a little, then rather ruefully took refuge in wire-working and the prospect of a storm. She had free play for fancy in the former topic, being hampered by no knowledge of it worth mentioning, but must have acquitted herself well, since he carried with him after their parting another impression,—that of a very charming and practical young lady.

At the hotel he carefully described Issachar Bloomfield as the man who was *not* on any account to be admitted. Then he went to his room, made a few memoranda of results, read and answered a letter or two, settled on his course in this barb-wire matter, as well as a few other and more serious entanglements that were claiming his well-governed attention, and finally at a late hour went methodically to bed and to sleep, in the calm assurance that all things work together for him who loves orderly profit.

CHAPTER IV.

AMERICAN, BUT NOT OF THE BEST.

WE ought to be sorry for Mrs. Bloomfield. Her life had been a hard and wearing one, tantalized by visions, and plunged fitfully in disorder. Just when she knew the family foundations to be rocking, this angel in disguise had come among them and vanished. Small prospect now of largess for invention; still less of a millionaire son-in-law.

It was but recently that she had begun to think of pushing her daughter into anybody's attention; and a sense of lapse and shame was one element in her wrath. She had not the philosophy of the man-hunting British matrons who figure in society novels and try and try again. Essentially she was less degraded than they, or the maidens unconcernedly aware of being dangled by them as baits, or, it may be, the men cynically conscious of being baited. For all that, she turned rather vulgarly and very unjustly on George Yale.

"The next time you feel like driving off company——" she began.

An exclamation from the window stopped her. Eliza was just within sight of that last interview in the moonlight between her father and Nidlake. The dumb show was not to be mistaken. "He treats father," she thought, "like a dog that won't go home," and turned about with tears in her eyes, but ready for battle.

"What are you scolding him for, mother?" she demanded, with a

little stamp of passion. "Is it George's fault that we have thrown away the evening on an upstart idiot?"

"An upstart idiot?" repeated Mrs. Bloomfield, giving way aghast. It seemed profane to speak of great wealth so despitely. "Think what you are saying, child!" she faltered.

"I *won't* think what I'm saying," retorted Eliza. "I believe he's a heathen. I know he's a humbug. He'll get father's invention for nothing: see if he don't!"

This was mere random abuse, not inspiration; but it struck her mother dumb for a moment and added another kind of consternation to what was already oppressing George Yale.

Her father came slouching in, less humiliated than disquieted and puzzled.

"It's a mystery to me," he said, "how that young man has been able to make so much money."

"It doesn't take much sense to have your name put down in a will," sneered Eliza.

"Don't know about that," he replied. "But he doesn't understand his own interest."

"Better than you think!" she cried, fiercely. "That man has a pitiful gold dollar instead of a soul; and when he dies he'll go into circulation."

"We must not judge," protested George.

"You're *too* good," she replied, more gently. "And the rest are——"

"Eliza!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloomfield, indignantly.

"Oh, come, mother," interposed her husband, who generally indulged the girl and took her part in the family skirmishes,—*"come, come; Eliza don't mean any harm. Let's go up-stairs. I want to tell you all about it. And young people like to be by themselves a little."* This last was uttered as they went through the hall; and he half whispered, with a pinch, *"We know how it used to be."* For this man of many extravagancies was equal to the crowning one of really loving his unlovely wife. The treatment was effective in this instance; though in her soul she sighed for a hope that was gone.

They were hardly out of the way before Eliza broke down in her handkerchief. George naturally drew nearer, distressed and sympathetic, although not quite free of alarm for the way she had flown at her mother. She gave him her hand, and half looked up, saying, "I hope I wasn't unkind to *you*!"

"Honor thy father and thy mother," you know," suggested George, conscientiously, edging very close to the pretty rebel nevertheless, with one wing menacing.

"Oh, I'm not good enough to keep *all* the commandments," answered she, brightening saucily.

He looked disquieted.

"But I won't serve Mammon, at any rate," she added, reassuringly, "nor worship the golden calf!"—with great scorn. "I don't *want* to be rich, if it serves people that way. I want to be *poor*!"

"You *shall* be!" he replied, with zealous liberality; and the great

orbs of affection that shone on him went into loving eclipse against his shoulder.

They sat up late, completing their little bargain in disjointed sentences, not without some mirth as to the best means of realizing her unique ambition. She was so complaisant,—the tempter being gone,—so anxious to be of service in furthering the Good Work, that George even had dangerous thoughts of reviving the Solomon-Islanders,—but, happily, thoughts only. He found resolution to put the cannibals aside, and spoke of his theological career, of his brother's need for him in the present crisis, of the life and eternity which she and he were to share together,—this, and much more, with an enthusiasm which did her a world of good.

Perhaps Alice Ames had hardly been just to her. Eliza was not utterly trivial and unstable,—only one more victim to our feverish American energy. There are better ways to spend life than after the manner of a devil-chaser, now in the upper air, now on the ground in spluttering zigzags beyond all prediction. Rarely had she known a year without some shower of irrational luxury on their household, or a year in which there was not some financial corner to turn by most painful economy. Always they had been grasping at wealth, trying desperately to maintain the appearance after the reality was gone, hurried and flurried by some uncertain gleam ahead.

Eliza had been jerkily experimented on rather than educated, the experiments including pretty nearly everything from the kindergarten system to "young ladies' seminaries" and Western female colleges, with interludes of the public schools and home study, all mingled and jangled ineffectively. She had complained that one half of her time was spent in going over the same old ground and the other half in unlearning what she had learned before. But the variations of her father's pocket-book and the novel educational views which dawned on him from time to time were held a sufficient answer. It could not be said that she fared much better in social experience. Nevertheless she was now in a fair way to have the anchorage of a real salutary affection, and would make in time a good consort even for an evangelist,—if only he would not set her to educating naked savages.

CHAPTER V.

A SCION OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

ALICE AMES had made application for a clerkship in the Patent Office, not long before; and now a formal notice came which would take her to Washington, to compete in answering questions. Her mother went with her, first arranging with a neighbor to care for the comfort of Johnny—the juvenile son and brother of their household—while they should be away. The school trustees granted all needful leave of absence to their popular young teacher.

On leaving New York City, where they made a short stay and some purchases, they had the travelling company of the excellent young man

who had first suggested the Patent Office idea. Alice ought to be grateful, and was, and liked him, yet rarely thought of Examiner Eben Mumm without a smile. His age did not exceed her own by more than two or three years, but she remembered very well his air of wise propriety on first returning as a public man to his native town. Subsequent promotions had aggravated the disorder, if that term may be applied to what was partly the excess of its opposite. There was an innocent pursed-up dignity about Eben Mumm when dignity was not needed, a conscious leniency of bearing towards the outer world, a vigilant reticence and measured precision of utterance, mounting guard rather obtrusively over the wisdom within. Upright was he and diligent in his calling; exacting, but not more so with others than with himself; quite capable of appreciating the humor of any oddity except his own; no fool, but precociously, persistently, profoundly official.

Still, he showed himself more than gracious to these ladies, and full of inquiry about the Corners and its people.

"I suppose you know my errand in Washington?" said Alice, after telling all she knew. "If I might only have some little bit of your good fortune! But I am growing frightened as the time draws near. There ought to be some provision for rehearsal, to give one courage."

"Oh," said he, looking sportive, "we could arrange that right here." But he looked about uneasily and lowered his tone, as if dreading to be overheard by some one who would think him undepartmental.

"Wouldn't it be safer to step outside?" said Alice, mischievously. They were running at fifty miles to the hour.

He ignored this sally, continuing, "But we haven't the properties, as the stage people say. I miss the blank paper, and the leaflets of printed conundrums, and the contestants biting their penholders for an answer, and the solemn man who hands things around but can't give any information."

"Oh, if that is all," said she, "I have paper; and you may bite a pencil for inspiration, and be solemn man too. Or rather" (whispering) "let us take the young gentleman in the far right-hand corner,—the one, I mean, with the blue necktie and the comic weekly: you can't see much more of him. No information there, I am certain.—Well—now?" And she produced a pencil and tablet, looking up at him insistently.

In truth, for all her fears, the cutting loose from home was bracing and enlivening. She found a flavor of adventure in it, so quiet had been their days.

He put on a rueful face, but thought a moment, and propounded,—

"What is the maximum size of the inhabitants of Jupiter?"

She laid down her pencil and looked at him severely: "What do you think of yourself, to inflict such a question on a poor girl?"

"Oh, there's nothing in it outside of the scope of computation," said he. "It all depends on gravity, the mass of the planet, and the observed facts of growth."

"Oh! Well, then, suppose *you* tell *me*."

"Come, now, Miss Alice, that's altogether unconstitutional. A civil-service examiner is never supposed to know anything. His busi-

ness is to find out what *you* know. He is appointed strictly in accordance with the principle, which you have heard of, that any fool can ask questions. I was in hopes I could find a wise woman to answer them."

She shook her head: "The wise woman 'passes' this time,—if I may borrow a word from the frivolous game called *euchre*."

"That's passing my examination with a vengeance," he said, smiling. "Well, let us try another."

This was less formidable, having relation to nothing more distant than the Patent Office; and she did her best at inditing a reply. But, between sudden jolts and jerks, vexed little laughs when her pencil would dart off independently, and brow-wrinkles intent on legibility in defiance of the swaying onward rush, a good deal of time had gone by before she handed her composition over.

He looked at it mock-critically: "The examiner would rather mark it 'correct' than read it. Something about Persian history, I should say."

She took it back for inspection. "It is an original work of art," she admitted, lugubriously. "I doubt if I shall ever be able to do better in the way of Arabic or Chinese."

"We shall have to make the examination an oral one altogether," said he, with inward rejoicing. There had been some reward even in watching the play of her features as she bent over her refractory task, but he found a positive exhilaration in gazing right into her fine eyes as a catechist, in rapid exchange of question and answer. True, it was all about such unsentimental pabulum as the difference between forfeiture and abandonment, the proper functions of a reissue, the parts of a steam-engine, and the well-worn properties of matter. But it lasted so long, and with such animation, that smiles and glances went about among the other passengers. One romantic miss in the seat behind them listened with all her ears, when the train stopped at Philadelphia, for the proffer of heart and hand which she felt sure must be impending, but got nothing for her solicitude except "Suppose one man were to file an application for a patent, and it were to be discovered that another man had filed a caveat a year and a day before, disclosing the same invention, what——" But thereupon she withdrew, feeling the neighborhood to be insane and dangerous.

By this time Eben Mumm had quite forgotten Mrs. Grundy and his timidities. Not often is it given a gentleman to ask questions for hours together of Miss Twenty-Two, spying out the land, as it were,—all that she is mentally, all she knows. Nor could one advise the experiment in many cases, as yet. This time the result was edifying. There abode with Examiner Mumm a pleasing general impression of efficiency and equipment, and a special vision of an eager, handsome, womanly face, intent on its own harmless ambition, but charmingly grateful for what help he could give.

CHAPTER VI.

A WATERY WASHINGTON.

THEIR first experience of the capital was more nearly aquatic than it ever could have been before or perhaps ever will be again. The mountain rains had poured down in a freshet against an ice-gorge left over by winter, and so had been diverted in great volume through an ancient by-channel into the heart of the city.

Mrs. Ames looked out from the creeping train at the streets turned into canals, the porches where children were seated by the dozen with bare dabbling feet, the sewer-traps down which noisy cataracts went plunging. Then, with protest on her brow and terror in her heart, she submitted to be borne in a hack, half swimming through the flood, to higher ground. Midway the water came in across the floor, driving them to some sort of chicken-refuge on the seats. Even such passage would be impossible soon. Boats were ferrying already, and great drays, with other mighty vehicles,—a mob of them,—were reaping their harvest. All the southern part of the city was cut off. For a full half-mile Pennsylvania Avenue was a river.

Now Mrs. Ames felt that she had been forced unwarrantably into improper antics. Once at the hotel, her mortification broke out in words: "Well, they may call this the capital of the nation, I call it the slough of despond." Disillusion could go no farther.

"It's too bad!" Alice admitted, laughing a little, for she had taken all in good part. "But I am going out to inspect the slough, if you don't mind. It isn't often one gets a chance to study architecture, hydraulics, and humorous adventure all together."

"Very humorous, no doubt," commented her mother, dryly. "Probably it will take the form of an earthquake presently,—or a sirocco,—or a shower of frogs."

"Oh, I should dearly love to see that!" exclaimed Alice.

"Ah, you *would*? For my part, I prefer to stay here and see whether there's anything dry in the trunks. If you should happen to encounter a plague of locusts, or a—anything unusual, pray don't let it so absorb you that you will forget your way back. Almost anything may happen in a city where they turn rivers loose about the streets."

Their hotel was in the fashionable quarter, well up the slope of the second terrace of the broad northwestern plateau: so there was a considerable walk, for a tired traveller, between Alice and the new water-way. But curiosity was stronger than weariness. She reached it, and was tempted along a good way, making a *détour* now and then around three sides of a square when she could do no better. Everywhere she came on grotesque expedients, floating oddities, ridiculous mishaps, and amused expectancy. The town was taking its practical joke in the mood of a very good-natured man indeed.

Thus far neither the locusts nor the earthquake had appeared; but in turning from the box and barrel navigation she confronted some-

thing as surprising,—the well-controlled and very harmless countenance of James Nidlake.

"Can it be Miss Ames?" he inquired.

"I think so," she replied.

"And——"

"You wonder to see me here? Well, I am a candidate for the Patent Office. Not the Commissionership," she added, gravely.

He kept silence a moment. "So that is it?" said he. "I wish you had told me. Maybe it isn't too late yet."

"The examination takes place to-morrow," she said, smiling her thanks.

"The examination?" he repeated, with meditative incredulity.

"Yes. I have worked hard for it. Don't you think it will be managed fairly?"

"First, where are you staying? Oh! there. Will you allow me to see you back?"—with a glance westward where the sun had gone down. "It is a long way," he added. "Shall we take the cars for it?"

But he had said too much, or too little. Alice would walk, and hear, as she could not hope to with listeners packed beside them. She took his arm. "Do you think, then, it is all a pretence?" she inquired.

Nidlake knew very little about the matter, but expounded it from the probabilities of human nature as understood by him.

"The Patent Office is not heaven," he said, smiling. "And yet it is a little like heaven. It rains clerkships on the just and on the unjust,—if only they have influence enough."

She sighed: "It is hard to feel that I may win, and yet lose. I wish I had stayed away."

"The way of the world," he answered. "After a while we learn that we must fight it after its own fashion."

"How would it ever get any better, then?"

"I am afraid, very much afraid, Miss Ames, that it never will."

"Oh, Mr. Nidlake!"—for it struck her that he did not in the least wish it to.

"At any rate, that's the way they work things here," he replied, with the decisive superior wisdom of him who takes the lower view. "Now, I have a little hold on one or two men in both Houses, and I'll give them a hint to fix things for you quietly to-morrow."

This was undoubtedly a real temptation, for she urgently desired the prize and had before her no definite vision of wrong-doing. To hold her peace, that was all, and do her part in the competition, while others should be working for her, she hardly knew how, but in a different way. Perhaps another negotiator might have won her assent, and embittered her success for long after. But Nidlake was fatally business-like. She could shut the loaded dice from her eyes. Nor, being a fair-minded young woman, would she let her partisan throw them for her.

"I prefer not," she replied, sadly, and rather stiffly. "But I thank you."

He looked at her for a moment, speechless. "Oh, very well?" said he. It was not very comprehensible. Was she afraid of some

entanglement? But what sane woman could object to being entangled (reputably) with a bachelor millionaire? Still, after all, just so much influence—so much available capital—was spared for future uses. "Oh, very well," said he, with a little pique, but more resignation.

It was not very late when they reached the hotel, but distress had long been awaiting. Left alone, the conscience and affection of Mrs. Ames early began their onslaught of alarm and remorse. All the shocking crimes that she had ever heard or read of came trooping to her mind. The unaccustomed black faces on the sidewalk began to grow abnormal, sinister, aggressively brutish. A hue and cry of some sort would have been started presently.

Mrs. Ames leaned back in her chair, relief passing rapidly into exasperation: "So you *have* come at last!"

"I was *afraid* you would be worried," Alice admitted, contritely.

"What perspicuity! what consideration! And were you fortunate enough to escape——"

"Escape!" laughed Alice. "Why, my dear mother, I've not been shut up, even in a lunatic asylum."

"Not the most inappropriate place, I fear! I mean annoyance, molestation,—*attack*, if you will have it."

"'Attack'? Why, mother, I'm not a walled city of the days of Jericho. Nobody will attack *me*. But there, there, mother dear, I *didn't* see anything alarming,—unless you consider Mr. Nidlake so."

Mrs. Ames opened her eyes and ears: "The Mr. Nidlake whom you met at the Bloomfields'?"

"Yes."

"And he was with you?"

"Not all the time."

"Not *all*. Why, I thought you were going out to look at the deluge?"

Alice laughed. "You don't seriously think *he* was the deluge?" said she.

"At any rate, I should have felt perfectly safe," said the mother, adding, as an after-thought, "with him or any other gentleman." But it is likely the multitude of dollars acted in some vague way to soothe still further all disquiet.

CHAPTER VII.

FORESIGHT.

MR. NIDLAKE had reached the city only a very little before the Ames ladies, having a telegraphic appointment for the next morning with his patent-attorney, Mr. Menham. He always sent on these messages ahead, being indeed in such matters a client after Menham's own heart. That very busy and capable practitioner, who never could make his days quite long enough, nor charge adequately for random conversation, had a great dread of callers in general, and especially the model-bearing crew,—they were not half so dangerous by letter, nor so wearing,—but he had no such feeling about James Nidlake.

This prize client came in about thirty seconds over time, and opened his budget forthwith. Menham, a long man, listened with his hands clasped over his upper knee, rocking a little at times, after a fashion he had when his brain was at work and his body not fettered by the pen. Now and then he pencilled a memorandum or an endorsement as one document after another was laid aside, or answered some inquiry briefly, if it could be disposed of off-hand. At last Nidlake reached the barb-wire matter.

"Look at that," said he, handing over a specimen. "Will the Foster claim cover it?"

Menham shook his head. The patent in question lay before him.

"Can we reissue to do so?"

"It's too ticklish now. Hardly any reissue can be counted on."

"But you have advised a good many."

"Yes, and the decisions warranted it *then*. But what's the use of having an infallible Supreme Court, if it can't change its infallible opinion? Where did you get it, anyway?"

"Why, it's my own. But others have hit on the same idea. I was thinking if we could reissue Foster to cover it we might let them fight it out."

"And save the expense of an interference?" Menham suggested. He did not like his client so well when the Nidlake financial caution came uppermost. "Is the thing worth much, anyway?"

"There's money in it. Yes, it's worth fighting for,—if we must. But interferences are very expensive."

"Well, let's have the history of the matter,—your own doings, and what you know of the others."

Nidlake gave it all tersely, without color. Menham listened, with a dry smile when they came to the item-gathering at the Corners, and thoughts of the "secret service."

"It's clear you have a good case," the attorney said. "Neither of them will have any show without false swearing. We'll look out for that. But we should file the application as soon as we can. You've been first in every other point. If one of them gets ahead of you in this, it will count for him, as far as it goes."

"Ye-es. But then they will put us in interference. I've been there."

"Well, you can stand it better than they."

"But I don't want to stand it. I suppose I *could* stand the tooth-ache. Now, here's my notion. Suppose we hold back our papers and keep our own counsel until they've had their fight out. One such siege will pretty well use up both of 'em. Then I come in with my application and call for another interference with the one who beats. He'll have to knock under directly."

"Not very well fixed, eh?"

"Poor as church mice."

"And you are—pretty comfortable?"

There was some ambiguity in the tone, quite lost on Nidlake. He smiled and nodded with the air of one whose good money needs no bush.

Menham thought a minute. "Well," said he, "I don't like it; and it's risky. It may mean a full year's delay. They will have that start of you in the Office. Other inventors may come in meanwhile. You can't tell what may happen. I can see a world of reasons against it. Above all, it will look badly. They will say we have made up our case by the aid of their printed testimony."

Nidlake was thinking, "Yes, and there would be more profit to an attorney in a full-blown interference this year than in a compromise by and by." He did not feel much alarm over the prospect. He found that money kept very warm and comfortable in his pocket-book.

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "You may as well prepare the papers at your convenience and send them on to me."

For this would be pacifying; and they, too, would keep well until needed.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVICE TO THE OFFICE-SEEKER.

THAT same morning Alice's official friend appeared. "I thought you might miss the way," said he, "and come in late. That would be disastrous."

"I *believe* I have a good record," said she. "I *don't get late*. You see I am ready. But it *was* thoughtful of you. Come."

The air outside accorded well with her alacrity. One of our sudden changes had frosted everything. Down in the submerged quarter, which they did not go near, many a parlor floor was sheeted with ice.

"I like this!" she exclaimed. "We haven't left the North all behind us. I can answer any quantity of conundrums to-day."

"If you only do half as well as I expect!" replied he, laughing a little.

A spirited feminine *protégée* is a boon to a young man who has been dieting on red tape and living in a strait-waistcoat for some years. Besides, competitive examinations were to him what "the turf" is to the thoroughbred. He scented the contest from afar, even on behalf of another. His suggestions had a touch of grotesquerie, no doubt; but so has human life.

"Be sure to answer every question," he warned her. "Nothing can be less than nothing."

"Can it? I shouldn't think so. But suppose I don't know?"

"Oh, but you *do*. Everybody can give any sort of answer to any question that anybody else can ask."

"Something vague and general,—like the Irishman's famous retort, 'Is your grandmother a monkey?'"

"I don't recommend that formula. It might set the Examining Board against you."

"What *should* I say, then?"

"Why, if they want all the authors of the Elizabethan period, and you can't think of any in particular except Shakespeare and Ben

Jonson and Spenser and Marlowe, don't mind that. Don't stick for a little uncertainty. Give 'em the benefit of the doubt,—as you would on the jury. Keep as close to Elizabeth as you can, but run in names. You'd better give 'em Lord Tennyson and Huxley and Mark Twain than not have enough."

"Oh, I hope to do better than that."

"If they set an equation before you to be cracked, and your algebra has taken flight to heaven in a scare, don't let that 'stump you,' as the boys used to say."

"Oh, not at all."

"No. Go for it in semi-arithmetic style. Suppose something, for a start, then pitch into the figures and see how they will come out. Keep hitching along by suppositions and approximations. You'll get pretty near the mark. That will be an algebraic method, at least."

"Yes, with madness in it."

"And don't restrict yourself too closely to the questions asked. They want to find out what you know and *all* you know. Paralyze them with knowledge."

"Oh, I'm the woman to do that. For instance?"

"Why, if they ask you, 'Where is Thibet?' it will never do to answer, simply, 'North of Farther India and south of China.'"

"Certainly not; it would be so much better to answer, complicatedly, 'South of Farther India and north of China.' Their feelings would be complicated, at any rate. They might take me for the person of good intentions but unsafe practices known as a 'crank.'"

"Instead of being so dazzling, suppose you were to tell what you know of Thibet."

"That would be soon done."

"Less soon than you think. What you know is made up of what you know directly and what you know inferentially. Why, Miss Ames, if our men of science were as timid as you we should be still groping in the twilight. Don't be afraid of the scientific imagination. See here: I know very well that you are descended from an ascidian."

"Do you?"

"And it's quite useless to ask me if I ever made the acquaintance of that ascidian, for I haven't. But the facts justify the inference; and a biologist could get you up a pretty fair copy of him."

"Oh, dear! I hope he won't, for my sake."

"That is the way you must reproduce Thibet. Mountain country; hardy warlike people; great elevation; poor, stunted; simple of manners and dress. Mysterious and unique religion; exclusiveness and dreaminess of mind and soul. Why, there's as much history in it as in Motley, and more sociology than Herbert Spencer ever heard of. I assure you, Miss Alice, in such circumstances the unexpected outcroppings of knowledge always astonish me. If I were called on to render the ten commandments into Dakota, I am satisfied I should do it with credit,—although Minnehaha is the only word I can call to mind just now."

CHAPTER IX.

ONE SORT OF A LAW-MAKER.

ALICE came back that evening looking rather disheartened. "Tell me," said her mother, as they sat down on a sofa side by side.

"I answered every question. Mr. Mumm insisted on that. And they were sensible enough, mostly. But he mixed up so much jest with his earnest that I was afraid it wouldn't be so. I hardly knew what to look for. But I think it was only a little effervescence of high spirits on his part."

"I shouldn't have suspected him of *that*."

"Well, then, a desire to keep *my* spirits up. He is good as gold, and, like other good people, patronizing, you know."

"Oh, he is *young*, and of course——" said her mother, indulgently.

"There was a mob there," Alice went on, quickly, "and a good many looked as if they knew what they were about. But that's deceptive. The wisest-looking of all—a man with the forehead of a mathematician and the face of a philosopher—gave up at noon. He did it in bad grammar, too. But, allowing for all the failures and triflers, enough remain to make one uneasy. Even if I do as well as the best, it may not answer. Where contestants are nearly equal, the powers that be include the power of choice."

Mrs. Ames thought a minute. "We must see Mr. Peters," she said. "We must, decidedly. This very evening."

Alice made no objection, beyond sighing, "And all the other Peterses."

Now, the Hon. Spencer H. Peters was their Congressman.

By chance they found the quartet together,—the M.C. himself, practical, solid, certain, broad of brow, steady and blue in the eye, with a shaven cheek, and a short blunt wedge of chin-growth; "Mrs. Congressman Peters," who did credit effusively to the newspaper misnomer; Miss Peters, Arabella by christening, a slender blonde aging out of prettiness, with just enough education to shudder visibly over the crudity of her mother and waste thin sentiment in a diary; finally, Simon Peters (there was no reliable humor in either parent), sprawling, bony, dressy, revering nothing, proud of being polemic and enlightened. Not that all this appeared at once; but it was there for those who might see.

"It's a pity you didn't come earlier in the season," declared Mrs. Peters, largely. "And yet—Washington society is so awfully mixed, you know. Some elements of it are so plebeian."

"Oh, that's what's the matter!" growled Simon, resentfully, from his corner.

"I understand," sighed Mrs. Ames, deprecatingly.

"Not at all like the best society of your county," continued Mrs. Peters.

"But it *was* tedious there," murmured Arabella. Then, confidentially to Alice, "Have you seen Mr. Mumm?"

"Yes; this morning."

"How well he is doing! Genius must win its way. Of course you have discovered that he is full of genius?"

"That is Arabella's name for clear-starch," put in Simon, who had sauntered near. "But I take refuge from the wrath to come." And he turned towards his father, who was already declaiming on civil service reform, its futility, fraud, and danger,—a favorite topic. Mrs. Ames had incited him. Alice caught the last of it: "How are we to keep the party together when the legitimate rewards are all gone? How are we to raise the necessary campaign fund——"

"When there are no poor devils of clerks under the cider-press?" interrupted Simon. "Put the screws on the millionaires: then you'll get something. Meanwhile, here's an angel—a Stadtham Corners angel, mind you—who wants to find room among the aforesaid demons. Can't you do something for her?"

"Come, come!" admonished Alice, put out by his precipitancy, though she knew that disorderly hobbledehoy of old. Her mother was far more angry, but tried painfully to smile.

"If you could do anything," said she.

"Anything that would be fair to the others," insisted Alice.

"Fair! Oh, it's all humbug up there," replied the lawgiver. "It's all influence and personal preference, as it always was, and will be. But the fact is, I haven't the influence in that quarter."

"Is there nothing you can do to help us?" inquired her mother, with eyes of deep persuasion.

"I might give you a letter," said he, more hopefully. "Yes, I'll do that."

"Better give Mrs. Ames the last new novel," said his son. "It'll be more interesting, and equally effective. If you can't go in person, I tell you what, I'll go."

"Yes, with a gang of socialists and spiritualists and evolutionists and debating lunatics, I suppose," responded his father, with heavy disdain.

Mrs. Ames and her daughter exchanged glances of dismay. "I think I will abide by the examination," declared Alice, and began to talk about Stadtham Corners. It was not very long before they went away.

Simon went with them, pleading some solicitude. "The old gentleman really *can't* help you," he said, on the way. "I believe he'd do more harm than good,—honestly. They don't like the imputation of not sticking to the text. Besides, Congressmen are so plentiful and common. If there were only one of him,—like the President,—he'd be a monument of greatness."

CHAPTER X.

IDYLLIC WASHINGTON.

WHEN Alice awoke next morning, the first sound that came to her was a faint crow-call, in reminder of open fields now far away. Through the window she could see her predatory rural friends go by

from west to east, now low and fighting hard, now high and blown all about, sometimes caught in a whirl of a gust, but struggling on in one way or another, as if there would never be an end. They fastened a claim on her, these indomitable birds, suggesting parallels of human life hazily in her brain. Day by day, while the fag-end of winter lasted, she saw them go eastward in the morning, westward at night, punctual, certain, unweary.

Time hung heavily on her hands in that period of waiting. Mr. Mumm called frequently after office-hours to take her mother and herself, or sometimes the latter only, on long drives, which Alice enjoyed all the more that he brought little scraps of official news to keep hope deferred from failing. For one thing, he had asked the Commissioner to assign her to his division in case she should be appointed, and gathered from the reply that neither event was unlikely. She was not at the hotel any longer, they having found a less expensive boarding-place in the same quarter.

For a time she took to fitting through the corridors of the Patent Office about noon, partly in the hope that some encouragement might come her way. All the sights of the place grew familiar: the elder attorneys in pairs and trios holding sage counsel on the messengers' benches or telling comic stories near the clock-decorated corners; the examiners hurrying through luncheon at the long table or trying in odd nooks to get rid of persevering visitants; the parading lady-clerks linked together and exchanging confidences. At last Alice's "encouragement" was sure to come firmly down the hall, on two official feet, and smiling staidly. One day Miss Ames reflected that she might be suspected of going to the Patent Office to see Mr. Eben Mumm,—indeed, that the suspicion might even be true. Thereafter she stayed away and he called oftener. She seldom remembered George Yale.

About this time she was haunted uncomfortably by the fading Arabella, who clearly felt herself among the forsaken. Alice could not but be amused by the flitting of comprehension and alarm over Mr. Mumm's departmental face when she mentioned these visits. The one occasion when these two were brought together was described by her brother Simon with more gusto than feeling. "He looked," said this observer, "as if luck were sorely against him and he would like to find some dignified and effective way of begging for quarter." It must be owned that Arabella fared hardly among them. But it is not likely that our official young man had given her good reason to be lackadaisical.

Alice found the critic himself much more diverting; though there were angles about him that rasped and grated now and then. His harum-scarum conversation was liberally besprinkled with views. Hardly a phase of human thought which had not reached him in some echo. His true home was not at his father's house, but the queer debative gatherings which he frequented. Odds and ends of knowledge, too, had floated to him thereby from many quarters, not always reliable, but sticking like burs; and most burs are seeds. He had not settled to any definite conviction, nor to any steady work in life, but had ac-

quired a general idea that things were going wrong very sadly and needed a fillip in some direction. This was counterbalanced by the belief that everything had grown and is growing into shape through the action of inevitable forces; wherefore the present could not possibly have been different, and the future must be what the present implies.

"Don't ask me to reconcile these irreconcilables," said he. "If I have any philosophy at all, it is the philosophy of contradictories. So far as I can see, everything that is fundamentally true is exactly the reverse of something else which is equally so. You can't extract much light from that? No more can I: that's the way we're put up. The philosophers and philanthropists and pious people, and all the rest that begin with a P, manage it by fixing their minds on one half of the contradiction and letting the other half slide. But if you're going into that sort of thing the most diverting plan is to take first one and then the other,—as the best authorities do in their successive volumes."

"But I'm *not*. I'd rather go into 'the stony convent with its books and beads,'" she protested, listening nevertheless.

"Yes," said he, again. "At least seven different ways of getting up the universe are running at large among our debaters; and, for all that I can see, any one of 'em would have answered very well. When our wiseacres undertake to plaster their theories on their fellow-men it is just the same. One goes in for letting the human race wriggle; another finds his panacea in the confiscation of the rental value of all land; another proclaims salvation by fiat-money. But perhaps I'm tiring you? maybe you're not enlightened?"

"Maybe not."

"I am glad to hear it. I've had rather more enlightenment of late than my health can stand. It's a relief to find somebody in darkness. Do you know there are times when I take refuge from Thinkers with a big T even in my Congressional father and the rest of his tribe? Between you and me, he just doesn't know *anything*,—unless it may happen to be the code of New York."

Alice could but smile over this filial appraisal; but it grated none the less. For all that, Simon made his impression of spontaneity and disinterestedness. Her good friend Eben Mumm suffered a little in this one regard by the comparison. Was it not rather dreadful to learn everything consciously for a limited purpose? Life as a mere preparation for questions might become hardly worth living.

CHAPTER XI.

A FEW DISORDERS.

WHILE the appointment was still between heaven and earth, a telegram came from Stadtham Corners. Johnny Ames had met with some catastrophe. His mother was wild to go, but rheumatism had made one of its occasional descents on her, and that might not be. She sent off Alice peremptorily on an hour's notice.

But, after all, it was little better than a false alarm. The boy was discovered in bed, to be sure, but rapidly getting the better of his

bruises, and not under any great depression, as his conversation might show. The relics of a juvenile feast were about him, indicating that he had not wanted for society. Weekly literature of an exciting sort was rather too prevalent.

"I am glad you are coming along so well, Johnny," said she.

"I don't believe it. You don't look like it," he replied, promptly. Then, seeing that she looked hurt, "Yes, I do, Alice, if you want me to," added he. "Only, I know you were saying, 'Why *did* that stupid boy lug me all the way up here for nothing,—and ever so many dollars a month almost in hand?' That's what *I'd* say."

"Oh, I may not get it, anyway."

"Yes, you will. You're *smart*. I wish I was. Never mind; we'll see. But don't *you* go to doing any humbugging, sis. I'm getting all of that I can stand from Eliza Bloomfield. She's good and pious, she is."

"What do you mean, Johnny?"

"She'll be along pretty soon, and you'll see. Last time but one she gave me a nice Sunday-school book appropriate to my case,—all about a boy that climbed a tree on Sunday and pitched out of it, and it was a judgment, and then he turned awful good, and died and went to heaven. As if I wanted to die and go to heaven! And when she came again I put a tack in her chair, and let on I didn't know anything about it. That was the time she got up and yelped; and I asked her if she'd run foul of a judgment too."

"Oh, Johnny! and she only came for your good!"

"Yes, she did! A lot she did! D'you know what she called me? A sinner. She called me a sinner. Before she ever sat down on the tack, too."

"No doubt she'd say as much of herself."

"Not she! She's in training to be a minister's wife. She's keeping company with a theological student. She's swallowed George Yale, boots and all; and now she's doing the paces."

Presently in came his enemy on her rounds, with the air of one very seriously transformed,—as indeed she was, if it might only be trusted to last. However, she forgot her sanctimoniousness for a moment in hastening to greet her friend.

"Oh, don't mind me!" cried Johnny, spying an outlet from trouble to come. "Don't! Just don't! I'll excuse you girls! I'll excuse you!" And he turned his face to the wall determinedly.

"We can take a hint, Johnny," answered his sister, pleasantly, moving out of the room.

Eliza hesitated. "Ought we to leave him?" said she.

This painful development of conscience was a trial to Alice. "You're making your doses too strong," said she, trying not to smile. "'Milk for babes,' you know."

"My dear, I've tried that. I brought him one or two books of the simplest kind,—meant for very young children, in fact. Mr. Yale recommended them. He said they couldn't hurt, anyway. But—would you believe it?—I thought the boy'd have thrown them at my head. And then Mr. Yale offered to come and pray with him for the driving out of the devil of godlessness. But the doctor wouldn't allow

it. And that isn't the worst. Yesterday there was a tack, a big long sharp tack, sticking up in the chair. I think, I am almost certain, Johnny must have put it there. Well, we all have to bear our crosses."

"Has George Yale helped you to that name for it? But I beg your pardon, my dear. I am ever so grateful to you for your kindness to that young good-for-nothing. Only now take a sister's advice and let him alone. And so all is well with you and George again?"

A shadow crossed Eliza's face: "If only there were no such thing as barb wire! Isn't it dreadful that human souls, in the face of life and death and the judgment, should allow themselves to be so worked up over a little bit of transitory metal? That's what Mr. Yale says. But I'm afraid——"

"That his immortal soul is being worked up too?"

"It's really no joke, Alice. He doesn't say much, but—— And as to father, he'll hardly speak to George now. He's hurried to New York and put the matter in the hands of some patent-lawyer, for fear of its being stolen over again. He won't even let me go to see George's brother, though he's ever so sick."

"I hadn't heard about that."

"Lung-fever, they say. That last rain, you know,—without anybody to look after him."

"Except George. But he was looking after you,—and the salvation of mankind."

"Oh, George did what he could. But a man isn't a woman."

"That is true. Well, I'll go over this afternoon and cheer him up a little. By the way, did I tell you I had seen Mr. Nidlake in Washington?"

"That man! Father was for running after him again the other day to sell the fence-wire for a fortune. But it's my belief he only came to us to spy around and see what he could learn. I hate—that is, of course, no professor——"

"Much less a brevet minister's wife of the future!"

"But then when you take the meanness out—and I suppose I may hate *that*—there isn't much left but money, which we're *commanded* to hate as the root of all evil."

"I see. So you have warrant for hating him in detail, although when you get him all together you must love him 'as thyself.'"

"That I'll never do. Not if he were ever so much a 'neighbor.' Not if he came to live next door. That's one of the hard commandments."

But this vivacity of worldliness went into eclipse again when she bade a homiletic farewell to Johnny, first carefully dusting the chair she was to sit on, and looking around for pitfalls in all charity and caution. That hopeful invalid heard her to the end, all agrin, and burst out directly she was gone,—

"Well, if that ain't the very worst! I told you she'd swallowed George Yale. But somehow he don't seem to agree with her. I'm thankful it wasn't old Dr. Blaine. She'd have worked off on me all the stale medicines in town. Second-hand religion is bad enough. But snide pills! There'd have been a strike, sure."

CHAPTER XII.

BIAS AND COUNTER-BIAS.

WHEN Alice came face to face with Augustus Yale, she could hardly repress an exclamation, such havoc had that little time wrought. When she went away he was merely an invalid; now he seemed dying. Nevertheless he had insisted on being bolstered up in bed, with some sort of loose wrapping around him and divers odds and ends of apparatus brought near. Over these he bent his cadaverous face. When he raised it, on her entrance, the eyes shone like jet, though with a deep fire, such as jet never has.

"Good-morning," he said. George, following her, set a chair by the bedside.

Seating herself, she laid her hand on that of the sufferer. "What can I do for you?" said she. "This is so hard!"

"There is not much fun in it," he answered, dismally, and with effort. "You might come and see me now and then. But you won't be here long. Did you get into the Patent Office?"

"Not yet. I hope to."

"I don't know."

"So much sin and wickedness in all the Departments," added George, solemnly. "Never mind, Alice: a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. What a glorious opportunity!"

"I'm afraid I should hardly be equal to it. Fortunately, I don't see the need. Don't you know, I think we people in the country are a little pharisaical?"

"But Washington is wicked."

"And so is Stadtham Corners. Rather more so, perhaps. Is perfect harmony prevailing here?"

"You mean about barb wire? It is a pity immortal souls——"

"All very well!" said Augustus, impatiently; "but what would an immortal soul be good for without any mind? And my mind's been running so long on invention, if I had to stop it I'd rather stop existing too."

His excitement had given him temporary strength. He spoke clearly and with fluency. George looked horror-stricken. "Don't, Gus!" he exclaimed, half rebuking, half imploring. "You know how I've stood by you. But I can't bear——" He hesitated, with moistening eyes, the tremor of his last tone still vibrating.

Augustus answered gently, almost dreamily, settling back as the thought of past years came over him,—

"True enough, George: so you have, so you have. Yes, when all else fell away. And now—it will never come to anything. It will be gone,—as I shall."

His face grew piteous. Alice could hardly control her own, or her voice, but answered at random,—

"You mustn't give up yet. You may be nearer success than you think."

He looked up eagerly, but spoke with slow intentness: "Do you know I have thought just *that*? Miss Alice, I have been within touch of the secret again and again, as I thought; but I do believe another thousand dollars or so would see me through. That is why I turned to *this*." He picked up a piece of barb wire. "It is my only hope. Not much of an invention, I know. But there's money in it. If I can only keep alive until a little of it comes!"

"What have you done to secure protection?"

"I meant to go on to Washington; but you see——" And he looked at himself with a faint smile.

"Oh, I am sure there'd be no need of *that*," she answered, encouragingly. "Send it to any competent patent-attorney." She named several.

"You think it would be safe?" said he.

"Surely. One must trust somebody, to do anything."

"But—why, even here—you know Bloomfield,—Issachar Bloomfield. I shouldn't be as low as I am to-day but for that man."

Alice turned to George, who stood by the foot-board, with a look of regretful inquiry. "Yes," he said, as if driven to it, "Mr. Bloomfield was here a day or two ago, and violent."

"He began mildly," said Augustus, "trying to draw me out. But he found I knew he had stolen the idea from me, and what he was after. When I wouldn't give him any dates, we had a circus."

His face showed that his recollection did not accord well with the light slang which he used.

"It was a shame! Sick as you were!" cried Alice, indignantly.

George stirred, with a darkening face. "I should have pitched him out of the door if I had been here," exclaimed he, then stopped abruptly, with Eliza in mind.

Augustus held out his hand feebly. "Thank you, George," said he. The younger brother drew nearer, and took it. For a minute or more these two who had fought the battle of life so strangely together remained in that clasp, with solemn faces and brimming eyes, which told of the shadow sinking between them.

Augustus spoke first: "You have been true as steel, George. You won't go back on me after I am gone."

"Don't speak of it, Gus; don't!"

"But I must. It may come any day."

"But—I don't want to make a profit out of what you have done."

"There's a right and a wrong in this, George." His lips came together, and his eyes began to burn. "I won't be robbed in my grave. I won't look up and see that rascal flourish on the money which would—— Why, even you, with its aid, might blunder on the great prize."

George shook his head: "I was willing to help you. But by myself, I shouldn't have the heart to try."

"You don't know. You can't tell. These things grow on one. But promise me, George. Promise to be true to your dead brother."

"Of course I'll be *that*."

"You understand? He must not have it."

George bowed.

"Can you hold to this? Even if it postpones your preaching?"

George looked hard beset. But those eager, pleading, compelling black eyes had their way.

"Yes. But it—— Yes, God forgive me!" said he.

"Even if it builds up a wall between you and Eliza?"

"This is too bad!" protested Alice.

They did not seem to hear her. George was already declaring, desperately, "Yes! yes!"

His brother settled back triumphantly, and began to take long breaths. "Bloomfield won't get it," he said softly to himself.

"Indeed, Mr. Yale," urged Alice, not a little shocked, "I think you might let George earn the money in some other way."

He only smiled with an air of deeper discernment.

She turned the conversation, as easily as she could, into a brighter channel, and had the pleasure of seeing him grow more human before she went away.

Nearing the skirts of the town, she heard the shriek of a train that had come and gone again. Presently a large man with a carpet-bag in his hand sallied from a cross-street.

"I've got my big cracked bell here at last!"

The proclamation awakened her with a start.

"Mr. Bloomfield?" exclaimed she, catching breath.

"It's a fact, though," he laughed. "And I've lots more of 'em to give you. In the Patent Office yet?"

"No," she answered, shortly. His jovial exuberance was too much for her, after what she had just left.

"Never mind," said he, winking inexpressibly. "Just wait. You wait until I revolutionize that little establishment. This invention of mine will be the entering wedge."

All this went by her like the idle wind,—which indeed it was. The reformatory fancy had not five seconds of a career in his brain.

"I've put it in the right hands, too," continued Issachar. "My man knows the inside track to the Patent Office. I'll see that he doesn't lack what's needed. He'll put it where it'll do the most good."

"In his own pocket, no doubt."

"I never thought of that." He seemed disconcerted for a minute, but rallied. His great blue eyes beamed at her indulgently. "These school-ma'ams know it all!" said he. "But it don't need even that to make a young lady overwise nowadays. Any stripling will answer, if only he takes his breakfast out of a hymn-book. Now, there's Eliza. See how George Yale has—converted her. If it goes on much longer, she'll be able to say the ten commandments backward and serve 'em out to you morning, noon, and night! Bad company, though! Bad stock, those Yales!"

Alice grew hot and stern at this. "Mr. Bloomfield," said she, "I think that is unfeeling and indefensible, after your share in bringing Augustus Yale to his present condition."

"Is he so sick?" he inquired, with a flush of disorderly sympathy. "What can I send him? I must send him something."

"You have nearly killed him."

"Miss Alice, I didn't mean the man any harm. I went there full of forgiveness. But he wouldn't own up. He laid claim to *my* invention, Miss Alice!—my barb fence-wire,—the very thing he'd stolen. Of course he stole it, as far as he could. And you can't think what it is to me. It's make or break, I tell you. And my wife! And my children!" He seemed ready to weep.

"It's a hard world," said Alice, pityingly. "Why must one's gain be another's loss?"

With that kind word they parted.

CHAPTER XIII.

MESSAGES AND MISSIONS.

NEXT morning Alice received a letter from her mother, with very welcome news. The rheumatism was taking a merciful turn; and Mr. Mumm had received a very plain hint that officially all would be well. But Alice *must* wait a little, and bring Johnny. Mr. Mumm averred—of course under pressure—that it would make no difference.

Alice did not feel so certain; but the boy could not travel quite yet, and, after that message, was loud against being left behind. Perhaps he had heard of the Capitol dome as a good place to tumble from, or was impatient to transfer his practical jokes from villagers to the rulers of the land. Wherever that boy might go, he would be a blessing, like any other agitator. The prospect was so vivifying that it had carried him to the sunny front-door-step already.

Alice was picking a few flowers near the gate, when Eliza came up, looking very plump and very solemn,—a living incongruity.

"I wanted to walk with you, Alice," proclaimed she.

"Good! I am going with these to Mr. Yale."

"I knew it."

"Don't be so sepulchral, my dear. I am feeling too jolly to be scolded." So she told her all.

Eliza tendered her congratulations, and then sighed.

"What's the matter, dear?" said Alice. "Don't you feel well this morning?"

"Oh, 'the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life!'" bewailed Eliza, shaking her head.

"All of them?" queried Alice, looking with concern at her.

"Oh, I didn't mean myself," protested Eliza, quickly, with a flush.

"I have observed that people never *do* mean themselves when they deal in these choice Scriptural allegations. I should like to know what I have ever done——"

"There, Alice, you know I only meant the last."

"Am I so very proud of life, then?"

"Not exactly. But—but I fear you are growing worldly."

"That's a curious charge from the young lady who had somewhat to say about Mr. Nidlake's wealth not long ago."

Alice felt ashamed of this thrust while she uttered it; but Eliza did not take offence. "I was a wicked girl then, Alice," answered she, dismally.

"Oh, I don't believe that you were so very bad,—nor that you are so very good now, my dear."

"You don't believe in a change of heart?"

"I should be sorry to have yours change, for it was always a very kind one. But what is the indictment against me?"

"To think of all this ado about a poor perishing government clerkship——"

"Look here; don't cast the evil eye on my clerkship. I don't want it to perish before it is mine. Well?"

"I was saying, while the weal and woe of an immortal soul are trembling in the balance——"

"Ah! that sounds like George Yale, and means an onslaught on his brother. You may be right, Eliza; but I can't—I can't. I will not kill the man with discourse that he does not want,—even to send him to heaven. Good-by, my dear."

Alice was undeniably in some vexation. "Terrible while the fit lasts!" ran her unspoken soliloquy. "By this time next year she will be spinning like a teetotum at every ball and scandalizing very strict people by the cut of her dresses." But this was hardly charitable, after all.

She found Augustus in a congenial frame of mind. "You won't bother me about my unfortunate soul," said he, appreciatively. "Ah, these violets are sweet. George didn't use to have it so bad, either, before he fell in love. Don't fall in love, Miss Alice. They tell me she's worse yet."

"Well, rather."

"Then I wish somebody would import a good lively heathen for 'em to work on. It might take the edge off their animosity."

"I'm glad to find you in such good spirits."

He settled back comfortably: "Miss Alice, I ought to have married you fifteen years ago."

"Thanks! But don't you think I should have been rather small for a bride?"

"Oh, I mean no reflections as to a delicate topic. Only, a wife like you wouldn't have been so disastrous."

"Thank you, sir. You are comparing me, I think, to—what was the name?—the 'Decomposition of Economical Water,'—what was the long name you gave my rival?"

"You have mixed it up a little; but that will do."

"It makes you smile, at any rate, and that is better than medicine."

On this principle she fought off all allusions to the shabby or tragical or lugubrious aspects of his long chase after vacancy,—indeed, would hardly let him speak at all without some approach to a grin,—and finally left him more content with himself and his career than for many a day.

This good work had raised her own spirits. A smiling curiosity came over her to see the Bloomfield petition-disturber, the great un-

godly bell. So, with some qualms for neglecting Johnny, she went that way. But he was there before her, with two comrades, peering between the palings. Afterwards she remembered that they had the look and whisper of conspirators.

"Johnny!" she cried, "you'll be thrown back, so you can't go with me to Washington. I must help you home. Come."

Now, this was not to his taste at all. What! lead him ignominiously along the public streets, like a small child lost from its mother? Sooner than that, he was prepared to lie down then and there and dig his fingers into the roots of the grasses. Already his companions were beginning to laugh behind their hands.

"I'll go home, sis,—straight!" he promised,—"fair and square, and no chenanigan about it."

With scant opportunity for her to dissent, the trio departed. She wondered what they were after; for there was evidently some project or mystery.

Just then Bloomfield called her. His garden ran to the front fence by the side of his house, and had a gate there. They met at that entrance, he coming up jubilantly. In the act of offering his hand his face grew wise and slyly watchful in a broad, simple, transparent way. "Good-morning, Miss Alice," he said. "I don't know but you come from the enemy's camp, though."

"You don't mean the church, I hope, Mr. Bloomfield?" And she glanced up at the great bell which hung in a frame near the house.

"No," he said; "it's a good religious bell, I can tell you. A Protestant bell that is: you'll hear it protest to-morrow. But what I meant is—well, I don't know as I care, Miss Alice. Come on."

"But *I* care," answered she, smiling and drawing back. "I have seen the bell. That was all my errand."

He looked uneasy: "Oh, I didn't mean anything. You see, Miss Alice, I heard tell last night that George Yale was going to put up some of the wire to-day, and so—why, I don't know as there's any sense in it, but if it's good for him it's good for me, and— Come and see."

She followed to the scene of his labors in the rear part of the garden: "I've fenced off more ground than he has, and I've got more barbs to the yard on it; and if he puts in a critter to try whether it'll work or not, I'll have in two,—a big one for the Commissioner, and a little one with extra long ears for the examiner of interferences. They tell me he's the first chap that has a shy at you."

"You must have worked hard."

"Oh, I had a good bit ready, and I used up most of the night on the job, after hanging the big bell,—and hearing Eliza on Tophet. She's the worst cracked of the two; I'm dum sure of that."

He was flourishing on in high feather,—having indeed at all times a liking for this "smart," kindly, thoughtful young lady,—when suddenly his expression soured and turned bitter. He broke off abruptly, with the quotation, "And Satan came also."

Alice knew one of the Yales must be near. Sure enough, George came up. Forgetting all else in a sudden anxiety, she asked him,—

"Why, George, is anything wrong? You must have followed me almost on the instant."

George hesitated, looking bewildered. His mind just then was a bow under strain with one arrow, and another sought to displace it. The inspiration which had come to him like lightning and driven him along would not readily give way.

"Why,—I——" stammered he. "Augustus is no worse. But I came to see Mr. Bloomfield."

Issachar listened vigilantly, with conspicuous lack of faith.

"Well, what is it?" said he, leaning over a fence-post gingerly, being mindful of the prickly wire.

George spoke with a gentle vehemence, as though their two souls were face to face: "It came over me as I was at work in the field, and I dropped everything. Is it not dreadful for brethren not to dwell in unity?"

Bloomfield stared at him in broad amazement: "Have you and Augustus fallen out?"—with the air of an honest man who might find his account therein.

"I meant in a Christian sense," declared George. "Are we not all brethren?"

Issachar shook his head ponderously, as though nothing would ever induce him to admit that.

"Oh, yes, we *are*, Mr. Bloomfield," pursued George, with fervor,— "although you *did* nearly kill Augustus," he added inwardly, in spite of himself.

"Maybe you know more about it than I do," suggested Bloomfield. "Maybe you have later advices." For he was not to be deluded.

"No advices," said George, "except those which were delivered to the world more than eighteen centuries ago. Mr. Bloomfield, I don't find anything there to warrant one Christian man in disturbing the worship of his brethren."

Bloomfield whistled in a dreamy way: "So *that's* it?"

"What else should it be?"

"Why, I thought it might be about—wire——"

George waved his hand dismissingly: "If it rested wholly with me, sir, I should leave that field open to you. That matter must be settled elsewhere. But I thought that if I, against whom you have expressed bitterness, could bring myself to come here, as one Christian man to another, and ask you—implore you—not to violate the sanctities of the Sabbath and the solemn hush of prayer,—perhaps your heart might be turned——"

"Well, then, it won't," answered Bloomfield, with a confidential and smiling air. "Surprising as the fact may be, it really won't. I've invested good cash in that old bell, and I've said, No! to three deacons already. Besides, it's curious you people don't take any account of *my* religion."

"Your religion?"

"Yes. It calls for a cracked bell; and the cracked bell has to be rung just when somebody else is preaching. If not, it won't do any good."

"What sort of a religion is that?"

"The High Old Japanese. And, let me tell you, it ain't so much unlike your own, either. You talk about 'the solemn hush of prayer'; but sometimes it's been a good deal more like an Injun war-whoop. And as for your bells, mine isn't more'n a fair stand-off. And I shan't preach any sermon,—except the Declaration of Independence. I may let a little of that out on 'em in the first 'solemn hush' that comes along."

George listened with his hair beginning to rise, then bowed gravely. "I am sorry to find you in this frame of mind, Mr. Bloomfield," he answered, in a dolorous voice. "This apostasy is *horrible*!"

He walked out slowly, with his head bowed and his hands behind him. The two others came after as far as the gate,—Bloomfield in a suppressed upheaval which might be revealed the next moment either as mirth or anger, Alice in admiration and a lively sense of the absurd. She would have done better to let him go; but the heroic in him overcame her: before he had gone twenty steps, her own were hastening after, with some vague idea of consoling.

"Is it not dreadful?" he said, as she came up. "What heathenism! You heard what he avowed. How frightful to think of Eliza's father becoming a pagan!"

Alice began to laugh a little, in spite of her concern, and took, naturally, the wrong kind of oil to pour on the troubled waters.

"Indeed, indeed," said she, "I shall begin to think that religious excitement and your long seclusion with Augustus are beginning to tell on your mind. George Yale, *can't* you see when people are making fun of you?"

George stopped short: "Then he isn't a sincere heathen at all?"

"Why, I thought you'd be glad to hear it."

"And he was speaking in wilful obduracy and hardness of heart, and jeering at the light?"

"If you choose to put it so. But—George—George——"

For George was already striding back, in the wrath of the affronted righteous.

Issachar Bloomfield kept his posture, leaning over the fence, with a half-diverted, half-puzzled expression.

"Glad to see you again," said he, with over-ripeness of welcome. "Going to be a convert to High Old Japanese? Want to try *your* hand at the cracked bell to-morrow?"

But George was trembling and darkling, and delivered himself in Apocalyptic style:

"Mr. Bloomfield, no good will come——"

"Oh, botheration!" exploded Issachar, with a sudden change of aspect. "Are you threatening me?"

"Beware of the vengeance——" began our nineteenth-century denouncer of woe. But Issachar was already rushing for the gate like a mad bull, and with similar intentions.

Alice came between very quietly. "I think we ought to have a pair of strait-jackets here," said she. "Do go home, George, and be a reasonable human being. This is a pretty exhibition for the street!"

Probably the same idea was dawning on him; for he sighed, and went disconsolately away. Not at all too soon. Eliza had come flying through the front door as a peace-making reinforcement,—and further complication. Bloomfield threw her off, and went scuffling back into his garden, with much frenzy of gesture. "You heard him! You heard him!" he shouted at Alice. "You heard him threaten me! It isn't enough for the black-hearted villains to rob me of my invention, but they must threaten me with 'vengeance'! You heard him!"

"Oh, you didn't understand him, Mr. Bloomfield," protested Alice, in dismay.

"Didn't I? Didn't I? Don't I?" And he hurried back to his work in high dudgeon. As he passed the bell he turned and pointed up to it. "Maybe he'll understand *that* to-morrow."

Alice kissed Eliza, and made all haste out of the neighborhood. Her last and sorest recollection was of a sobbing voice behind her: "My poor George! are we—parted—for—ever?"

It was a relief to find Johnny at home according to promise, and none the worse, apparently. He insisted on hearing more about the big bell, and soon had the whole story of her,—to which he listened with very great delight. "Sis, *why* didn't you give me a chance at that shindy?" he demanded, reproachfully. "Don't I wish I'd been there! Never mind! I'll be even with all of you yet."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE BELL.

ALICE felt ill at ease, but knew not what danger to guard against. Once or twice in the night she went to look at her graceless Johnny; but he slept as peacefully as any other boy with a good conscience. In the morning she was startled by a flurried visit from Eliza.

"I know it's wrong," the Sabbath-breaking caller began, "but I just *had* to come and tell you. And, really, it isn't safe at home. Father's going up and down like a raging lion, seeking whom he may devour. Oh, it's shocking, shocking! But what a *providence*!"

Here Johnny, still at table, gulped something down the wrong way, and hurried to the open air. His sister eyed him suspiciously, then turned again to Eliza.

"What *do* you mean?" said she.

"Why, don't you know? The big cracked bell is—*gone*! Could it have been a miracle?"

Here there was an anomalous noise outside. It might have been a suffocated guffaw.

"Is that what your father thinks of it?" inquired Alice.

"No: he lays it all to George. As if George Yale would go about with a big cracked bell intended for Japanese worship! But he says it's only the beginning of the 'vengeance'! And sometimes he declares that he'll have the Yales put under bonds to keep the peace, and some-

times that he'll get a search-warrant and a constable and go out and vociferate at them."

"Oh, you must prevent that! It would be the death of Augustus."

"He won't do it. He'll cool off before he can get a warrant; and as for going without one, he knows that George would be at Sunday-school before he could get there."

Nevertheless Alice went out to the Yales' after church, to assure herself that all was well. She found Augustus in high spirits over his rival's discomfiture. "Boys or deacons?" queried he.

George would not entertain either theory. He too was pleased, especially over the speedy fulfilment of his prophecy, and a little in disquiet over the rumors afloat as to his own agency, and suffering on account of the multiplying barriers between himself and Eliza. But there was more of solemn thankfulness about him than of anything else. In his tones "providential interference" almost figured as something very direct and supramundane indeed.

There were others half of his mind in the matter, and many besides them who had felt vexed, or even outraged, by this Bloomfield innovation. For once Issachar had hit on an extravagance that even a tolerant people would not tolerate. Hardly any one was enough in sympathy with him not to laugh.

But they were not quite rid of the angel of discord yet. Somehow, long after dark it found its way unseen to its former home,—whether borne by 'boys or deacons' or spirits, who shall say? In the middle of the night there suddenly pealed out a most unearthly and discordant clamor, making people spring from their beds in every corner of the village and rush to the windows to see what the trouble might be. It drove Alice Ames in her night-dress to her brother's vacant room. It made George Yale hurry on a few garments and run frantically down the road towards Eliza, to see what the devil was after. It broke forth in ear-splitting and heart-appalling uproar almost at Issachar Bloomfield's bedside, paralyzing him at first with bewilderment, then startling him bolt upright beside his wife, who shrieked in hopeless competition. Eliza came wildly into the room, crying, "It's a judgment! a judgment!" and fell on her knees in frightened prayer.

"A judgment?" bellowed Issachar, his valor flowing back as he awakened. "A judgment? It's my old—cracked—bell!"

"Oh, don't go out there! don't!" pleaded the daughter. "It may be the summons of Satan." And "Don't!" screamed her mother, unable to say more.

Issachar Bloomfield was beside himself; for they held him desperately, by voice and hand and everyway, lest possibly he should slip through to the howling Enemy. He struggled with them awhile, then broke away with Eliza in his arms and locked her safely in her own room. Next he planted his wife vehemently in a chair, taking away her scant remaining breath, pulled on half his clothes, and hurried stumbling down the stairs amid the reviving outcries of the two women and that devil-tongued metallic braying and caterwauling.

When at last he issued into the garden, the whole street was awake, and people had begun to gather.

Yes, there was the bell. In the darkness, faintly relieved by starlight, he caught a glimpse of its outline, a few feet away, swinging irregularly but with a fury, and driven by unseen hands. Its vibrations went through and through him. He had never dreamed of getting too much of his retaliatory purchase, but it was undeniably superabundant now. Howling, "Stop that noise!" he made a rush towards the rope, or where he supposed it must be, felt his feet entangled in something, and pitched violently forward into a shallow puddle of water, with a "snare of Satan," or at any rate of fence-wire, twisting around him as he fell. Every plunge tightened it, adding to the diversity of its entwining; and here and there something punctured him acutely, as though he were in the gripe of his own barb-wire abomination with the weapons imperfectly removed. Meanwhile, the hideous din went on above him, drowning such cries for help as the mud and water would allow. It was a terrible plight for an enthusiastic inventor.

This state of things lasted for some time, Mrs. Bloomfield and Eliza getting meanwhile into their wits and their apparel, for summoning aid, and the neighbors growing every moment more wrathful in protest. To them it was another diabolical diversion of Bloomfield,—the chief sufferer. They would soon be equal to visiting punishment on him for afflicting the midnight in this horrible way. He had never had so many unlovely epithets heaped on him as while he lay sputtering, the victim of circumstances and his own cracked bell.

Then came George Yale to the rescue in full career, taking fence after fence like a steeple-chaser, making a very wild bee-line for the alarm and Eliza and the devil. This brought him violently into a boyish trio who were working the bell-rope from behind a screen of rose-bushes, and scattered them everyway. The bell stopped, of course, after two or three vibrations, only its "hollow murmur" continuing; but George kept on blindly. In three or four steps he came down lengthwise on the body of Bloomfield, who set up the best yell that he could. "Oh, the devil!" was his cry.

George twisted about in the toils, breathless, but with a heart of serious protest. "No—I'm not—the devil," he gasped. "I'm only—George Yale—come—to help you."

"Oh, that's far worse!" howled Issachar, wrenching himself half upright, and inflicting thereby a dozen barbs on his yokefellow. "What next?"

"Death and the judgment and eternal torment, if you don't mend your ways," cried George, in requital, being naturally biassed by his surroundings.

"It couldn't be much worse," retorted Bloomfield. "This is what you call 'helping,' is it, you malignant reprobate? This is the way you treat a reputable citizen, do you? To rout him out of bed in the middle of the night with the devil's own ding-dong, and trip him into briers and barb wires and mud-puddles, and dislocate his ankle, and dance on his stomach, and tell him to go to death and the judgment and eternal torment the first time he opens his mouth! I see through it all. It's a plot to murder me. But I shan't die easy. Help! Help! Help!"

Concurrently with these shouts, he made a vicious attack on his

fellow-prisoner, who defended himself as well as he could, neither being able to strike a blow by reason of their confusion in bond and limb, although the dragging and spurring of the wires answered very well for punishment. Meanwhile, Eliza and her mother came hurrying at last through the door-way, and the crowd rushed in over the fence or by the gate.

There was a deal of disrespectful mirth when a lantern first brought the frantic double monster among the fence-wires fairly into view. It multiplied when their faces were recognized.

"This must be the conflict between religion and science that I've been hearing about," commented a reading neighbor, as he assisted in disentangling them. "But couldn't you choose some other hour for your set-to? And wouldn't it have been possible to get on without a jangling alarm-bell to keep up your courage? And wasn't that tying with fence-wire an odd condition of a prize-fight?"

George Yale was now free and on his feet. "I call heaven to witness that my intentions were not at all hostile," he declared, solemnly.

At this there was a general outburst of laughter, and the same speaker replied, "Oh, yes, quite fraternal and loving, no doubt. I suppose you rang the bell to call us all up, so that we might see how sweet it is for brethren to live in unity. Only, if I were Bloomfield, I'd rather you'd hug me in some other style. The accessories are bad."

"I'll 'hostile' you!" roared Bloomfield in the background. "You've murdered me! You've flayed me alive! You've scalped me all over and then stuck pins in me! It'll take six months for the skin to grow again! I'll make you pay for every square inch of it! An Apache would have been more human!"

The neighbor interposed again: "You're a pretty lively corpse, as to that. I think it's a tolerably even thing. Don't bear malice, Bloomfield; and, whatever you do, don't take it out on the rest of us. I'll take charge of this bell, if you don't mind."

Rumor says that it went expeditiously to the bottom of a pond, for safe keeping.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OFFICE-SEEKER FINDS IT.

SOON after the great bell ceased its jangling the prodigal brother came home,—slippery in explanation, uneasy as a pet dog that has been doing wrong, but ostentatiously pity-deserving and weary. This did him little good, for a sleepy and worried elder sister can hardly behave quite like an angel when she dreads the news of the morrow. She lay tossing until dawn over her conjectures. Only one thing was clear to her mind: there was no telling what would happen to Stadtham Corners if Johnny remained there any longer.

In the morning she heard sundry versions of the story, but made no further comment beyond resentful glances at the downcast culprit and the assurance that he should go to his mother for correction forthwith. Johnny grinned covertly at this, raising doubts in Alice's mind as to her expertness in awarding punishment. This was vexing; for he

had done more harm than many men could undo. The absurd work of that night would deepen hatred.

They reached Washington just in time to meet an official envelope, with a letter inside, requesting her to call next day.

"Is he going to make love to you?" inquired Johnny, roguishly.

"Hush, my dear," cautioned his mother, too radiant for real reproof. "It means that your sister is to get the office she applied for."

"We shall know more of its meaning later," said Alice, trying not to court disappointment.

There was discussion as to whether she should have an escort, her mother being still unable to get so far. Mr. Mumm, for example? But the young lady demurred stoutly, declaring that she would not begin her official life by calling any one from his duties. Besides—but that was the only reason she gave. The Hon. Mr. Peters? He had quarrelled with the Patent Office. Moreover, she had won fairly, without Congressmen: would it not be feeble to call on them now? Simon, then? That rattle-brain! He would be certain to do or say something detrimental,—perhaps rehearse to the Commissioner a speech on abolishing the patent system. At best he would give her errand and herself a trifling look. No; she would beard the lion in his den, like a straightforward young woman of business.

She used up more time than a little before the looking-glass next morning. It seemed a hardly natural proceeding; and she smiled at herself, not in vanity. Her chief concern just now was lest she should look too fine. Did not frivolity lurk in this rebellious eddy of hair? Might not suspicions of instability or coquetry attach to this bit of hat-decoration or to that item of dress? On the other hand, she did not wish to be a fright; for she supposed that Commissioners were men, after all. Happily, she could not but be aware of a face and figure which would bear great pruning of adornment. As an embodied argument in her own behalf she was a success, and should have carried the day, if only it had not been carried for her already.

A hearing was almost at an end as she entered the Commissioner's room. From behind his desk he waved her to a chair, and went on half listening to the attorney who was on his feet. At that moment his mind was chiefly exercised about sundry matters of his own, for he had very nearly made all ready to step out of the Department and enter on practice before it. He was plodding rather wearily through the fag-end of public duty.

Two or three persons were ahead of Alice in the room: so she had begun to lay in a good stock of patience when he rang for a messenger and sent him after Examiner Mumm. The latter came at once, like the alert obedient subordinate that he was. He entered as the late forensic enemies were bundling their papers together and preparing to go, with a word of conventional thanks to the tribunal for (rather doubtful) attention, and an interchange of jests between themselves.

Eben's eye, officially weather-wise, drew comfort from the aspect of his superior. This was twinklingly appreciative,—even jovial, though with dignity. Who would not enjoy directing the lines of life into pleasant places?

"Mr. Mumm," said the Zeus of the occasion, "Miss Ames" (glancing at her card), "whom, I think, you know" (Eben bowed), "is reported as having passed an excellent examination. I am sure she will prove just such a clerk as you will want."

"Thank you, Mr. Commissioner," said Eben, staidly. "I am sure of it too."

"And I thank you, sir," declared Alice, with hopeful emphasis. "No doubt I shall soon learn."

"Not the least doubt in the world. You couldn't have a better teacher."

She noticed a little twitch of the Olympian lips; but the dominant impression on her mind was that of paternal benignity. "One can see that he is a good man," thought she.

This is not always a safe assumption to make with regard to Commissioners of Patents, or of anything, unless we bring the adjective down to a very unexact level. Whether she were right or wrong matters nothing to this tale.

"I had begun to be uneasy," said Mr. Mumm. "His resignation is in already, I understand. One can't tell what would be done by his successor."

Now began a new existence for Alice, in a square, well-furnished, well-carpeted room of a great marble building, between an echoing shadowy corridor and the inner court-yard, where the grass was very green and there were a few flowers to show. It was something like going to school again,—for rules and hours and ways and the exertion of memory. Her work varied little day by day,—a succession of details, with nothing very distinctive about them, and, happily, not to be related. Her room-mates, if one may call them so, were all men, with individual differences of course, but considerate and affable to her in a very harmless comradeship.

She made, of course, acquaintances among those of her own sex who were distributed through the examiners' rooms or gathered in *bat-talia* for copying and tracing. Many had lost their husbands in battle or otherwise found themselves the support of the helpless. Others were industrious and enterprising young women of her own type and aim. Others rejoiced in a fairly abundant income, not very severe in the earning, with hours that left time for society.

She saw something, too, of the other men, especially those belonging to the examining corps: the athletic examiners, who in leisure hours were always boat-racing or otherwise straining their muscles against time; the sporting examiners, whose four weeks' holiday wrought yearly havoc among the partridges and even the distance-guarded salmon; the travelling examiners, who skipped across the Atlantic by contract on cheap tours, taking all the capitals of Europe and the mechanical exhibitions *en route*; the labor-loving and system-worshipping examiners, who were always digesting something or other, as though especially created to be the stomachs of the Patent Office; the philosophical examiners, who were members of scientific societies, ingenious in rearranging classifications, and understood to be generally engaged in Thinking!

But Mr. Mumm was naturally more to her than all the rest, giving

any quantity of oral instruction as occasion served, recommending books for evening study, and often calling to supervise it, that she might lose no chance of being promoted at an early day. Often he found it necessary to accompany her home from the Office. Alice did indeed find a sly involuntary amusement in some traits of her friend, especially that iron sense of youthfulness which stood over him like a taskmaster; but she respected him thoroughly, and their daily kindnesses and confidences were not without effect on them both.

"I noticed the name of Augustus Yale on a file to-day," said she, during one of their homeward trips.

"Ah! That barb fence at last!"

"Yes. Poor man!"

"One gets hard-hearted at this work. I find I can devour half a dozen inventors without affecting my appetite or sympathy a particle. The machine grinds in the prescribed manner. I dare say it's hard on those who are ground."

"It may be life or death to Mr. Yale," said she, sighing. "But of course I understand that you can give him only what he is entitled to."

"Oh, as to that, I spoke generally. I hope his case may turn out a good one. But, Miss Alice, it seems to me that you are very much interested."

The archness was not quite easy. She turned the subject: "I am surprised we have heard nothing of Mr. Bloomfield. He gave me a very odd account of his New York attorney. He had a great deal to say about methods and facilities."

"H'm! There are always a few patent-agents who fill their pockets in that way. Sometimes it goes on for years before they are found out. Then it is generally because they overreach themselves by keeping back the government fees and not filing the cases at all. If that has happened to Mr. Bloomfield, he will get little pity from me."

"I don't know that he deserves it. But he spoke, too, as if his all depended on the venture."

Mumm looked at her admiringly. "I'm on neither side," said he. "You want to be on both. But both can't win. If Bloomfield gets the patent, Yale will not. Luckily, when both are in the Office together, it won't be for me to say."

"But suppose Mr. Bloomfield's application doesn't come along?"

"Why, then I shall have to allow Mr. Yale's, if the thing is new. The mill grinds what comes to it,—not what doesn't come. But we shall hear from Issachar Bloomfield soon. He never was accused of being over-patient."

CHAPTER XVI.

AN INVENTOR'S TROUBLES.

THE prophecy came true. One evening, when Mr. Mumm came in, Alice showed him a letter from Bloomfield. "I should like to let you read it," said she. "Some parts are so funny; but others might awaken indignation."

"Is Samson in the hands of the Philistines, and shorn?"

"Pretty badly. The man made him pay freely for 'incidentals,' and then, after the lapse of a little time, when Mr. Bloomfield was growing urgent, he sent a terrifying letter about impediments which could be removed only by the same means over again."

"That is, by bribery?"

"I suppose they are told they *must*,—that there is no chance without it," said Mrs. Ames.

"There is no *must* about crime. But I suppose even Issachar flew the track at that."

"Not quite. It threw him into confusion. He hurried to New York again; but the agent understood how to play on him, and faced it out, and even got some more money. But when he was back at the Corners he had misgivings. He can't sleep at night for thinking of it, he says. He has learned that the Yales have written to Washington, and is half inclined to lay all his trouble on them. Besides, I gather that his wife has grown restive and unkind over the very great outlay, and that Eliza talks to him about ungodliness. If he bids her be still, she makes her martyrdom the most conspicuous thing at the dinner-table."

"The way of the transgressor is hard," Eben admitted, relaxing a little. "But nobody can do much for him, except by telling him what has not been done. He should write to the Commissioner for that. There's just a chance that the application may have been filed in an incomplete state. If so, it wouldn't have reached us, of course. I suppose Bloomfield might not care to publish the details, even to have the agent disbarred."

"Hardly."

While they were still talking over this matter, Simon Peters joined them. "Arabella thought she was coming with me," said he; "but, for my part, I believe in the emancipation of women. And the moon is bright. She'll not lose her way,"—with a glance at Alice intended to indicate Mr. Mumm.

The latter made a half motion towards his hat, but collected himself.

"Is that quite safe?" inquired Alice, provoked as well as amused. She thought this might be a work of fiction devised for teasing.

"I might go back for her," said Simon, indifferently, "if I hadn't found Mr. Mumm here."

The latter bowed stiffly, observant. Simon went on: "It's this, you see. There's a matter I must see him about before she comes."

Alice, watching the comedy, could perceive the mischief in his eye. Would he be reckless enough to pretend to take this ex-suitor to task before witnesses? She knew there was real dread behind Eben's non-committal demeanor. She felt sorry for him, and a little angry.

But Simon relieved them: "One of father's constituents has written him an exhaustive letter—a *very* exhaustive letter—about a patent application. I was going to call on you to-morrow."

"That would be best," Mumm replied, with involuntary brightening; "at least, if it is of a nature to come before me."

"Oh, I suppose it would; and you know the inventor, too,—Issachar Bloomfield, the wild man."

"Why, that is just what we were talking about," said Alice; and she told Simon of her letter, with all they knew. Mr. Mumm added his cautious opinion: "Without hazarding a positive prediction, I think, sir, you will find that he has been deceived in his attorney, and has no application at all in the Office."

"I can swear to it," retorted Simon, impatiently, "and without hazarding an inch of red tape or a breath of diplomacy."

Then the bell announced Arabella,—but not alone. The matter of escort had been settled by a volunteer, a certain count, swarthy and slender, from one of the south-of-Europe delegations. It was not politeness alone that prompted him, although the count's forte lay there; nor, very certainly, the charms of our sentimental maiden. The truth is, he was making the rounds of our Congressional households, with instructions to conciliate. He knew, and those who pulled his wires knew, the value of a title properly dangled; also of those graces and elegancies which come to perfection (and something more) in the riper civilization of that continent. In a word, he was dapper, devoted, delightful, and all the time attending to business even more conscientiously than James Nidlake himself,—though on a different plane.

But how could Arabella know this? She believed him to be deeply smitten. Courtly society and castles by the Mediterranean were wavering already in the mist of her brain. Beside that flexible carriage and man-of-the-world-ly air, what a thing of pasteboard was the commonplace official dignity of Eben Mumm! Arabella was only too glad to exhibit the contrast, and she put her prize through his paces very faithfully. The count did himself credit. He shrugged exquisitely, he put out his hands with a graceful explanatory wave, he had the cunningest quaintest intonations, in compliment he was very happy, his grimaces were not the least little bit overdone. He did not seem unmanly, allowing for race-differences in pattern and standard; but his professional duty and this feather-weight of a girl were combining to make him pose very funnily. Of course he could not know that. The service on which he had entered so smilingly was burden enough. But the count was a man of experience and resource, and the destinies have appointed an enduring mind to the children of diplomacy.

It took Mr. Mumm's orderly intellect an appreciable time to understand the change. Meanwhile, the propriety of his countenance was passing visibly through dread and bewilderment to a fine complaisance, grateful for immunity and freedom. Alice felt vexed with him, irrationally. A good many friendly conferences would be necessary to wipe it out of mind. Merit, unspotted and chill, is good, but it is not all of human nature.

Simon was enjoying himself, having no more reverence for a lisping nobleman than for a dogmatic agitator.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE COMING OF ISSACHAR.—APOSTLE GEORGE.

NOT long after this there was a personal irruption of Bloomfield, happily in no very uproarious mood,—a thing quite beyond prediction. He came mooning and slouching into Examiner Mumm's room, with an infantile expression in his eyes, and seated himself meekly, awaiting his turn. He held his hat in an unconscious way, his long hair uncovered making his large head seem larger.

When the coast was clear, he stepped forward, ingratiating and tentative, holding out his hand,—which was rather touched than taken. "Why," said he, "you're as cosey here as a squirrel's nest; only squirrels don't have such furniture." He looked about him with broad geniality. Nevertheless he was already beginning to suspect this wintry fellow-townsmen of having been purchased by the other side. But he would be very politic. He grew impressive and confidential. "I want to talk to you about that barb-wire patent of mine. It's a big thing, Mr. Mumm. Everything I've got has gone into it, or is going. I want it put through ship-shape."

"No application of yours has reached us, Mr. Bloomfield." The voice and manner were civil, but no more.

The depths of Issachar began to glow. "That's what they write me!" he exclaimed. "But my attorney ought to know——"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Mumm, apprehensive of what was coming. "If the application has reached this Office, there is one room where it must have been entered. Mr. Catkin" (turning to an assistant) "will go up there with you. If you find that it is in the Office we will talk further about it."

Issachar went out with a storm gathering in his bosom. When he came back it glared out of his eyes. "We can't find it!" he proclaimed, half defiantly.

Everybody looked up. Mr. Mumm answered, "I should consider that conclusive."

"Conclusive! Conclusive of what? I'll go bail Augustus Yale's application can be found fast enough."

"We can't have this, sir," said Mr. Mumm, sitting bolt upright and speaking very precisely. "As you have no case before me, you can have no business with me. And my time belongs to the government."

"Oh, yes, I *know*——" began Issachar, in scorn, then broke short off, and went down the hall, with the door slamming behind him.

That evening he called on Mrs. Ames and her daughter, once more benignant. He had employed a Washington attorney, Slader by name, to put in a new application, and dragooned him into giving encouragement. Of course the Bloomfield temperament was off again at full tilt after rainbow gold.

Alice heard his boasting pleasantly, but with a neutral air. Her mother, being less wary, fell into a very open trap,—which may not have been thus intended,—giving a hint of the date when Augustus

Yale filed his application. Thereon Alice darkened, registering a silent vow that she would never, never again tell her mother any Office news, unless it were the dust, or a discharge, or the weather. But before Bloomfield could quite take it in, Johnny came forward with distraction of a retaliatory sort.

"A barb wire is a first-rate thing to invent, isn't it?" inquired he, looking blandly at the visitor with a face that could not be surpassed by Issachar himself in his most childlike mood.

The large man gazed at him with the suspicion of a horse for an interrogative bee. But complacency prevailed. "Yes, yes. But why do you think so, Johnny?"

"Because—it's so easy to experiment with. It don't need any machinery except an old cracked bell and three or four boys; and then——"

Bloomfield sprang up with a roar, but Johnny was already behind his mother, who stood her ground, in a tumult of alarm, yet like a Roman matron. There was a whirlwind of adjectives and gesticulation for a minute, and then the large man went thunderously out at the door after the fashion of a storm-god in red-Indian mythology. Mrs. Ames descended on a chair, nearly breaking it. Alice persuaded her assiduously not to faint. Their young hopeful improved the occasion by slipping away.

Their next news of Issachar Bloomfield was a police-court item in a New York paper. He had pounded his faithless attorney, and paid a good round contribution to the city finances for that expression of opinion.

Meanwhile, his application was at last under way in the Patent Office.

George Yale came also, a very few days afterwards,—grave, quiet, holding himself well in tether, but evidently under tension and shadow. An official letter rejecting one claim had already been received by his brother; but their attorney (Madison & Co., a rational man as to most things, but fond, like others, of multiplying himself in the firm name) had explained that the objection could be avoided by amendment, and he had left that work to them, only urging the great need of haste. Augustus, he reported, was about as Alice had left him,—reviving a little now and then under the influence of good news or some new light on electrolysis, but falling off again when Bloomfield and his partisans aroused an angry feeling. A lively canvass for witnesses had already begun, and half the village was taking sides with downright animosity.

His cheery Christian converse with Eliza—he said, dismally—had been brought to an end again by the unrighteous wrath which it excited in her father. But a better time would come. The sunlit heights lay beyond the valley of the shadow.

Johnny whispered, "That means he'll run away with her." But this was wildly conjectural. George was thinking of Armageddon rather than of elopement. His world was in great part one of dim wrestling figures and messages traced in fire.

At a later hour that evening there was a notable manifestation of this. Simon Peters, being a connoisseur in enthusiasts, had carried him

to the debating society, or "lyceum" as it called itself, of which mention has been made. He listened, with his hair rising, to the fell utterances which came so readily from thoughtful and guarded lips,—very different from the shallow, flaunting, half-frightened phases of unbelief which he had hitherto known. He listened until he could bear no more, but rose, prophet-like, long-limbed and vehement and swaying, carried along body and spirit by the mighty message that struggled to be free. Neatly-balanced arguments on the conceivable and the inconceivable he answered with sledge-hammer asseveration of what he *knew*. "Not of myself! not of myself!" was his cry; and the walls echoed and re-echoed as they never had before.

After he took his seat, one member and another and another came thronging round him in great congratulatory delight. Nothing better could have happened, according to their way of thinking, unless a mediæval knight had arisen among them to expound the merits of chivalry.

Simon voiced their feeling pretty well as George and he walked out together.

"It was a grand success," he said. "Couldn't well have been better. Of course you didn't convince anybody. One never expects *that*. But you showed the sort of metal that was in you, and gave us all a rousing good time. There's something piquant about those peculiar views of yours. I wish we could hear from you again, and often. Couldn't you manage it, now? I'll work you up an interested audience any time. There's a career! The Apostle to the Debating Societies:—how does that strike you for a title?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

TAKING TESTIMONY.

By good luck and good management the hostile applications came through all breakers in the examiner's room side by side before the spring was quite over. Yale, being first in the Office, had a slight presumption in his favor; but Bloomfield was entitled to show, if he could, that the invention had been first made by him.

Now let me hurry over just so much Patent Office law and procedure as may make what follows intelligible. There is no great temptation to linger. As between two contestants (to go no further than the case before us), he gets the patent who can prove that he was the first to think it out clearly and also the first to complete it in a material form and use it practically. In the present instance both had put up their completed fence on the same day, and almost at the same hour, the one being incited by the other. The decision then would be likely to turn on whether Yale or Bloomfield actually did first think out or "conceive" the invention,—a sufficiently metaphysical issue to fight over, yet often capable of being proved.

But the Patent Office, like a court, knows very few facts indeed until some man informs it after being sworn and questioned and cross-questioned. After that it believes him, unless it sees good reason to

disbelieve. Experience proves that there is an enormous amount of false swearing (intentional or not) in these matters. To reduce the chance of this, the Office makes both parties swear a little more as a beginning. This each one does in the form of a concise history of his invention, called a preliminary statement, giving the dates of every important step therein. This statement is not evidence for him, but he is not allowed to contradict it thereafter. Neither party sees the other's preliminary statement until the seals are broken on a day set, and both are inspected together. When this was done, towards midsummer, it was found that Bloomfield had set a date three weeks later than that of Augustus Yale for the thinking out of that diabolical wire. If each could prove his statement, without disproving the other's, Yale would win. But Bloomfield fully intended to prove and disprove everything.

About the beginning of autumn the Bloomfield testimony was taken, both contestants being too vehement for any delay. With one it was a race between patent and ruin; with the other, between testimony and death. No one could say whether Augustus Yale would last until his own could be given.

Already he was hastening the end. Everybody had warned him to stay at home. But as the day and hour drew near, his fancy kept dwelling on the mountainous perjuries which would be piled up against him in his absence, until it fairly drove him out of doors. George had a spring-wagon brought around, and carried him as gently as possible into the village.

Their entrance made a sensation in the notary's little room; for the face of the elder Yale was graveyard-like, if anything living could be. Even Bloomfield looked at it a moment in distress and pity, before reflecting that it was no doubt a carefully-devised appeal to his weak good nature for the surrender of his right.

It was slow business, with or without the death's-head watcher, for every question and answer had to be elaborately written down, clause by clause. Bloomfield paid heavily for the time, but he could not refrain from spreading on the record the full tale of his experiments and experiences. Nearly all that day was taken up with it, Augustus Yale holding out as a listener more and more wearily. When the cross-examination began, he broke down altogether. The next day, and the day after, he was under the necessity of accepting George's report, as delivered to him in bed.

The Bloomfield story had held together very well, witnesses corroborating it abundantly. Augustus Yale, being assured in his own mind of its falsity, talked hotly about impeaching their veracity by wholesale; but his attorney could not learn that there was anything to go upon for that. He made a few inquiries that evening, but found, as he expected, that most of the persons relied on to swear away their fellow-townsmen's good name were simply aghast at the suggestion. Not one was likely to stand fire on the matter, even if willing to testify.

In the morning Yale was more reasonable, being assured that if they could prove their own case they must win anyhow. Unluckily,

he could not think of any one to corroborate him as to the all-important date except his brother George, an interested party, whose testimony might suffer from over-conscience, and one other witness, even more uncertain. Having done his best in fortifying these unstable supporters, and fervently hoping that Augustus might be spared awhile longer, Madison and Co.—all the firm in one—took his way southward.

On the cars he shook his head often, worrying a great deal. Humanely, and in opposition to his interest, he had advised his client to give up the case and its excitement, and save, possibly, his life. The physician in attendance had urged it yet more vehemently. But they could effect nothing. Only he had besought them to get leave of absence for Miss Ames, that she might come and keep worriment at arm's length for a season. This they had undertaken, if she were willing. It would be a mitigation, of course; but that implacable dying inventor was troubling the attorney's heart and soul. To what a ghastly tragedy that bit of barb wire had grown!

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE TESTIMONY.

ALICE wondered that her friend had lasted so long, when she saw what remained of him. Without George's religious intensity, she was yet appalled by the situation. The veil of mystery breaking open before one who was nearly done with earth; all that man has hoped or dreamed or learned in visions from on high awaiting;—and then this hideous jeering infatuation barring the way! She began to shudder at it in spite of herself, and personify it, and think of it as something diabolical. But such fancies did not make any lodgement or stay. She thrust them away as unwholesome, and tried to interest him in bright common things, or bits of literature and popular science. In all this he co-operated as well as he was able; nor indeed did he refuse any other medicine. But the greater invention and the lesser had the very soul of him.

As the day set for his testimony drew near, he failed visibly. Now and then he was flighty of speech, at other times prostrated for hours in spite of tonics. When that morning came, he was in such a fluttering state that it seemed murderous to go on; but his eagerness was so great that they were even more likely to hasten the end by refusing. Of necessity it must be in his room.

No one was present besides the doctor, the notary, George, Alice, and the attorneys representing the two sides of the contest. Bloomfield had come as far as the chamber door; but one glance at the glaring corpse propped against the pillows and keeping alive only to baffle him sent even the vehement sanguine man homeward in horror. If ever there were a vampire,—a thing of sheer hatred unnaturally refusing the grave,—he had seen that sight. If ever the evil eye looked out of one envenomed soul to blast another, he had felt that look.

It was the only testimony that Augustus Yale ever gave. While the notary was heading his paper, the man died. George, coming for-

ward with the Bible, dropped it on the floor, and sprang forward as his brother's head yielded into the pillows, and that dreadful stertorous mechanical breathing followed, which is not of humanity, but of Death. Gloom and dismay, and much more than both, passed from eye to eye. Whoever had the right to leave stole from the room. As soon as they had passed the outer door, their steps grew rapid. They seemed hardly able to refrain from looking over their shoulders.

On the day after the funeral, George received a letter from his attorney, urging that the chances were now against them, and that the contest should by all means be compromised or abandoned. This was perhaps not so much a legal opinion as a superstitious one; for Madison, like most others concerned, had begun to feel strongly a vague dreadfulness in this case. Ordinarily he did not lack enterprise, and he had triumphed often in matters of little promise; but he would willingly have given up heavier fees than those awaiting him to be rid of the harrowing thing.

George, of course, answered from his conscience. Admitting all that could be said of the bitterness of the controversy and the blackness of the shadow, he yet held that there was no choice. Where his promise had been given his duty lay. He must fight it through.

There could be no answer to this. Madison & Co. sent notice of another day to the opposite party, for the Yale time was not nearly out yet, and made ready to try his luck again at testimony-taking. "I wonder who will die this time," thought he. "Let us hope the attorneys are out of range of that shaft yet awhile."

In spite of the stout face that the living Yale had put on it, his own reflections were not more cheering. He did not fear death,—at least consciously and in his soliloquies,—but he would have been gratified to feel himself quite out of the gripe of the devil.

Even Nidlake, the exemplary and prudent and far-away, was moved a little—to take more active care of his own interest. Hitherto he had been as quiescent, and on the whole as contented, as any diligent fattening spider—that exemplary business-man of the lesser world—who has gone virtuously into his cavern and is minding his own business, only peering out a little now and then towards that quarter where the web is shaking. The web of James Nidlake had very many quarters, all regularly laid off and prettily outspread: so it is notably to his credit that he could keep well in mind the details of that particular subdivision wherewith we have to do. They were not more to him than one pawn in a game; indeed, hardly that, for he could have bought out every one concerned without really feeling it.

But now one contestant was dead, and he was ready with the conventional "Poor fellow!" and a self-reminder that he must not hold off much longer, for George Yale might come to terms any minute and Bloomfield be victor. That was really about all. He had not imagination enough to fill out the bare outlines given him, nor to link very closely with the event his own postponement of action, the lawful and judicious act of a free citizen. Who should demand of him to begin a contest before he chose? Yet he did not argue thus, for he felt no impeachment. In the mean while, the man was dead,—had died

angrily ; and that was an unrighteous thing, to say nothing of unwisdom. How much better to be of the self-governing, the prosperous, and the wary ! The practical man is irrefutable in moralizing.

Menham had been writing to him again and again, assuring him that his application, if filed, would not go into the present contest, but be held in reserve, secretly, awaiting its end. But it was not his way to take any chances unless he indisputably *must*. He was not sure, so held back and held back. But now the time was come ; and the application went in.

Nevertheless it lay hidden a long time, while the interference dragged on, with some fluctuations. George and his attorney together unearthed a pair of new witnesses, in a distant part of the State, whither they had moved recently. It was costly business, both the finding and the bringing them on, especially as they would not stir a foot without being paid for their time and trouble. Madison and Co. was at great pains to manage this matter delicately. He felt vastly more afraid of his own client than of the other side. Now and again George's scruples would take the alarm, very distressfully to all concerned ; and perhaps nothing finally silenced them but the persuasion that without the aid of these precious people the truth of the matter could not be known. And precious they were ; for, when satisfied, how very much they knew ! Their aim at a date was point-blank and with no possibility of missing. They could draw a picture of what had been described to them so long ago which was very nearly as good as the photographs or engravings already in circulation. They had voluminous memoranda, relevant and irrelevant. There was nothing at all doubtful about them,—unless it might be their repute. It gave this good attorney real pain to hear some of the stories abroad concerning them, and to think that the scandal might even reach the ears of Slader.

They told a coherent story under oath, and bore the cross-examination well. So much could not be said for George Yale. His attorney had tried to drill him into certainty and consistency, but his exacting conscience very readily broke loose and went over to the enemy. It appeared that he was not absolutely sure of anything except religious dogmas and spiritual vistas,—least of all anything which had to do with a date. An attempt to bolster him on redirect examination only set him up long enough to be bowled down by a single query. The other Stadtham Corners man did better ; but his testimony was not so positive with regard to the date as that of the two imported witnesses. With these unimpeached, victory for Yale was certain. Without them he *might* win, unless the other side could bring up other rebutting testimony. For Bloomfield still had the right to call witnesses in reply.

Slader was not very long in hunting up the same uncomplimentary information which had given his enemy disquiet. He so turned it over and followed it out and wove it and its reporters together again that he felt himself at last with a blanket in hand which would put out those two lambent swearers forever. Perhaps they had lied in this instance, perhaps they had spoken truly ; but, at any rate, the Examiner of

Interferences would not believe them after hearing what *his* witnesses would have to say. That was well,—mighty well; but how to deal with George Yale and the other uncertain?

"What is it we want?" inquired Bloomfield. His business, his all, had gone to the winds. He owed everybody. He felt savage.

"If we had any evidence that Yale stole the idea from you, as you think?" said Slader, meditatively. "Or even that he had admitted not conceiving it at the time they claim! It would be a great help. It certainly would."

Bloomfield stood a moment in thought. "I'll talk to you in the morning," said he, and went heavily away.

Slader had merely spoken out his very natural longing. But he looked after his client uneasily. One must draw the line somewhere,—even in interferences. He would give Bloomfield a word of caution.

Issachar's own mind was working less calmly. Something within drove his feet hither and thither and wrote pain and dread on his brow. He felt himself a hunted, a wickedly-hunted, man. Greed without scruple and malignity beyond nature were at the bottom of the persecution. Had not the elder brother found its poison too much for him? And now the younger must try *his* tooth! And these new witnesses!—the thing was palpable there. Among them they had all but lied him into the poor-house: who should blame him if he struck back in their own way? Must he stand on the precise line of truth while they, unhampered, brought ruin on his family? His falsehoods hitherto had rarely been deliberate,—for the most part by way of passionate exaggeration or a moment's fancy-play. But they made it easier to perjure himself now. He went morosely to bed without making up his mind. In the morning it had gravitated to the evil side, with a dogged sense of relief. That fight, at least, was over. He was not given to such wrestling with himself.

The same doggedness carried him through the interview with his doubting and dissuading attorney, then through the far more severe ordeal under oath. When all was ended, he had sworn very stoutly to fatal admissions on the part of Augustus Yale at the one interview which had taken place between them when no one else was by. Taken in connection with George's vacillation, the uncertainty of his village partisan, and the utter destruction which they were able to wreak on the two outside witnesses, it might very well happen to decide the matter, although the testimony of a party to the fight. In a word, if Bloomfield should get his patent it would be by the false witness which he had borne, under the invocation of God Almighty, to the words of his enemy now dead.

In the succeeding time this began to come home to him in faint murmurs and dim picturing. There is a congestion of the conscience which passes after a while and leaves it free to work again. The worriment of his affairs delayed this awakening and made it less absolute. Still, there was enough to compel defence before himself and others. To those who looked or hinted any doubt he maintained a front half defiant, half indifferent, wholly demonstrative. This had a temporary reactive effect on himself. Yet he always found afterwards

that there was a sore under his armor. He could not refrain from writhing.

One of his contortions took the form of a letter to Alice, now, of course, back in Washington. It did not confess; but she recognized the tone of one who *must* make out a case of great provocation. Every page boiled over with invective. There was nothing too shocking to be said of the Yales, dead and living, or of what he had endured at their hands. He was sorry to have to expose Augustus further by his testimony; but, even if nothing had been said, actions were louder in their speaking. They should never enjoy the fruits of their treacherous robbery. They must lie in the bed they had made,—the brother left alive, anyway. The other was getting his barb wire somewhere else, maybe.

This letter stirred Alice beyond a doubt; but she said to herself that she would be cool and write temperately. So her answer was a very bitter pill for any man. Without imputing falsehood, which she could not know, there was no doubt left at all of her estimate if anybody *had* done any lying, whatever the provocation. She pointed out that the dead man could not reply. She enlarged on her long acquaintance with George Yale, her absolute certainty that he had told even less than the truth in his own favor, the anxiety not to go one hair's breadth too far even in a just cause, which made the weakness of his testimony, the distress yet heroism of his position, fighting for duty's sake and that of his promise,—a fight in which he had no heart,—which was making his life a misery! There could be no doubt of George's belief as to this invention, she said; and it was passing strange that his brother, if making admissions at all, should have made none to him. God alone, the dead man, and the witness himself could certainly know whether Issachar Bloomfield had given a true report of that interview or not; and the matter might safely be left to them.

CHAPTER XX.

A LIVELY CONVERSATION.

THE testimony and briefs were printed and filed, at the usual heavy outlay of the parties in interest, the hearing passed off with due parade of reasoning, and after a little interval the decision was rendered,—in favor of Bloomfield. Madison & Co. promptly took an appeal; but the Board who pass on such matters were of the same mind. Then to the Commissioner; but he would not undo what they had done. Issachar was victor, and by reason of his own enterprise in swearing. A self-made man, surely! But, in spite of the current definition, he did not altogether "worship his maker."

The letter of Alice Ames had troubled him. All the accusing figures far down within his soul were dragged out at once, it seemed, and flourished before his eyes. He would not recognize them; he ordered them out of his sight; but he knew very well that, for all that, they would not go. Day by day they abode with him, and grew in vividness, adding to his multitudinous other distresses, importunate and

tormenting. There were times enough when he would gladly have given way, if only he could have done so without utter blasting. The curse of the evil beyond all other curses lay in this, that he was doomed to stand by it through life and death and hell! He had enrolled himself a true child of the father of lies!

These were the things that he cried out inwardly to himself in the moments of his bitterest tossing. When the first decision came, rewarding him with what he thought he most desired, he only breathed hard, almost with a moaning. Why could it not have been made to hinge on something besides *his* words? Could not any one see that the right was really with him, however surely God knew that he had put himself forever in the wrong? He waited,—having nothing whatever to do but wait.

But those intervals between decision and decision told dreadfully on him. His excitement grew haggard, hysterical, his impulsiveness fierce to pugnacity, his visionary talk insanely wild. Not that he was in danger of going permanently out of his mind; only his normal extravagancies were becoming abnormal.

In all his calculations Nidlake and the sale to Nidlake figured very largely. He did not doubt—at least, not often—that it would triumphantly come to pass. He was certain that the interest of the millionaire imperatively demanded the purchase. His whole mental furniture had become so accustomed to the idea, his ear knew so well the amplifications of that swelling tongue, that the expectation was already to him as a thing of right. In all his entanglements and calamities and humiliations—and they were very many—he consoled himself with the great reservoir of wealth which awaited his tapping. He even threw a sop of liberality to conscience,—that Yale, the surviving one, whose malignity had so nearly ruined him, should have a share, a very moderate share, in this prosperity, and be made sedulously to know where gratitude was due. For thus do we fulfil the command, returning good for evil—with not much to choose between them. When the final decision came, he took suddenly a train for the West. The sheriff had set that day for selling at auction his house and goods; but nothing could stop him then. He was flying to Nidlake.

His state of mind would have astonished the latter if that Fabian strategist could have been made to comprehend it. In those unexcited eyes Bloomfield was only a competitor, who could never have been formidable, but might have cost him some money, and who was therefore being allowed to wear himself out of the way in a perfectly legal and economical manner. Surely no great occasion for “feeling” about that! Moreover, matters of importance were just then occupying his mind,—among others, a general strike of the “hands” employed in his factory, for no reason much more rational than that they were “hands” only, bought in the cheapest market and to be sold in the dearest,—so far as their labor went. There was not the least idea of charging him with any cruelty, any dishonesty, any ill will. He had no grudge that lasted very long or was very bitter against any of his fellow-men. But a man who had impressed them as really caring might have worked them harder and paid them as little without coming to blows.

But the rupture had occurred ostensibly over some trifle, and the usual amiable train came after,—threats, open violence, measures for defence. Nidlake was under a guard of riflemen—supplied by contract—every hour of the day; yet the strikers acted as if even this would not keep them long at arm's length. It was a costly and worrying affair, and he was in a bad humor,—for one so arithmetical and wary.

Bloomfield burst in upon him suddenly, all aglow and moist with perspiration, though snow lay on the ground. "The fight's won!" he cried; "the fight's won, Mr. Nidlake! I can put the clamps on the whole barb-wire business for you."

He stopped and stood leaning with one hand on a low railing which crossed the room, his hat tilted back over the straying flecks of long hair, something of the traveller's disorder about his person, but radiant and potent with victory.

Nidlake looked up from his desk with a wearied air, and inquired, "What have you done?"

Bloomfield, rightly for once, had no faith in this forgetfulness. His baby eyes grew bigger with self-proclaiming shrewdness. Then one of them slowly winked at the millionaire! Issachar opened the gate, passed within to a chair, and began with a confidential smile:

"Between you and me and the gate-post, that won't work. It *won't work*, Nidlake! I don't want to be hard on you. But there's money in it, *big* money, for both of us. *Both*, mind you. I'm not going to give myself away. See here."

He handed over the notice of the Commissioner's favorable decision, Nidlake took it, with so little irritation in his indifference that the Pinkerton detective who was peering in at the door of the anteroom went back reassuringly among his comrades. The first plunging-in of that human comet had startled them. Was there a dynamiter in their midst, and by the very side of the precious being whom they were to guard? Might it be the anonymous patriot who wrote so disquietingly about rat-poison? or the death's-head man who signed himself in what he mistook for Latin? But now all was quiescent and conjecture growing more reconciled.

Nidlake handed the paper back without comment.

Bloomfield resumed, a little dashed and stung in spite of himself:

"An old hand like me knows how business matters go. But time's money, and we might as well save it. Now, Mr. Nidlake, your business calls for this patent; can't do without it. Whoever has it has the run of the market. I've been into the whole matter,—through it all in every twist and turn. See here——" We need not follow his detailed exposition, but he thought it must be convincing beyond question. "Nidlake," he added, impressively, "it's no use to look a blank wall at me. I know, and *you* know, that you can't afford to do but one thing; and the sooner we close a bargain the better all around."

Nidlake nodded his head slowly towards the nearer window, as one might point a finger. Idle and sinister groups could be seen in the background. "It looks like a good time for buying patents!" he said, very dryly.

"Oh, that won't last," predicted Issachar. "A strike is a storm soon over."

"Suppose you help to get it over," suggested Nidlake, turning a page to write on the other side.

"I will when this bargain is ended."

"Oh! Well, the fact is, Mr. Bloomfield, about the only thing I want to buy of any man just now is—his work. I could make you foreman in one of the rooms. We have vacancies enough. Indeed, unhappily, we're all vacancy."

Issachar leaped up and struck his fist on the table. "Foreman be hanged!" he cried. "I don't mind a little bargaining; but this dum baby-talk would wear out Job. I offer you a Big Thing, and you will be good enough to make me a warming-pan for a striker on starvation wages! Now, I'm not going to teeter on the fence for ever and a day, and that's the long and short of it." His fist came down again. The detective and his rifle peered in.

James Nidlake took a quiet look at his furniture, not smiling nor frowning, but a little wicked.

"It's pretty strong," said he, reflectively. "But I don't believe I would; unless it makes you feel better. As to the big thing, I didn't see it was any bigger than usual. The regular official-letter size, isn't it? But, big or little, it's not wanted here. You are wasting your time, Mr. Bloomfield, and—*wasting mine*."

Not a word about his own application. It was partly the commercial habit, partly the sense that words would be thrown away, but chiefly the instinct of avoiding possible harm, even if he had to hurt a little in doing so. The copperhead has this, and the polecat; none of us are quite without it, nor ought to be; but Nidlake had it badly.

Issachar was about beginning again, but the other had taken up his letters with an air of absorption and urgency. Not knowing how to deal with such tactics, Bloomfield went out, fuming and threatening. The detectives, like a chorus, nodded after. Two of their weapons by chance rang together.

The rumor of his errand had come out ahead of him, and a scorching enlightenment was waiting. Half-way across the open ground, a mechanic stepped from a group of his fellows, with civil greeting and kindly. As a fellow-sufferer who had refused to "scab," they bore him hearty good will.

"Let me give you a point, friend," said he. "That man's the devil. He's had an application for your invention in the Patent Office this—two months, isn't it?" He turned for corroboration.

"Two? Five, more likely," averred another.

"*For—my—patent!*" cried Bloomfield, gasping. Then, "Are you sure?"

"I can swear to it," said the first man.

"So can I," said yet another. "And I hear tell he got a notice this morning of an inference,—an in-something or other."

"Interference?" Bloomfield suggested, dizzily.

"That's it," they assented.

Bloomfield spun about and went back, with encouraging shouts be-

hind. He did not need them as a spur. A fury raced within him, lashed and lashing. All the horror of his situation, all the perfidy of which he felt himself the victim, came crowding and whirling through his brain. Overmastering all was the passionate longing to berate and revenge.

Nidlake, like Frankenstein, had hoped that he was well rid of his visitor, and was about giving orders which would keep him out for the future, when this reappearance upset everything.

Bloomfield made for the desk and towered and glared.

"Is this true?—what they tell me?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"What do they tell you?" Nidlake inquired, externally in composure.

"That you have been robbing me. *Robbing me!*"

"I don't rob. I am a law-abiding citizen."

"Then you haven't filed an application——"

"I have filed a good many applications, but they have all been for things which *I* invented." He paused a moment, then added,—for there was no profit in beating about the bush,—"The Patent Office considered one of 'em enough like yours to declare an interference. Here's the notice. No doubt there is one at home for you by this time."

Bloomfield snatched the paper and glanced at the statement of the issue. "*Like it!*" he shouted. "Why, it's the very same thing! Oh, you infernal thief!"

For one moment he was about to throw himself on Nidlake. Then his large form shook from head to foot, and he almost shed tears.

"Another word like that, and I'll have you put out," said Nidlake, resentment in his eye. But Issachar did not seem to hear.

"Great God, Nidlake," he cried, "can you have thought of what you are doing? I'm pretty bad, but that's away beyond *me*: it's a thing for Satan! Have you forgotten how you went to my house and heard all about this thing a year ago?"

Nidlake had not forgotten. He was not wholly at ease about the matter, although for lack of standard and imagination it had never come at him in this concrete upbraiding way.

"You invited me,—made me go," he protested,—"*would* tell me everything,—bored me to death with it. And, after all, it was only what I knew better than you already."

"You didn't say a word *then* about any invention of your own," persisted Bloomfield. "You let me go right on with it as *mine*."

"An 'old hand,' Mr. Bloomfield, should know that business-men *don't talk*. They don't give themselves away. They leave that to other people."

"Do you expect any one to believe such a tale?"

"I expect even the Patent Office to believe it, when I *prove* it,—as I shall do. I don't mind telling you my dates are a good while before yours. Of course you are at liberty to attack them. This paper provides for *that*."

"But—but—I *can't*. You know I *can't*. I'm drained by this fight with Yale. I'm like a sucked orange."

The words were hardly uttered before he would have been glad to have them back. He saw, or thought he saw, the gleam of satisfaction in Nidlake's eye.

"You don't expect me to pay the expenses of both sides?—in advance, too?" suggested the commercial man, with a smile.

Issachar groaned. "See here, Mr. Nidlake," he pleaded. "I can understand that a man would *want* this thing. I know it's a temptation. But you can't think what it means to me. I've sunk all I could rake and scrape and beg and borrow,—yes, and *steal*,—for it. God help me, I don't know but I've sunk my *soul*, too! And my family,—the sheriff's at them now: they'll be in the street to-morrow. I haven't so much as the money to take me back to them. And that isn't all. I've had hell inside of me for months; and this is the only thing that'll let me out. Oh, I'm not altogether too poor to keep some kind of a conscience. Mr. Nidlake, when the thing grew too hot for me to stand, I *lied*. I lied under oath. Make the most of it. I don't care what you do, if you keep on grinding me. But, before God, a part of that perjury—that's what they call it!—will rest on *you* if you rob me of my only chance to do the square thing by Yale."

He began, partly by comparison, to feel contrite and affectionate towards George, whom he had hated so; and then his own words wrung and warmed him. Even James Nidlake was a little stirred by the intensity of the appeal.

"It might have been better to have told you," he admitted. "But I wasn't bound to. No court on earth would say that. And it's all past and gone. This thing is really mine by right as well as under the law; as much so as if neither you nor Yale had stumbled on it afterwards. I might as reasonably buy anything else from you that belongs to me. After all, I didn't make you go into the interference with Yale. You might have kept out, or have stepped out at any time. As to '*perjury*,' that's penitentiary business, Mr. Bloomfield. Don't insinuate I had anything to do with *that*!"

Issachar glared at him, baited, his wrath coming in a surge, with the full tide of despair behind. He cried out, discordantly, "No, only the devil's part! Go and keep him company!"

With that he came crashing on the chair and its occupant like a wild man, scattering everything as with the whirling dip of a tornado. In rushed the Pinkerton men through one door and the strikers on the other, rioting and wrangling over every inch of the floor, and chiefly over the disorderly heap in the corner. It was an embroilment of which no one could give any accurate account when all was over; but several men besides the principals were gravely the worse for it. James Nidlake, when disentangled, said not a word, but was borne away to bed with a gravely bewildered air. He lay for days afterwards, getting little sympathy, the black marks fading slowly out of his throat, as they would never have done if aid had not come to him, and the pallor and bruises of his countenance compromising on a natural hue. It was a terrible hustling for a capitalist of reputation and a pillar of order. It made him the more exemplary in his caution ever afterwards.

But he had his consolations, and they multiply on him still. There

was a very little expense and loss of time in proving priority; yet, after all, with nobody to contest the matter, the patent was his very cheaply. It is a blessing and a treasure to him still, bringing in a good welcome revenue, one rill of many which fill the sweeping river of his success. The strikers, as always, came to his terms long ago. The world of commerce and competition praises him truly for a shrewd and reliable man of business, a conservator of order, a "merchant prince," and much more wherewith I need not weary you. The upper world of creation and investigation, of thought and learning, knows him not at all. The under world of labor eyes him askance with a grumble and a scowl. As he grows older he grows vastly richer. It may be that he does not grow wiser. But, then, he has no need, that he is aware of, for more wisdom. Yet, if a gleam of imagination could visit him, he might find a hint in that minute or so on his own office floor when a man had him by the throat,—a great, clumsy, ruinous man whom he destroyed passively, for that he neither loved nor hated.

Bloomfield ended his career more quickly. It was the stroke of a Pinkerton rifle-butt that made him loose his very vicious hold. From this he never wholly recovered. It seemed, indeed, to have changed his disposition, so that he went about during his few remaining years with a good nature that had in it very little hopefulness or energy. Yet his brain was clear enough, and, on the whole, more reasonable—as many would say—than in the older time. His hunger for contention had passed. He was even very ready to make friends again with George Yale.

Alice did what she could to aid this; and Examiner Eben Mumm co-operated, advising paternally. They are good friends to this day, and may some time become more. But, as he is soon going into practice in the Northwest, and she is working hard to fit herself for promotion, I think it unlikely. Perhaps his decorum failed to appropriate her heart, any more than George Yale's unmodern zealotry, although there were points in either that must touch her fancy. Possibly she is one of those self-sustaining women of the new era, often kindly and noble, ever increasing in number, who do not feel marriage a necessity laid on them, as it was, once upon a time, for nearly all, the legends say. But so kind of heart is the girl, so sympathizing by nature, so human and serviceable and thoughtful, that one would rather not picture her as going through life alone.

In Eliza's case that question had its solution long ago. Friends had come to her aid and that of her mother—as in this world they commonly do, but not always—when things were at their worst. George Yale, overwhelmed with his own losses, had taken nevertheless a part of the enemy's burden on him. And when the hostility was put aside, and the wedding came after, and there was but one household honestly pulling all together, every one was good to them. Debts were postponed, and entanglements were cut or unravelled, until all could be worked off and away. Meanwhile, he studied vehemently at theology, and practised oratorically on whomsoever would listen. At the death of his father-in-law he went to a pastorate at the westward, wherein his wife still aids him in religious duties, but less unwisely than of old.

I am not going to tack any moral of my own to this tale. It is my business to provide fiction, and not morals. Indeed, of the latter I have not any to spare. I might refer you to the one of our people who knows a multitude of things broadly and debatively, or to the one who holds by a few only, but with blinding conviction. Simon turns up now and then at the Patent Office or the parsonage,—for he goes everywhere,—to talk in his vagrant irresponsible way about the disastrous effect of the competitive conditions under which we live. But then he does not pretend to have anything better in working order, and is no better than a “crank” or other eccentric piece of mechanism.

The Rev. George Yale agrees with him in a measure, but rarely preaches on such lines, being more concerned in the work of saving souls and making bodies comfortable than in regenerating society, which has neither soul nor body. Nevertheless there is one early sermon which he brings out now and then to startle the saints and sinners. It is the very climax of the intensity of denunciation,—the culmination and outpouring of harrowing memory. He has rather a fondness for this unamiable child of the brain. The text is a very unusual one: “God made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.”

THE END.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE W. CHILDS.

III.

LATE in the autumn of 1868 I went abroad, and one of the first letters that reached me at the Langham Hotel in Regent Street, London, bore, under date of November 4, a genial greeting from Charles Dickens. "Welcome to England!" it said. "Dolby will have told you that I am reading again,—on a very fatiguing scale,—but that after the end of next week I shall be free for a fortnight as to country readings. On Monday next I shall be in town, and shall come straight to pay my respects to Mrs. Childs and you. In the mean time, will you, if you can, so arrange your engagements as to give me a day or two here in the latter half of this month? My housekeeper-daughter is away hunting in Hampshire, but my sister-in-law is always in charge, and my married daughter would be charmed to come from London to receive Mrs. Childs. You cannot be quieter anywhere than here, and you certainly cannot have from any one a heartier welcome than from me." We certainly could not: to Gad's Hill Place we went, and passed a quiet, delightful time. I had corresponded with Dickens for a number of years: in my library there is a set of the Osgood edition of his works in fifty-six volumes, in each of which is inserted an autograph letter of the author to me, the first being dated 1855. During this visit we were much together: he accompanied us to London, and when we parted he clasped my hands and said, "Good-by; God bless you!" and the tears were in his eyes.

He told me that before beginning any one of his works he thought it out fully, and then made a skeleton from which he elaborated it. The most interesting and valuable memento I have of him is the original manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend." It is the only complete manuscript of any of Dickens's novels outside of the South Kensington Museum; though one or two of his short Christmas stories, I believe, are to be found in this country and in England. A skeleton of the story is prefixed to each volume, the first covering sixteen, the second eighteen pages of quarto paper. These skeletons show how Dickens constructed his stories. They are very curious. Here is a sample page:

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, NO. 1.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE LOOKOUT.

The Man, in his boat, watching the tides.

The Gaffer,—Gaffer—Gaffer Hexam—
Hexam.

His daughter rowing. Jen, or Lizzie.

Taking the body in tow.

His dissipated partner, who
has "Robbed a live man!"

Riderhood—this fellow's name.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN FROM SOMEWHERE.

The entirely new people.

Everything new—Grandfather new—if they had one.

Dinner Party—Twemlow, Podsnap, Lady Tippins, Alfred Lighthouse, also Eugene—Mortimer, languid and tells of Harmon the Dust Contractor.

Then follow sentences, written everywhere on the page, like this: "Work in the girl who was to have been married and made rich," etc. There is also this outline heading:

FOUR BOOKS.

- I. The Cup and the Lip.
- II. Birds of a Feather.
- III. A Long Lane.
- IV. A Turning.

The story is written in small, oddly-formed letters, with frequent erasures, on heavy, light-blue paper in dark-blue ink. It is marked as completed September 2, 1865, and has a postscript in lieu of a preface, under which is given this date. The manuscript is just as it came finally from Dickens's hands, even the names of the compositors in the printing-office remaining at the head of each "take."

It was through Dickens that I became acquainted with Wilkie Collins, one of the most agreeable men I ever met, and whom I have since entertained in this country. The two families were very intimate, as Mr. Collins's brother had married Mr. Dickens's daughter.

From Gad's Hill Place we went to Stowe, one of the estates of the late Duke of Buckingham, the last of the Plantagenets. I had first met the duke a few years before, when, as Marquis of Chandos, he came to this country in the suite of the Prince of Wales and was entertained by me while in Philadelphia. I found him always an unaffected, able, and agreeable man. It may be said of him that he was the first English nobleman who broke an entail to pay his father's debts. He was one of the most hospitable of men. I gave many Americans letters of introduction to him, and he entertained them royally. He was a man of much ability,—an astute politician and a successful railroad manager. He knew the name and the place of every bolt in an engine; and it was he who invented the ingenious trough arrangement by means of which engines in motion can replenish their tanks with water. Stowe is a vast building, some twelve hundred feet in length. One of its attractions was a unique chapel, built of cedar and gold, brought by the duke's ancestors from Spain. He told me that one day in Spain he was talking with a priest who described a beautiful little church that had once stood on the spot where they were conversing. The priest mourned its loss, saying that it had been actually plucked from the soil and transported to England. He never suspected that the duke owned it.

Stowe was connected by the duke with his other residence of Woot-

ton by means of a railroad. At this latter place, which had been in his family over seven hundred years, and after which I named my own country-seat near Bryn Mawr, we also passed some pleasant days. There was a notable oak-tree there that had been planted by Queen Elizabeth. While at Stowe we slept in the same rooms that had been occupied by Queen Victoria when the Duke of Buckingham's father entertained her majesty one week at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars. Later on, when we were stopping at the Langham Hotel, near the duke's residence on Chandos Street, I had an amusing adventure. The duke had asked me to visit his church, situated in that street, and one morning I strolled there, and, entering, requested the pew-opener to show me to the ducal pew. "The servants' pew?" he asked. When I related this experience to the duke he laughed, and said it was not so amusing as one of his own. He had gone one day, he said, while chairman of the London and Northwestern Railway, to the office of the company and requested one of the attendants to show him to the room of a certain official, the head of a department. The man eyed the duke critically, and observed, "You won't do: you're too light weight." It then transpired that the official had advertised for a porter, and the attendant mistook the duke for an applicant for the situation.

The first wife of the Duke of Buckingham was a lovely woman, a Miss Harvey, and their marriage had been one of love. Mrs. Childs has still an embroidered chair presented to her by the duchess, who had worked it for her. One of the most interesting mementos I have of the duke is a set of photographs of his governmental colleagues. They were hospitality itself to us. One day we were asked whether we cared to visit Fountain Abbey, the picturesque property of Lord Ripon (Earl de Grey), whom I knew when he was in this country as one of the High Joint Commission, and, availing ourselves of the invitation, special permission was accorded our party to drive in the grounds and view the private buildings. We drove over from Harrogate in carriages, and enjoyed the jaunt immensely. The duchess lingered outside the abbey for a time, sketching, and when we rejoined her she told us that she had overheard a party of visitors discussing our entrance into the private precinct, and one of them, glancing at the carriages, had said, "Well, I'll wager they're Americans: those people are admitted everywhere."

Altogether, our stay in England was very delightful, made largely so by the number of interesting and agreeable people with whom we came in contact, as at "Bearwood," the splendid home of Mr. Walter, of the *London Times*, where we met Charles Kingsley, Archdeacon Benson, now Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Houghton, and many other distinguished personages. As might be imagined from the circumstance of my publication of Dr. Kane's book, I had a peculiar pleasure in making the acquaintance of Lady Franklin. She was afterwards my guest for a week at Long Branch. She was on a journey round the world, and she came with her niece, a man- and a maid-servant, her cooking-utensils, and a whole baggage-wagon-full of traps. I can distinctly recall her standing upon the lawn and looking out over the sea. "What is it across there?" she asked, pointing

straight ahead. "Portugal," I told her. "I've just come from there," she said.

Not only in England but on the Continent our trip abroad was made very pleasant by the acquaintanceship and hospitality of many agreeable people. Here and there we met old friends and fellow-countrymen. In Rome, for instance, we passed some delightful weeks with Longfellow, who had resided there for a lengthy period in earlier years, and by living in Italian families had become very well known and very popular. He was much *fêted*. I gave him a dinner at which some of the Roman dignitaries, artists, and writers were present. T. Buchanan Read, the artist-poet, was at that time in the Eternal City, and one of my guests. At dinner, Read's famous painting of Longfellow's three daughters was discussed, and Longfellow observed that the picture was a good one save in one particular; Read, he said, had painted one of his children to look as if she had no arms. He illustrated his criticism with a story, saying that the daughter in question and himself had heard a boy at a watering-place crying photographs for sale of "Longfellow's daughters,—one without arms!"

As I make no other pretension in these chats than idly to recall some salient or diverting incidents in my career or acquaintance with notable men, I may take advantage of this second allusion to Longfellow to say a word or two about a man of exalted station and intellect,—that modest monarch, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. Speaking of Longfellow reminded me of the time when Dom Pedro, gazing at the portrait of Longfellow which hangs in my library, exclaimed, "That is your great American poet. I have translated his works into Portuguese, and made known the beauty of his verse to all Brazil."

This was in 1876, when, during the Centennial Exhibition, the Emperor was my guest and I naturally arranged for him to visit the various places of interest in Philadelphia. At my house I presented to him the late James L. Claghorn, President of the Academy of Fine Arts, who invited him to visit the Academy, and on his expressing a desire to go, inquired what hour would be most agreeable to his majesty. "Six o'clock," he said. It was a favorite hour with him; but Mr. Claghorn, not knowing this, was aghast. However, promptly at the appointed time he had the directors of the Academy on hand to greet the Emperor, who exhibited an unfeigned and very intelligent interest in the art treasures of the building. When introduced to Dr. Ruschenberger, President of the Academy of Natural Sciences, he surprised the doctor and those about him by saying, "I know you as an author;" and he proceeded to name the books the doctor had written, some of them being out of print.

He accepted an invitation for the next day to visit the coal-regions, and set again his favorite hour of six o'clock as the time to start. We went in Judge Packer's private car, and visited various coal-mines and iron-works, the Emperor's interest never flagging. He seemed to understand all the details of manufacture, and paid particular attention to the Bessemer and Siemens processes of steel-making. A curious incident happened while we were at the Thomas Iron-Works. Mr. Thomas (who introduced the process of making iron with anthracite coal) came to

me and said that his grand-daughter would like to be presented to the Emperor, as she had previously met him in Egypt. So we turned to his majesty, and I had hardly named the young lady, when he exclaimed, "Oh, I met you at the Pyramids, and gave you my photograph, did I not?"

We were fourteen hours on that journey, returning to Philadelphia at eight P.M. I was quite worn out, and went to bed. Rising early, I picked up the *Ledger*, and about the first thing that caught my eye was an account of the Emperor's attendance the night before at a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, where, it appeared, he had taken part in the discussions of the evening. I mention all this to show that one monarch in the world, at least, is a man of energy and broadest intelligence and kindest sympathy. He seemed to know all about Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institute when I made them acquainted; speaking of his original and practical application of the telegraph. The professor invited him to visit Washington and the Smithsonian Institute, and he went. Again, when I introduced him to Joaquin Miller he instantly spoke in praise of the Sierra Nevada poems. Indeed, there was apparently nothing notable in literature, art, or science that had not engaged his attention. In women's medical colleges he was much interested. I broached the subject during our trip to the coal-regions, and he amazed me with the breadth of his information, dwelling, as he did, upon the labors of those women who were sent out as missionaries.

I cannot help but hold Dom Pedro in the kindest remembrance; and it is gratifying to know that I have him as a loyal as well as a royal friend. He presented me with a large photograph likeness bearing an autograph inscription, and with a copy of his book of travels in which he wrote some kindly words. It is one of the pleasing methods he employs to show me I am not forgotten, that I have been honored with an early and welcome visit from each new Brazilian minister to the United States. And perhaps I may be pardoned for quoting at this appropriate place the following extract from a letter which the Hon. Thomas A. Osborn, American Minister to Brazil, recently wrote to a friend, describing his presentation to the Emperor: "I have thought," he says, "that you might not be uninterested in learning that the Emperor, in an informal conversation which followed the presentation of my letter of credence, inquired quite feelingly after Mr. George W. Childs, and manifested a deep concern in his welfare. The Emperor spoke of the hospitalities extended to him in Philadelphia, and was especially warm in his expressions touching Mr. Childs."

A RHYME OF OLD SONG.

WHAT of the rhymes of to-day,
 When June is a June as of old,
 When the rose is made red on our way,
 When the skies are of blue and of gold?
 What of our rhymes shall we say?
 The drivellers chant as they may,
 And tales of the gods are untold!

They chant of a pleasure or pain,—
 The herd has a mellower song!
 They sing, in how hopeless a strain,
 And we wait for a prophecy long,
 And we listen, ah, listen in vain
 For a voice of the gods come again,—
 For the sight of a priest in the throng!

Ah me! how the iron-ways clang,
 And the green fields are not as of yore,
 And grimly the yellow coins rang
 That tinted the deep-delved ore.
 Yea, the wine of the poets who sang,
 It has lost the Falernian tang,
 And the poet is not any more!

But the creature of greed and of death,
 Who shall sleep in the hollows low down,
 He has tarnished the sun with his breath
 And ruined the meads with the town.
 He shall lie in the barrow beneath
 The green waving grass of the heath,
 While leaves of the years shall grow brown."

Ah me! for the singers of old!
 How they sung, the delicious and sweet!
 How they lingered and lived on the wold,
 In the day of a manhood more meet,
 When womanhood wandered unsold,
 When not everything smacked of the mould,
 Of the mine, or the bitterer street!

Ah, June, thou art blowing in vain!
 You shall find them no more in the mead:
 The delight of the mellower strain,
 The loves of the lovers indeed!
 (Only madmen run wild o'er the plain.)
 We buried deep under the rain
 The shapes of the faithful at need!

Ah, sad are the rhymes of to-day.
 Though June is a June as of old,
 And we know that the best is the clay
 That lies over iron and gold!
 Ah, would I could say, "Let us pray
 For a hope on the desolate way,
 As the flowers spring out of the mould!"

Daniel L. Dawson.

A LITERARY BOARDER.

MRS. COPP was a fearful example of that dread of modern patriots, —an oligarchical office-holder knowing nothing of the beauties of the great republican principle of rotation in office. For so many years had she signed her name "Dorothy Copp, Postmistress," with an appropriate official flourish below the line, that it would have been utterly impossible for her, at her time of life, to cultivate another style of signature; and as for the inhabitants of Sheard's Corners, all their ideas of the United States mail were so connected with her that the whole post-office system would have seemed to them to have gone to wreck if any one but Mrs. Copp were to hand them out their chance letters and their local oracles the county papers. Administrations might rise and fall, Congressmen might come and go, but she held on her official course undisturbed. The appointment to office had come to her, in the first instance, as the deserving widow of a Union soldier, and time had but strengthened her claims to grateful remembrance and recognition on the score of her husband's service of his country. He had, as a matter of fact, been the terror of her life before his enlistment, but now her memory had so mellowed towards him that she could not point out his head-stone to a stranger without a tender tribute to the "beloved remains,"—the phrase in which she always alluded to her deceased partner.

Either a prolonged lease of power or a naturally even temper had induced in Mrs. Copp an equanimity from which it was not easy to startle her, so that her exclamation of surprise when Henry Evans asked her to take him to board for the summer implied an unusual strangeness in the request. He had jumped from the stage to the platform of the store—of course Mrs. Copp kept the village store—at the same time with the thud of the mail-bag, and, after the official duties of the postmistress were attended to, had asked her if there was any place to get board in Sheard's Corners.

Mrs. Copp looked up doubtfully at the weather-beaten sign creaking over her head, bearing a faint legend to the effect that accommodation for man and beast might be obtained within, and said, "Well, I've sometimes done it myself. We don't have many calls, nowadays, and our accommodations ain't exactly first-class; but if it's only a question of staying over-night, or a day or two——"

"I may want to be here for six months,—possibly longer."

It was this remark that brought from Mrs. Copp a cry of astonishment.

"Six months! Why, what on earth!—it can't be the fishing, then. I thought perhaps you wanted to try the trout over in the run; though them as do mostly puts up down at the Centre. But for the hull summer,—that's a different thing. There ain't much here to make it interesting for summer boarders. How come you to think of trying it?"

"I simply want quiet and retirement. I should think there would be no doubt about my finding them here. The question is if you can accommodate me."

It is not necessary to pursue the steps of the negotiation. Suffice it to say that Henry Evans succeeded finally in convincing Mrs. Copp that all he wanted was a room to himself, where he could be free from noise or interruption, and that she at last made an arrangement with him which he said was perfectly satisfactory to him, and which certainly ought to have been so to her, as her terms were about twice anything ever known in the Corners. One thing, however, she insisted upon securing a little light about.

"But what are you going to do?" she asked. "You are from the city, you say, and of course might like the country for a while; but six months is a good while, with nothing to do."

Henry Evans hesitated a moment. Then he said, "I may as well tell you my plan. You would find it out anyhow, sooner or later. The fact is, I am engaged in certain literary work which I can best do in a quiet place like this. That is the reason I have come here. I shall be in my room every morning, and shall walk about for recreation in the afternoon. Evenings I shall devote to reading. So you see I can get on very well without the ordinary summer attractions. I will write for my trunk and box of books to be sent me at once, and I have no doubt we shall get on together. By the way, I want some stamps: you may as well give me a dollar's worth."

This order just about exhausted Mrs. Copp's stock, and at the same time tended to strengthen her conviction that her boarder was a man of lavish wealth.

The village store was, like most of its kind, the scene of that dissipation which, in the absence of a saloon in Sheard's Corners, had to display itself somewhere, and so took the form of smoking and lounging and gossiping on the hard chairs and benches which Mrs. Copp was in duty bound to provide. The fullest conclaves were gathered on Saturday nights, when the return of some of the freeholders of the Corners who were away at work during the week, and the necessity of laying in groceries for the day of rest, making trade unusually brisk, had the effect of filling every seat. It was here, of course, that the important and somewhat mysterious advent of Henry Evans had to be thoroughly discussed.

"Well," said Mrs. Copp, in answer to repeated inquiries, "I have told you all I know about it. He's taken my front room for six months, and says he's a-doing some literary work. And I guess it's

so, too; for he's done nothing all this week but set there at his table a-writing away for dear life."

"This is a very remarkable occurrence," said John Boyd. He was a Scotch master-mason, away through the week at a job he had in the Centre. He was the unquestioned literary oracle of Sheard's Corners, a position to which he was not unfairly entitled, as he had had more than the usual contact of a Scotch boy with the "humanities," to use a favorite word of his own, and was accustomed even to speak incidentally of the days he had passed in the University. In spite, too, of his trade, he managed to keep up the literary traditions of his youth by a regular reading of the *Edinburgh Review*, whose blue cover and foreign post-stamps were objects of respectful awe to all who saw him take it from the post-office.

Naturally, therefore, his opinion of the stranger was looked for eagerly and was received as of great weight.

"I should very much like to know this gentleman," he went on. "He is not, of course, a distinguished writer as yet, else I should have heard of him. But it speaks well for him that he has withdrawn from the distractions of the city. Doubtless he is engaged on a work which requires quiet meditation. It speaks well for him, I say, that he has drawn aside to a place like this."

"Evans? Evans?" said Mr. Medby; "'pears to me I've heard that name as a writer. Of course Mr. Boyd knows, but I do seem to remember my daughter Jane speakin' of one of her favorites by that name. 'Pears like 'twas a female, though, after all."

"Your daughter Jane, Mr. Medby, probably refers to that meretricious writer, the authoress of 'St. Elmo' and other writings of a like low grade," said Mr. Boyd, with some severity.

"That's it! that's the very book! Yes, she's the one I was a-thinkin' of. My daughter thinks just as you do, Mr. Boyd; a very meritorious writer she calls this female Evans,—and soulful, too, I've heard her say she was."

Mr. Medby was a forehanded farmer, the proud father of a poetically-inclined young lady who had borne back to her father's house the garnered culture to be had at two Young Ladies' Seminaries. Mr. Boyd regarded her as a lamentable example of superficial American methods of education, and as knowing nothing of a truly correct and classical taste. He paid the tribute of a scornful sniff to the specimen of her literary judgment cited by her father, and, returning to the subject of Mrs. Copp's boarder, remarked, "I know nothing of this young man, as I was saying, but I take it well of him that he has sought out our retired village as the scene of his literary labors. Perhaps it will turn out to be his Craigenputtock."

Pleased rather than otherwise at the blank looks with which his allusion was received, he hastened to add, "That was the rural spot where Mester Carlyle 'nourished his mighty heart,' as your own Emerson said. That is the thing most to the literary credit of America, that it so soon learned to appreciate the greatest genius of the age. He was alone there, in the remote country, but he did work that carried his name across the sea. It would be presumptuous, of course, to

prophesy anything of the kind concerning this young man, but still no more so than it would have appeared to be concerning Carlyle himself, at one time. At any rate, we may hope that he will win his first literary laurels in our midst. It is a most interesting event, in all aspects of it. Has he given you any idea, Mrs. Copp, of the nature of his work?"

"Oh, no: he keeps very quiet about it. His papers are always locked up when he is out: not, of course, that I would open his drawer, but he never leaves a sheet in sight. There's this, though, I noticed: he sent off a letter day before yesterday, addressed to Lyrist and Brothers. They're publishers, ain't they, Mr. Boyd?"

"Among the foremost," he replied, delighted. "Then it is as I thought. He is writing a book, perhaps a *magnum opus*,—a great work, that is,—and is already negotiating with a publisher. Truly, I am greatly interested in this young author, and would very much like to make his acquaintance. Away as I am, however, through the week, it will be difficult, I fear, to arrange a meeting. Does he manifest any desire for society?"

"I can't say that he does," replied Mrs. Copp. "He keeps very close. All he seems to want is his books and writing."

"A very natural and commendable absorption in his work. Nevertheless I shall hope to meet him."

Henry Evans was only half aware of the interest he was arousing. Yet he found it far less easy than he had hoped to escape from all social obligations. He could not persistently refuse, for example, to accept his landlady's invitation to go with her to the Sunday-afternoon preaching in the school-house. So it was not long before he found himself listening to the Methodist minister from the Centre, the Rev. Saltus Bangs, whose semi-monthly exhortations constituted the sole religious privileges of Sheard's Corners. That divine had been given some inkling of the presence of an unusual auditor that day, and, to the great disturbance of Henry Evans, made an elegant allusion, in the long prayer, to "those in our midst who are devoting themselves to the important work of literature." After service, Mr. Bangs pressed his way to Mrs. Copp's pew and asked an introduction to Henry Evans.

"I have been greatly interested," he said, "to learn of your presence in the village. It is not often that we have the privilege of having an author in our midst."

Henry Evans murmured a disclaimer of a right to that title, but Mr. Bangs waved it aside.

"Literature," he observed, "is a great power."

There was no denying this. Certainly none of the group that had gathered about the minister and the stranger thought of denying it; and Henry Evans had no wish to provoke a controversy or anything else that would prevent him from getting away immediately.

"The responsibilities of those who supply the mental food of the rising generation," went on the minister, "are very great. In a day when the power of the press is so greatly enlarged, when so many of the streams that flow from it are defiled——"

But the growing alarm of the object of this address made him

actually rude, so great was his desire to escape any more of that sort of thing, and he broke in on the speaker's periods to say good-afternoon and to express a hypocritical pleasure at the meeting.

The weeks flew by, and Henry Evans kept steadily on in the routine he had marked out for himself. The people of the village ceased to be as curious about him as they had been at first. This was because they felt that they had penetrated whatever mystery hung about him. They were content to allude to him as "a literary man," and with that classification to lay him away on the shelf with their other plainly-labelled ideas and judgments. Mrs. Copp's faithful weekly reports had been of considerable weight in thus settling the general thought about the stranger.

"He sent off an amazing thick letter last Wednesday," she remarked one evening early in the residence of Henry Evans in Sheard's Corners. "Eighteen cents postage on it."

"Did you observe the address?" inquired Mr. Boyd. "Of course you necessarily had to, and I presume there is no impropriety in mentioning it," he added, half apologetically. In an ordinary case he would have been indignant at the idea of watching any one's private correspondence, but in this case it seemed as if a natural publicity attached to the letters as well as to the writings of an author.

"Yes," answered the postmistress: "it was directed to the editor of *The World's Illuminator*."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Boyd. "That is a prominent magazine, really a very creditable publication—for America. I did not suppose, however, that Mr. Evans was writing for the periodical press. Some large and important work I was rather looking for. Still, he may be doing this to sharpen his pen, or to win a hearing, or even—and that is more credible—to obtain a little ready money. Mester Carlyle did many a thing of that sort while meditating his works of genius. This Mr. Evans, however, appears to be in no lack of pecuniary means."

"I should think not," said Mrs. Copp. "He pays his bill in advance, and a man must have plenty of money to wear such good clothes as he does, and to have such a wash every week."

"It is most probable, then," decided Mr. Boyd, "that he has determined to gain an audience for his more important work. Doubtless we shall soon see an article from his pen in the *Illuminator*."

Not long after this, the Saturday-evening gathering was informed that another bulky letter had been sent by Mrs. Copp's boarder, this time addressed to the *Æon*. More than that, an answer had come back very promptly, stating ("it was only on a postal card") that the editor of the *Æon* was greatly obliged to Mr. Henry Evans for the article kindly sent, which would be examined at the earliest opportunity. This had a positive effect in raising the general opinion of the postmistress's boarder. It was evident that he was a writer known to publishers and editors, and a man to whom deference was naturally shown.

But a considerable shock was given, a few days later, by the announcement that a heavy letter had come to the address of Henry Evans, in an envelope bearing the words *The World's Illuminator* printed in the upper corner.

"'Pears like it might have been bank-bills," was the rash suggestion of Mr. Medby.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Boyd, energetically. Yet even his trained nose seemed to be off the scent. He mused over the situation for some moments. Finally his face cleared, and he said, "Why, it's his proofs. They have sent them to him to make sure of accurate printing. I have often observed the typographical excellence of the *Illuminator*, and I now see that they take especial pains to secure it. That must be the explanation. It's proofs. We shall see the article in due time."

It was not long before Mrs. Copp reported that Mr. Evans had also got proofs from the *Eon*. Mr. Boyd said that this was very customary. In fact, he had been refreshing his memory in regard to the practice of Mester Carlyle, and had found that no small part of the woes of that genius had consisted in the labors connected with correcting proofs.

The fruit of Henry Evans's industry appeared in the frequent burdens he committed to the care of the mails. Based on the intelligence given by Mrs. Copp, his reputation as "a contributor to the leading magazines" came to be securely fixed. The list of editors to whom he had written and from whom he had received proofs soon grew too long for Mrs. Copp to remember, but "anyhow," she used to say, "it's about every magazine I ever heard of, and a good many more besides. And as for postage, he must get well paid to meet his expenses for stamps alone. If he stays here much longer my salary will go up a peg, I know that."

It was late in July before Mr. Boyd obtained his desired privilege of a meeting with the literary boarder. He had a free Saturday afternoon, and had persuaded Mrs. Copp to ask an introduction for him as one "heartily interested in all good literature." Henry Evans had appeared to be somewhat annoyed at the request, but had finally complied with it. He met Mr. Boyd's effusive greeting somewhat awkwardly.

"I have long wished to have the pleasure of meeting you," said the Scotchman. "Of course you are entitled to your own privacy, and I know what use you are making of it. But I beg you to believe that it is not mere curiosity that moves me to seek your acquaintance. Though at present following an absorbing trade," the speaker here spread out his heavy hands, "I have not ceased to cherish the respect for literature early instilled into my mind. And I have thought that you might find in me at least something of fellow-feeling, more than in any others in this community: I speak with all due respect for them. They are good people, and worthy friends of mine, but hardly, you may imagine, fitted to appreciate the society of an author."

"Really, sir," returned Henry Evans, with visible embarrassment, "I fear you share what appears to be a common misconception in regard to myself. I can lay no claim to authorship."

"Your modesty becomes you," said Mr. Boyd. "Authors are proverbially shrinking and diffident,—especially at the beginning of their career. The great Sir Walter—but of course I need not remind you of his denials of the authorship of the Waverley novels. Carlyle, so

far as I remember, had no occasion to disown any of his productions, but he was quite apart from the curious world, in a solitude which I have often thought must have been much like that which you have sought here."

"But," said Henry Evans, "this is an entire mistake. This whole idea about me is most unaccountable."

Mr. Boyd was somewhat surprised, but turned all this aside as of no real weight beside the positive evidence he had.

"You need not fear," he said, "that I shall press you to betray your secrets. We have learned from your landlady that you came here for quiet literary work, and that is all we care to know. For my part, I am too grateful for an opportunity to discuss the present state of literature with an intelligent man, to urge him to reveal what is, after all, his own private affair."

He accordingly plunged into what he called a "discussion," which turned out to be a series of positive and animated judgments pronounced by himself, with only an occasional murmured word from Henry Evans. His report to the loungers, that evening, was highly complimentary to the literary boarder. "A man of uncommon intelligence," was his verdict, "and of modesty as refreshing as it is rare. I expect to hear from that young writer all in good time."

The summer wore away. Henry Evans had been more than four months in Sheard's Corners, and his close application had told upon him. He had grown perceptibly thinner, though his clear complexion still spoke of good health. He began to betray signs of nervous irritation also. Mrs. Copp was startled, one morning, at a request from him for an extension of a few days on a bill then due. He had not received an expected remittance, he said. There would have been nothing strange about this, and the request would have been granted as a matter of course, if he had not appeared to be so embarrassed in making it. He flushed guiltily, and appeared immensely relieved when Mrs. Copp said that he could take his time. But no money came, and the next pay-day found Henry Evans again reddening before his landlady as he had to ask her to wait a little longer for her dues. A few days later he came to her in an entirely different manner. He had recovered his old direct and self-possessed address. He was going away very soon, he said. He was done with the work which had brought him there sooner than he had expected to be. He was looking for an important letter in a day or two, and then he would settle his account with her and return at once to the city.

By the very next evening's mail, not one letter, but two came to the address of Henry Evans. One of them was in a distinctly feminine hand, and ran as follows:

"DEAR HENRY,—

"I am delighted to hear that you are going to give it up. Of course I don't mean exactly that, but I am so glad you are coming home. And it isn't giving it up, either. I, for one, have just as much confidence in you as ever, and am sure that you will yet find others to appreciate your writings as much as I do; that is, if you still want to

keep on trying; though I am sure I shouldn't have anything more to do with the horrid race of editors, if I were you.

"Now, you mustn't feel too disappointed, dearie, or think that you made a great mistake to try such a thing. You have tried nobly, and, if you have not succeeded as well as you hoped, it isn't your fault. And if all the world remains hard-hearted, you know that you have at least one perfectly enthusiastic reader.

"Then about coming back to the office, after all. I don't think at all that it will be 'ignoble,' as you call it. It is a perfectly honorable way of earning a living, and, besides, you ought to consider your filial duty. And you know that if you come home and agree to do what your father wants, a certain event will not have to be postponed so long as one at least of the parties to it had begun to fear would be inevitable. And who knows whether, after that, you may become so commonplace and sordid, by contact with me, that your writings will acquire just those trite and popular qualities that editors now find them lacking in? That isn't a very clear sentence; but one thing is clear,—you're coming home, and I'm glad.

"Your loving
"JENNIE."

The other letter was written in a bold business hand, and Henry Evans made a wry face as he opened it. The first thing he encountered was a substantial check. But he had looked for that, and it did not cause his sour expression to relax. The letter was the thing that sent prickles through him at the thought of what it must be. The document was of the following tenor:

"MY DEAR SON,—

"Yours of the 22d duly received, and I hasten to reply. You say that you have found out what a fool you were to think there was any chance of your being able to earn your living by turning writer. I found that out before you began to try it. It was perfectly absurd from the start, as I told you often enough. You say you are cured of the nonsense of supposing that a college education and college prize essays were a good basis to go upon in competing with established writers. I am glad to find from this that your college education did not make a complete fool of you, as I feared, for a time, it had, and that the money spent upon it was a great waste. If you needed this summer's experience as a post-graduate course, as I believe they call it, to learn this amount of wisdom, I don't know that I regret it. However, we will agree to call this a thing of the past, and say no more about it.

"You do not say so explicitly, but I take it for granted that you are coming back to go into the office. I presume that the novel sensation of earning a little money will reconcile you to following such a 'materialistic pursuit,' as I believe you once called it, as pork-packing. Well, from all you write, I imagine you have now got your fill of the nobly idealistic pursuit of literature, and will be willing to sell hams for the sake of being sure that you can get a slice yourself, at need.

"I have looked this letter over, and am inclined to think it is a little rough. I didn't mean to make it so. With the exception of this kicking over the traces, you have been a good son to me, and I suppose I ought to be thankful that your whim didn't take some vicious turn, instead of this merely ridiculous one. You will excuse me. Come home, my boy, and welcome. I'll keep a civil tongue in my head, and not twit you about all this,—unless I see the old symptoms returning. Your mother is in a perfect fever to see you, and I understand that a certain dark-eyed young lady is not exactly sorrowful at the prospect of your return. Well, there's no use in saying that I am not myself awfully anxious to have you by me again: so come at once to

Your affectionate father,

"JOSIAH EVANS."

"P.S.—I suppose your expenses in that outlandish Sheard's Corners can't have been very heavy, and that the enclosed will cover them. If not, you know an old pork-packer you can draw on; and can you say as much for any editor of your acquaintance? That is positively the last allusion of the kind."

One other letter will close this chronicle. This one was from Mrs. Copp to a distant married daughter, whom she kept informed of events in Sheard's Corners, and to whom she had written often about Henry Evans. After first retailing her minor items, she skilfully led up to the climax of interest in her biggest piece of news, and went on:

"Well, my literary boarder has gone for good. It was rather sudden, though I'd been suspecting something, he'd been so out of sorts and nervous-like for a while. Finally he went off on two days' notice. He paid me up, though, in full, and give me something over, too. Mr. Boyd took on terribly when he found out that Mr. Evans was going. He said it was painful to think of our relapsing into our original be-ocean condition,—whatever that means. He said that it was a shame we hadn't done more to recognize the presence of an author among us. And at the very last, if you will believe me, he flew round and got up a sort of address, he called it,—said it was Scotch style,—to read to Mr. Evans. And he actually did it, too, the very night he went away, and while he was a-setting on the store steps waiting for the stage to come along. I wish I could remember what it was all about. He said something about the great Sir Walter being offered the freedom of the city, and we'd do it to him if only we had a mayor and a gold box, and put in something about his great Carlyle's being elected lord rector of something or other,—though it was the first I'd heard that he was either one or the other, being plain Mr. Carlyle, I'd always supposed, and not being a very good Presbyterian member, much less an Episcopalian minister,—and went on to say how greatly honored we had all been by the presence of an author, and how we all hoped to see his name become famous. Mr. Evans got as red as a beet during the reading, and then burst into a fit of laughing till you'd 'a' thought he would split. Then he quieted down and said it was all a mistake, that he wa'n't no author nor ever would be, that he'd been making a fool of himself all this summer, and that we would bear him witness he

hadn't tried to deceive us. It was all too puzzling for me, for I was bound to believe him when he said he wasn't an author; but hadn't he told me at the start that he was a-going to do some literary work, and hadn't he written and mailed no end of pages of writing? I forgot to say that, the afternoon before he went off, I heard a great roaring in the chimney, and went up to his room to see what was the matter. There he sat by the stove, stuffing in sheets of paper. 'What on earth are you a-doing, Mr. Evans?' I said. He sort o' laughed, and said he was lighting the fire of genius; though what he meant by that I leave you to guess. Anyhow, there must have been something in his being an author, for after he'd gone I found in his waste-basket a lot of letters from a lot of editors which they had written to him, saying they was dreadfully sorry they couldn't find room in their magazines just then for his excellent article, and thanking him in the most polite manner for having been so kind as to have sent it to them. And they'd even taken pains to have their letters specially printed, all but the name and date, which was filled in, and it must have been an extraordinary case to make them take so much pains as that. Well, perhaps I may find out more about it by my next: so good-by.

"Your loving mother,

"DOROTHY COPP, *Postmistress.*"

Rollo Ogden.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

BEFORE the photograph was known,
Some artist limned this miniature,—
Your grandmamma; and one must own
Its likeness to yourself, I'm sure.

Yet, as I look upon it, dear,—
The curious dress, the banded hair,—
At first I say, How very queer!
And then I add, How very fair!

And here's your picture by its side,
Your latest photograph. The hat,
The dress, the gloves,—you know with pride
They're quite the mode, and all of that.

Serenely conscious of your art,
Before the camera you stood.
A rival belle must, in her heart,
Own that the picture's very good.

But fashions change. In years to come,
They'll say, How queer the dress, the hair!
Some call it very quaint, and some
Quite odd, but all must call it fair.

Walter Learned.

VERESTCHAGIN AND HIS WORK.

"A CRUEL talent the man has," was said once of the gifted Russian novelist Dostoyevsky; and many believe that the same terms would just as well apply to the Russian painter whose works have been exhibited in several of our leading cities. And even the friends of the artist must recognize that there is truth in the comparison: many are the instances where this celebrated painter displays a peculiarly "cruel talent."

Just as Dostoyevsky portrays human sufferings, fanaticism, superstition, and psychical malformation in their most varied forms, so in a measure does Verestchagin. Wherever it is possible for him to do so, he brings out in full, though never overstepping the strictest limits of realism, illustrations of human capacity for suffering or inflicting pain.

Even when we leave out of consideration the three great paintings which bear the common appellation of "An Eye for an Eye, and a Tooth for a Tooth," and those other canvases where blood, gory wounds, and mutilated bodies predominate, still the impression left by Verestchagin's collection as a whole must inevitably prove a "cruel" one. He always prefers the delineation of men ruthlessly exposed to danger, wearing the thorny crown of martyrdom, led to execution, down-trodden people washing the sacred stones of Solomon's Wall with their tears, religious zealots displaying human heads as lawful trophies, pickets freezing to death at their posts, fanatics performing intolerable tasks through the exigencies of their hard religion. Even in portraits we see the working of the same relentless choice: here we have the hermit averaging in his prayers a thousand prostrations a day before the holy images; there the old wrinkled hag, the wife of the coppersmith, who has done nothing for forty years but make cockades. They one and all arouse in the mind of the spectator an uneasy feeling, all the more painful since they are so astonishingly life-like.

It is worth remarking that Verestchagin has never yet painted a portrait except of his own choice: the subject must be one that pleases him. As for painting portraits for money, he assured me that he felt he should not be able to make a successful likeness of a face thrust upon him, as it were, and not chosen by himself. Thus even his portraits have to be ranked with the canvases serving to illustrate the painter's interpretation of life; and as we become better acquainted with the artist as a man, as we read the notes appended to his catalogue of his works, we discover that we have to do not with a painter alone, but with a serious student of contemporary life, of social problems, even while not one of his productions is intended by him to convey a moral of any kind.

It is idle to reproach an artist for not giving us something outside of the peculiar field of his genius; it would be worse than idle to ask

why Verestchagin does not follow in the line of other artists. The "cruelty of the talent" is there, and cannot be gainsaid. Yet we cannot place it on the same level as that of Dostoyevsky's. The stirring writings of the famous novelist are creations of an undoubtedly morbid mind; Verestchagin's intellect is pre-eminently healthy and sane and bright,—unimpaired by any physical weakness. Morbidity is enervating in itself, and surely a man handicapped by it could never display the unexampled heterogeneity and the stanch energy required for the achievement of the tremendous amount of work already accomplished by Verestchagin,—a man scarcely forty-seven years old.

As we stand spellbound or filled with amazement at Verestchagin's works, we naturally wish to know what sort of a man it is that is driven to such peculiar channels of execution. What is this man who, with all his faults of technique, handles so masterfully such diverse subjects and has turned out such a titanic amount of work in scarcely more than a score of years?

As we become better acquainted with this genius, we perceive that he has a nature quick to recuperate from any outlay of energy. This recuperative quality is inherent in the man's mind. Exceedingly appreciative of humor, plentifully endowed with the sense of fun, the Russian artist is as capable of enjoyment as a child, as full of vitality as a healthy youngster,—and at times, it must be owned, as little apt or willing to calculate the possible effects of any such excess of overflowing spirits. Strange as it may seem, with all the cruelty of his talent, this big, strong man displays in many ways the disposition of a mere child, with all the faults as well as the winning ways of a child of nature,—a disposition, let us remark, that presents a most fertile soil for the reception of external impressions. These impressions reproduced through the brush give a new impulse to human thought, notwithstanding the painter's entire lack of premeditation in the choice of subjects.

"I paint only what forcibly impresses me," Verestchagin has told me on many occasions. "Images press themselves on my brain; they pursue me forcibly, group themselves in my mind in ready pictures, sometimes appear before me in the most incongruous surroundings and give me no rest until I sit down to transfer them to the canvas. . . . Now, for instance, I am very fond of going about gathering mushrooms. Well, sometimes I see the red or yellow head of a mushroom peeping out at me from under the dead leaves, and then side by side with the tempting mushroom will suddenly appear to me a whole completed picture combined from the images that had been long haunting my brain. And I have often stopped on the spot, spellbound, with my hand extended towards the mushroom, yet not daring to move, for fear of having the vision dispelled."

Celebrity has its drawbacks, and one of them is that it makes the personality of a man public property. Verestchagin's record as a traveller and soldier, his adventurous spirit, his powers of endurance; and his presence of mind in the most trying circumstances, are well known; but it may be interesting to get a glimpse of the man as seen in every-day life. Those who had the pleasure of Verestchagin's

acquaintance during his stay in this country will doubtless be ready, one and all, to testify to the man's peculiar charm whenever he was in a sunny mood; and that was by no means a rare one with him. Artist and traveller, Verestchagin is the farthest possible from being a conventional tourist and proceeding on the beaten track and making it a point to do the sight-seeing of a city. Yet he managed to study almost all the public institutions of New York, and on the very first day that he landed, though he knew scarcely a single man in the place, he found his way into Central Park and was most favorably impressed by it. "Almost every day do I wander about your delightful Park," he wrote me at that time. "What a charming place it is! and how cleverly laid out!"

Likewise, later on, Verestchagin was in the habit of taking some one of his friends on a walk, and as he strolled down Fifth Avenue he would point out many of the beautiful details in the architecture of the houses, such as had wholly escaped us, the unobserving people. Most of all the artist was inclined to admire the independence of the Americans in architectural conceptions,—their boldness in borrowing good and convenient features from the most widely differing sources and adapting them to local exigencies without scruples of conscience about impairing the architectural purity of any given school.

From his partiality to Central Park Verestchagin never swerved,—partly, it may be, on account of the strange friendship he struck up with the Bruin family in the bear-pit. Rain or shine, Verestchagin, with his pockets stuffed full of candy and apples, was sure to call on the bears at least three times a week, and the beasts got to know him so well that at the first sight of the artist they would growl out their welcome, thrusting out their paws for a hand-shake with him and their usual instalment of fruit and sweetmeats.

But, ready as Verestchagin was to admire whatever happened to attract his attention, he was stubborn in his refusal to "take in" the standard sights of the place. Thus, I could never prevail upon him to go to see Riverside Park. "What is there to see there?" he would ask. "Why, the beautiful natural scenery, which is far more attractive than the artificial beauty of Central Park."

"Well, I have seen enough beautiful scenery in my life." And go to Riverside Park he would not. Eventually, however, thanks to the stratagem of a common friend, we brought Verestchagin over to Riverside Park late of a November afternoon. He was perfectly delighted with the view against the background of the sunset, and insisted that each one of the party should bend the head sideways so as to get a horizontal look at the landscape,—which indeed, as we found it, singularly enhanced our enjoyment of the scene. It may be remarked here, incidentally, that the Russian artist never enjoyed much the banks of the Hudson: he had a good opportunity to see the river during his trip to Albany, but he always insisted that the Hudson was too gloomy to be enjoyable.

He was just as unwilling to meet new people as to go sight-seeing. "What do you want me to meet these people for?"

"What for? Because they are nice, interesting people." Or else,

"Because they are Russians and friends of mine," I would say, as the case might be.

"Well, there are a great many nice people in this world, let us grant; but life is too short to get to know them all," Verestchagin would retort. "As to Russians, I have seen enough of them at home not to run out of my way to hunt them up here in America."

And yet when he came once to know those same people whom he had at first declined to meet, Verestchagin would declare them the best people living, would delight to spend whole days in their company, and secretly regret that he had deprived himself of their acquaintance before.

I say "secretly," because Verestchagin is by no means fond of owning that he is in the wrong, even in the most insignificant matter. This trait, as well as his well-known incapacity to endure adverse criticism with any equanimity, must certainly be ascribed to an abnormally developed sensitiveness, that terrible drawback to many natures touched by the stamp of genius. Such things as produce scarcely any impression on coarser and obtuser natures jar most painfully on the high-strung nervous organism of a Shelley, a Lytton, a Byron, a Verestchagin, and the pain when conveyed to the brain finds the latter overwrought and incapable of discrimination. Hence, methinks, those heartburnings that cause the most gifted men to take offence and adopt a line of retaliation so out of proportion to the offence as to make genius appear small and pusillanimous in the eyes of outsiders.

For an outsider it would be entirely impossible to appreciate the severe strain to which the nervous system of a man is submitted when his capacities are all bent one way. Often and often Verestchagin has said in my presence, "It was with my heart's blood that I painted that picture: I have myself lived over all the terrible sufferings that you see portrayed on the canvas." And as time passed I learned perfectly well that it was by no means a figure of speech with him. I may relate one trifling instance in illustration of what the artist's sensitive soul must have passed through in the course of conceiving and maturing his terrible bloody canvases, where every detail conveyed to his mind reminiscences of misery and suffering actually endured. Once as we were comparing notes of our experiences in Roumania during the war of 1877-78, I happened to mention the case of a young educated woman at the time of the mobilization of the Russian army, a woman who had never known want, yet who remained a whole week in Jassy without money, in terrible uncertainty about her husband, living on dry bread and obliged to pawn her watch to buy milk for her two-year-old child, while her husband, who had met with an accident at the army head-quarters, chose to keep it a secret from her, so as not to alarm her, yet through his very consideration bringing her to the verge of starvation. The young couple in question were reunited within a week, and the hardships which they had endured, severe as they were, left no permanent trace; yet Verestchagin could not restrain the tears mounting to his eyes as he listened to this story, and often referred to it as a most pathetic incident. What then would not be the torments of so sensitive a man when confronted with real misery!

It must be confessed that this very softness of heart often tends to dim Verestchagin's insight into human nature. His first impulse is to trust implicitly in people who please him at first sight, or whose case appeals to his sympathies, perhaps because of their lack of success in life.

In one of his early letters to me Verestchagin wrote, "In my paintings, as well as in my scribblings, I always endeavor to be as sincere as a child, since otherwise one cannot enter 'the kingdom of heaven;' that is, the kingdom of the loftier spheres of thought and omniforgiveness."

And very much like a child he is indeed, in the faith which he displays in human possibilities. To me, at least, it was a really pathetic spectacle to observe Verestchagin laying his heart bare for the information, encouragement, and instruction of some person of more or less mediocre talent who to him seemed underrating his capacities while possessed of the sacred fire of the Muses. And as he went on trying to inspire some despondent man with self-confidence, he would speak most eloquently of his own hard experiences, evidently living over once more the emotions of his eventful past. Then the whole man would seem transformed; deathly pale, his dark eyes glittering, his nostrils dilated, he would pace up and down the room, stopping to illustrate this or that situation with impassioned gestures.

Now he would tell of his impatience to get at the canvas, while his head felt almost ready to burst with the expansion of images and ideas struggling to assume a tangible shape; then he would relate the delight of the first period of work, when the hand is hardly swift enough to carry out the suggestions of the brain; then, again, of the first pangs of dissatisfaction, when the details are found to have overshadowed the conception as a whole; of the terrible struggle against the temptation to retain some secondary figure that came out highly successful, while still marring the unity of the work; of the desperate act of child-immolation as he would resolutely daub on layer after layer of paint over some exceptionally beloved creation. And often, when everything seemed at its darkest, a few words of praise, of encouragement, from a kindly-disposed friend, who perchance discovered and pointed out some lurking beauty in the work despaired of, would rekindle hope and infuse new courage in the heart of the creator.

One instance may serve as the artist's way of illustrating the difficulties he encountered in his endeavors to reproduce the truth of nature. In painting Kanchinga, a mountain on the borders of Thibet towering twenty-eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, he had a peculiarly hard experience. Those who have visited the Verestchagin exhibition will not soon forget this imposing canvas, which, as has been well observed, "for beauty of color, diversity of effects, and strong atmospheric qualities, constitutes a revelation in itself." And yet how near this same big pearl of the collection came to destruction!

When first completed, the canvas was almost twice its present size (twenty by fifteen feet), and the painter felt so disgusted with it that, after several unsuccessful attempts to improve it, he finally had it rolled up and relegated to a corner of his studio, where it stood fully two

years without his even daring to reawaken painful feelings by looking at it. Finally, one day he overcame his aversion and unrolled the discarded canvas, and he saw before him in all its grandeur that imposing mountain as he had beheld it some years before, though somewhat dwarfed by the superabundance of accessories. For once the knife stood him in better stead than the brush, and he handled it with such ardor that within a short time he had cut off yards of sky from the top and yards of landscape from the sides, thus reducing it to its present proportions and fully redeeming the condemned painting from the mediocrity that had threatened to ruin it.

Such is the artist Verestchagin, a man as strange and as interesting as his works, and far more many-sided; in many respects a king among men, yet possessing traits characteristic of the most commonplace. Certainly such a character is worthy of study.

B. Macgahan.

FLOODS AND THEIR CAUSES.

VICTOR JACQUEMONT, in his "Letters from India," tells a good story of a Brahmin philosopher, who delivered a profound discourse on the "difference between annihilation and disappearance" while a troop of marauding monkeys were making away with the provisions of his tent-wagon.

But Western writers have hardly a right to poke fun at such pundits. For nearly two thousand years the nations of the Caucasian race have been convulsed by fierce disputes about the metaphysical significance of life and death, while the very basis of organic life was disappearing from under their feet. While they butchered each other in the rage of their conflicting theories on the mysteries of an unknown world, the inhabitable portion of their own earth has decreased at the average yearly rate of thirty-five hundred square miles. Even if we confine the data of our estimates to the strictly historical period of our chronological era, there can be no doubt that along the shores of the Mediterranean alone some seven million square miles, once blest with abundant fertility, have been changed into worthless and almost hopeless deserts.

"The richest provinces of the Roman Empire," says Prof. E. P. Marsh, "in fact, precisely that portion of the terrestrial surface which about the commencement of the Christian era was endowed with the greatest superiority of soil and climate, is now completely exhausted of its fertility. A territory which in by-gone centuries sustained a population scarcely inferior to that of the entire Christian world at the present day has been brought to a desolation almost as complete as that of the moon; . . . and another era of similar devastations would make this earth an unfit home for its noblest inhabitant, and threaten the depravation, barbarism, and perhaps even the extinction of the human species."

Africa, Western Asia, and Southern Europe have been wasted by a marasmus which in many regions of the New World, too, is threaten-

ing to assume an incurable phase; and that decadence is chiefly due to the devastations of river-floods, caused by the agency of man.

The harmony of nature has perhaps never been wholly undisturbed; still, there is a deep significance in Laurence Oken's remark, that the evils caused by the spontaneous agency of the elements resemble transient epidemics, while those caused by the hand of man are apt to become chronic disorders. Under normal circumstances, *i.e.*, under the conditions in which our ancestors received the heritage of this earth, river-floods are about as rare as forest-fires kindled by a stroke of lightning, and are caused mainly by the coincidence of the following unusual contingencies:

1. In early spring, when the first warm rains are followed by a severe frost, the ground is sometimes frozen to a depth of several inches, and subsequent snows may fail to be absorbed by the humidity of the soil. If an unusually heavy snowfall, following such frosts, should in its turn be followed by sudden and violent rain-showers, even densely-wooded highland regions may send down a destructive flood, causing inundations like those which, at long intervals, have visited the valley of the Tennessee River and other North American streams fed by the waters of well-wooded mountain-ranges.

2. The rivers of the higher latitudes may overflow their banks in consequence of an ice-gorge. Large streams *running from south to north* have proved chiefly liable to such floods, owing to a possibly considerable difference in the temperature of their upper and lower valleys. Masses of drift-ice, set afloat by the warm rains of the (southern) head-water regions, may encounter the rigid barrier of a frozen delta and in a few hours cause the river to rise with a rapidity rivalling the consequences of a cloud-burst. The Oder and Vistula in the Old World, and the St. Lawrence on this side of the Atlantic, have thus more than once turned their lower valleys into inland lakes.

3. Phenomenal rainfalls may now and then visit even well-wooded countries with short, but destructive, inundations. The torrents of the rainy season have occasionally raised the waters of the Brahmapootra from an average of thirty to eighty, or even eighty-five, feet; and it is on record that on the 9th of October, 1827, there fell at Joyeuse, in the French Cévennes, between three A.M. and eleven P.M., not less than *thirty-one inches* of rain.

4. Land-slides have occasionally obstructed the channels of rock-bound highland streams, thus forming mountain-lakes which subsequently burst their barriers with most destructive results. In 1595 a disaster almost equalling the horror of the Johnstown flood was caused by the eruption of a lake formed by the fall of a rock-avalanche into the valley of the Drance (Southern Switzerland); and only a timely alarm prevented the repetition of that calamity at almost exactly the same spot in 1818. A glacier, followed by a mountain-load of rock-debris, descended into the valley of the little stream, forming a dam three thousand feet long, six hundred thick, and four hundred high. In a few days the rains of the upper valley swelled the obstructed river into a lake estimated to have contained almost a billion cubic feet of water. Two weeks after, that dam burst; but the inhabitants of the

lower valley had fled to the hills, together with their cattle and every portable piece of property, and the loss was chiefly confined to the demolition of a few mountain-hamlets and the drowning of a herd of cows who, with ill-timed obstinacy, had returned to their valley-pastures just a few moments before the explosion of the deluge.

5. Similar disasters have now and then been caused by volcanic agencies. In September, 1759, the valley of Sambuco, in the Mexican State of Michoacan, gave birth to a new mountain, which in less than forty-eight hours rose to a height of thirteen hundred and fifty feet and completely obliterated the glens of half a dozen little mountain-streams. Two months later, one of those streams reappeared in an eruption of steaming mud, water, and sand, that spread far and wide over an adjoining plain, till the subsidence of the upheaval gave it a chance to force its way through the accumulated hillocks of volcanic cinders. In 1837 the same earthquake that revived the activity of the volcano of Papandayang on the island of Java caused a land-slide that obstructed the valley of the river Kediri,—so effectually, indeed, that the natives celebrated the funeral rites of the entombed stream. That stream, however, had begun to achieve its own deliverance by filling the crevices of the obstructing rocks with superheated steam, and when the barrier at last gave way the thunder of the descending waters is said to have been heard in the village of Nara Buddor, some forty English miles from the battle-field of the contending elements.

But the affliction of river-floods in their chronic and infinitely more pernicious form is caused almost exclusively by the disappearance of arboreal vegetation, and especially by the *destruction of the land-protecting highland forests*. It would be a mistake to suppose that the happy climate of Southern Europe in the golden age of pagan civilization was offset by a neglect of agricultural enterprise. By the simple plan of sparing the woods of the steeper mountain-ridges, summer droughts and winter floods were effectually prevented, at a time when the coast-lands of the Mediterranean were in the full productiveness of their fields and the happiness of their inhabitants as superior to the wretched deserts which now occupy their geographical sites as the paradise of the Tennessee highlands is to the naked sand-hills of Western Arizona. With the disappearance of those forests began that era of degeneration which has almost sealed the doom of the "dying continent," and which has wasted the peninsulas of Southern Europe to mere skeletons of the garden-lands inhabited by the nations of classic antiquity. Summer suns scorch the unprotected soil, hot winds absorb its last vestige of moisture and fill the air with clouds of loose dust; the slopes of the naked mountains are torn up into deep ravines, and their mould, carried seaward by every rainy spring, is deposited in the form of festering, miasma-breeding coast-swamps. Springs fail, rivers shrink to feeble streamlets which at last become too shallow even to supply the irrigation-canals by which the starving peasants hoped to relieve their distress. And all that misery is aggravated and perpetuated by the ever-recurring ravages of the winter floods. The melting snows, now no longer absorbed by the sponge-like carpet of moss and tangled roots, run off the hill-slopes like rain from a tile-covered roof,

and by their accumulation tend to deepen the gorges of the rocky ravines which in a few hours pour down, in a mad waste, the moisture which once supplied the springs of a thousand mountain-brooks. Swollen by the turbid floods of countless simultaneous torrents, the lowland rivers roll down vast masses of detritus, and by the inevitable laws of gravitation cover the fields of their upper valleys with the heavy particles of that diluvium, sand and coarse gravel, while the fertilizing slime is carried down to add its stimulus to the rank morasses of a malarious delta. Thus shoaled by yearly accumulations of sand-banks, the river-beds rise higher and higher above their former channels, and in every spring when more than usually heavy snows are thawed by sudden rains the uplands send down a deluge which no dams can resist, and which often in a single hour demolishes barriers which thousands of workmen have reared by the labors of many years.

This brief summary outlines an experience which has repeated itself a thousand times from the barren slopes of Mount Lebanon to the naked terrace-lands of the Western Pyrenees, and which will not fail to enforce its terrible lessons on the inhabitants of the Western Continent, if the forests of our highland regions should be surrendered to the land-blighting axe. A few years ago a correspondent of the *Popular Science Monthly* described the climatic amenities of our south-western border-states, where the sirocco of the Colorado deserts is often accompanied by violent sand-showers, which once completely obliterated in a few hours the track of the Los Angeles Railroad. If a three weeks' shower of that sort were to descend on the garden-regions of Eastern Pennsylvania, the result would give us a fair idea of the contrast between the former and the present appearance of Asia Minor. The barren mountain-ridges that characterize the landscapes of our Bible-illustrators are as anachronistic as the siege-guns in Giorgio Vasari's "Destruction of Jerusalem." Even during the last centuries of the West Roman Empire the luxuriant fertility of Western Asia must have surpassed anything produced by a combination of natural advantages with assiduous horticulture in the happiest valleys of our Atlantic seaboard. Gardens and forest-trees must have clothed the hills to their very summits to support the teeming population of the Roman provinces between the Caucasus and the Archipelago. On an area of thirty thousand square miles—about the size of the State of South Carolina—Mithridates raised armies that resisted the power of Rome for twenty-two years. The six west provinces were studded with towns that could emulate the luxury of Alexandria. While their own country was yet in its prime, Syria was to the citizens of Rome what modern Italy is to the rest of Europe,—the Elysium of poets and pleasure-seekers. About a century after the death of Alexander the Great, some mercenaries of Gaul found their way to Asia Minor, and their return to their native country created a bonanza sensation which induced sixty thousand of their countrymen to abandon their homes and fight their way across Southern Europe, in order to reach that lubberland of the East, where the survivors actually gained a foothold and founded the province of Galatia. Cyrus the Great used to pass seven months of the year at Babylon, in a "region of perpetual

spring," as Xenophon calls it; and Hadrian, Septimius Severus, and Seleucus Nicator had their favorite country-seats in the valley of Daphne, where even a Greek could forget his native land.

And the axe alone has blighted all but a few mountain-nooks of that sea-girt Eden: the coast-regions from Gaza to Trebizond resemble the shores of the Dead Sea. Nothing short of a miracle would induce the Jews to recolonize the promised land of their fathers. In Syria, in the land of *fontes umbrosi* and meandering meadow-brooks, water is now as scarce as on the Staked Plains.

Judging from the descriptions of ancient geographers, the climate of the North African provinces must have resembled that of our Gulf States, and even at the end of the third century the Cyrenaica (the modern Tunis) had eighty Christian bishops and a population of ten or twelve millions: two hundred years later, famine and droughts had reduced that number to six millions; but the reckless destruction of forests continued till ninety-five per cent. of the lowland area had been reduced to absolute sterility.

Southern Europe is going the same way. The researches of Héricourt and Heinrich Barth have left no doubt that the valley of the Guadalquivir once contained the twelve-fold multiple of its present population. Greece has become a barren rock; Sicily, the pearl of the Mediterranean, a hospital of famine-typhus and ophthalmia. In the course of the last two hundred years alone, the winter floods of Southern France have caused an amount of damage that can be estimated only by thousands of millions: witness the following memoranda from Charles Ribbe's "*Les Torrents et les Inondations de la Provence*:" "Digne, 1762: The river Bléone has destroyed the arable part of the territory."—"Gueydan, 1760: The best parts of the fields and meadows have been swept away, and ravines now occupy their places."—"Monans, 1729: Deserted by its peasant-population, cultivation having ceased to repay the labors of the husbandman."—"Commune de Barles, 1707: Two hills have become connected by land-slides, and have formed a lake which now covers the best part of the soil."—"Malmaison, 1768: The inhabitants have emigrated; all their fields have been lost."—"Hautes-Cévennes, 1771: The ravages of the torrents can be compared only to the effects of an earthquake; half the soil in many communities seeming to have been swallowed up."

The Ardèche, a mountain-river considerably less than a hundred miles in length, has repeatedly caused an amount of havoc resembling the devastations of an invading army. Some twenty miles above its junction with the Rhone its bed is spanned by a natural bridge, known as the Pont d'Ark, a rock-vault sixty feet wide and two hundred feet high; but on more than one occasion that enormous tunnel has proved too small for the volume of the descending flood. In 1846, some women who were busy washing at the brink of the lower stream had barely time to flee to the hills before the valley at their feet had been turned into a raging sea. The river Po inundates its banks about twice in three years, and, according to Castellani's estimate, the amount of solid matter which those floods sweep to the shores of the Adriatic exceeds a yearly average of forty-two million cubic metres, or nearly

fifty-five million cubic yards. The Adige, the Ebro, the Guadalquivir, and the Maritza have almost depopulated certain districts of their lower valleys.

But the most ruinous flood-river on earth is the Yang-tse-Kiang, the "scourge of China," as it may justly be called. In the course of the last two hundred years its torrents have fourteen times forced the massive dams of the central provinces and each time covered its banks with thousands of human corpses. In 1833 its inundation ravaged the province of Hu-Pae to an extent which can be retrieved only by the labors of many successive generations. Another terrible flood occurred but a year ago, spreading its havoc over an area of three hundred and fifty thousand square miles, including some of the most densely populated districts of Eastern China. The loss of life on that occasion has been computed to reach the appalling aggregate of seven hundred and fifty thousand,—even after deducting the hundreds of thousands that succumbed to the subsequent famine and the many hundreds slain by marauders and hunger-crazed cannibals.

The floods of the Indus have more than once choked its delta with the débris of inundated cities, and the reports of Prof. Brehm prove that the yearly rise of the Nile is not by any means an unqualified blessing to the natives of the Dark Continent. America, too, has begun to suffer severely from river-floods, and it is an ominous fact that the last five inundations of the Ohio Valley showed a steady increase in the volume of the descending torrents. The Johnstown horror was caused by a, perhaps unparalleled, combination of unlucky circumstances, but that the disaster cannot be attributed exclusively to the insufficient strength of the South Fork Dam is proved by the simultaneous inundations of several river-valleys in Western New York and East Virginia.

Have the healing arts of our latter-day civilization no remedy for such affliction? At first look the difficulties of the task might not seem to exceed the resources of modern science, the very myths of ancient times having been so often surpassed by the realities of the present age. Prometheus pilfered the fire of Jove; we have got hold of his thunder-bolts, too. Our Hesperian gardens produce freedom and diamonds, as well as gold. Our travelling Arions need not bestride a dolphin to defy the winds and the tides. The good steed Bayard would be eclipsed by the iron horse, as the darts of Osiris by a Minié ball; the Ultima Thule has become a half-way station of our whaling-fleet. Thetis and the Oceanides could foretell a sea-storm; we predict all sorts of weather, and might as well try our hands at manufacturing them.

The solution of that problem has actually been attempted in Egypt and Northern Europe. In the Landes of Gascony, and in the Belgian "Campine," the planting of the umbrella pine (*Pinus maritima*) has effectually arrested the irruptions of the sea, and has given the inhabitants a new lease, not only of land, but also of life, the reduction of the pestilential marshes having perceptibly improved the healthfulness of those districts, and, it is said, diminished the frequency of morning fogs. In 1832, Mehemet Ali decided to try his luck with the *wadies*,

or sand-plains, on the coast of Egypt. Upper Egypt, Abyssinia, and the slopes of Mount Caucasus were overrun by the tree-agents of the autocrat; trees by ship-loads and caravan-loads were landed at Cairo and distributed to the overseers of an army of Fellahs; and, according to various estimates, from nine million to fifteen million forest trees were actually planted, and so carefully nursed that eighty per cent. of them took root and helped to qualify the soil and climate for further plantations. Jules Rozet, an eminent French engineer, proposed to diminish the ravages of inundations by intersecting steep mountain-slopes by ditches filled with coarse gravel and boulders. Torricelli induced the government of Tuscany to divert the waters of perilous rivers by lateral canals; and the commissioners appointed to devise means for the redemption of lands wasted by the mountain-torrents of Southern Austria made a series of experiments with the construction of artificial lakes, or reservoirs, which they hoped would prevent the too sudden descent of the highland floods.

But thus far only the plan of Mehemet Ali has led to anything like satisfactory results. Dikes are apt to prolong, rather than avert, the mischief of inundations (as the city of Sacramento, California, had a chance to ascertain at its cost); effluent canals degenerate into morasses; and reservoirs (besides being liable to get shoaled by the accumulation of detritus) constitute a constant menace to the inhabitants of the lower river-valley. Deserts can be redeemed only by tree-culture.

Prevention, however, is better than cure,—so much so, indeed, that it is even easier to arrest the progress of a far-gone disease than to retrieve the complete loss of health. In America strictly-enforced laws for the protection of all highland woods might yet make the endeavors of the Forestry Association something more than a hopeless pull against the stream, and help us tide over the transition-period to Carl Vogt's era of nature-worship, when "the physical laws of God will be so thoroughly understood that men will think it a disgrace to be sick, and nations will be ashamed of a drought."

The worst of all earthly evils might thus be prevented by a direct removal of the cause, and then it could be truly said that the lost paradise of the Eastern Continent has been regained in the New World of the West.

Felix L. Oswald.

DESTINY.

I SAW the bald cliff bathed in silver rain
While the parched fields stretched up their throats in vain:
Woe to the land whose unplucked ears have pined,—
Whose harvests waste, and never yield their kind!

Know you not, wise one, with what thankless toil
You pour your love out on a desert soil?
Still wars the heart if this be truth or no,—
What the priests say,—that God has willed it so.

Dora Read Goodale.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SIMPLICITY is often an attribute of genius, and, while Lincoln was surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of war, those near him never forgot a certain unvarying gentleness of manner, and the unaffected earnestness and simplicity with which he greeted those with whom he was daily thrown in contact. His manners came from the abounding sincerity and the soul of considerate gentleness and goodness within the man.

"Politeness" he called "benevolence well expressed."

Bancroft spoke of his "wanness of heart,"—a comprehensive expression for the underlying sadness and tenderness of his nature. His inexhaustible fund of stories was only a foil to his intense thoughtfulness, and the bubbling fun in him, as frequent as the gravel in a fountain of July, was only a thin partition to divide the work-day world from the deep under-current of his melancholy nature.

"Levity," Madame de Staël says, "takes away from sentiment its depth, from attention its force, and from thought its originality." But when the most serious disquisitions about the doubtful financial state of the country, with Secretary Chase, often reminded Mr. Lincoln of a story, which he would proceed to tell his serious and solicitous Secretary of the Treasury, the quaint wisdom of the President did not seem like levity. His stories generally pointed a moral, as well as adorned the tale. I saw him often, and Shakespeare's lines always seemed happily to characterize the great patient and many-sided statesman :

Consideration like an angel came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

With Lincoln the exercise of great privileges was ever accompanied by an overwhelming sense of his obligations to the people who placed him in office, and there was also a constant and pathetic consciousness that it was no part of his duty or destiny to elevate himself, but that his "charge to keep" was not to aggrandize himself, but to bless, to benefit, and to take away the burdens from mankind.

Mr. Lincoln's favorite place was the East Room up-stairs in the White House, overlooking the Potomac. Here he could be found as early as nine o'clock in the morning,—in the same room occupied under Garfield and under Arthur and Harrison by their private secretaries.

Here Secretaries Seward and Stanton spent many hours, and on Sunday mornings, at ten o'clock, it was Lincoln's habit to get shaved by his favorite barber, in front of a great open fireplace, which is still there. The grate usually blazed with generous hickory logs, and while the barber performed his duty the statesmen discussed the Schleswig-Holstein question, or the probability that Palmerston would drag his government into the tripartite alliance, which sought, under the French "Man of December," to carry the eagles of France into the halls of the Montezumas. Lincoln made no secret of his having written a personal letter to Queen Victoria, which he always asserted tided the country

safely past the dangerous quicksands of diplomacy threatening to involve the United States in a war with England as a result of the seizure on the high seas of *Mason and Slidell*.

Nothing angered Salmon P. Chase, who was as destitute of humor as Lincoln's War Minister, more than the President's propensity to be reminded of a joke in the midst of the most delicate and difficult cares and anxieties of state. No matter how earnest or anxious Mr. Chase might be to discuss "the question before the House," the President would first tell his story; and it always fitted the matter in hand. Mr. Seward's sense of humor was keen and subtle. But Chase, and Bates of Missouri, Blair, and Stanton, hated a joke as a ferret hates a rat! Henry Winter Davis, one of Mr. Lincoln's bitterest foes during Reconstruction days, was almost utterly destitute of humor, but he was a statesman of lofty intellect and of incorruptible character.

To Abraham Lincoln Artemus Ward's book was a never-failing fountain of fun. Of the quaint spelling and the side-splitting jokes in A. Ward's compendium of humor the President liked to talk with the grave Stanton, to whom fun was a mere waste of raw material.

On a certain Sunday, always Lincoln's day for relaxation, he said, "Stanton, I find a heap of fun in A. Ward's book."

"Yes," said Stanton, dryly; "but what do you think of that chapter in which he makes fun of you?"

Mr. Lincoln quickly replied, "Stanton, to save my life, I never could see any humor in that chapter."

The heroism of our soldiers was a theme of which he never wearied. Of General Banks, of Massachusetts, he said, "Banks gives me less trouble than any general in the army in active service."

General James Wadsworth, of New York, was shot and killed while on horseback leading his brigade, sword in hand, in the bloodiest battle of the Wilderness. And of this noble soldier Mr. Lincoln recalled to my memory the fact that after the death of General Wadsworth there was found Mr. Lincoln's own letter, stained with the dead soldier's blood, in which the President had written these words: "We have clothed the black soldier in the uniform of the United States. We have made him a soldier. He has fought for his right to be a citizen. He has won it with his blood. It cannot be taken away from him." And, taking from his pocket a poem of a forgotten English writer, William North by name, he read these lines as a tribute to General Wadsworth:

Time was when he who won his spurs of gold

From royal hands must woo the knightly state.

The knell of old formalities is tolled,

And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.

The doors of the Temple of Justice were always open to the eyes and mind of Abraham Lincoln. To him Justice was neither one-eyed nor blind nor blindfolded.

A Congressman called at the White House, representing a district not many miles away from Philadelphia, in great perturbation of spirit, to explain to Mr. Lincoln that his district had been called on for four hundred soldiers under the first draft more than the legitimate quota of

the district he represented,—which, at the then prevailing rate of bounty, placed a burden on the district of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars in excess of what it ought to be. The Congressman apologized for seeming lack of patriotism in making complaint. The President, with a sternness he rarely displayed, replied,—

“Mr. S., apologies are not in order. The legitimate burdens of the war are heavy enough for the people to bear. A wrong has been done by somebody to your people. You must not leave Washington until that wrong is corrected. I will send for Provost-Marshall-General Fry at once. Call here at nine o'clock to-morrow.”

When the morrow came, General Fry had corrected the error, and had saved the — District three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. And Mr. Lincoln expressed as much joy over the result as the Congressman, who went home a happy man.

It had been represented to the President that the negro soldier would not fight. Quick as a flash Mr. Lincoln turned to the “doubting Thomas” and said,—

“The Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts, under Colonel Shaw, was at Fort Wagner. The fighting was hot, and the firing from the fort was very disastrous to our boys. The colors were shot away, and the colonel asked for a man who would bring back the flag. A black soldier came forward and agreed to return with the flag. He crawled on his hands and knees, and, wrapping the colors around his body, crawled back, riddled with bullets. And three cheers went up for the color-bearer of the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts. Do you tell me,” continued Mr. Lincoln, “that a black soldier won’t fight?” The visitor was silenced.

He cited another instance,—thus. A colonel on the eve of battle gave his color-bearer the regimental flag, saying, “Defend it, and protect it, die for it if need be, but never surrender it.” The black color-bearer replied, “Colonel, I will return this flag with honor, or *I will report to God the reason why.*” He died in defending the flag.

These instances were given by the President to show that courage does not depend on color.

After the fall of Vicksburg I witnessed a scene at the White House window which might yet become immortal on a painter’s canvas. Stanton had been spending the evening with Mr. Lincoln, when the full details of General Pemberton’s surrender reached the President.

Washington City was in a delirium of joy, and an impromptu serenade was organized, and an immense concourse of people came up to the White House. Mr. Lincoln said a few modest words, and then Stanton was loudly called for, and spoke with his wonted vigor and eloquence; and when he had finished, and the resounding cheers had died away, the great War Minister proposed, “Three cheers for our victorious army,” as Mr. Lincoln stood facing the crowd, from the west window of the Presidential mansion.

The cheers were given with a will, and the great patriot’s face was lighted with a smile.

He often jested about his own homeliness, but when in earnest conversation, and a smile overspread his face, he ceased to be homely.

As he sat near the open fireplace, he had a habit of pawing the

marble mantel with his great hands, forgetting himself in the absorbing interest of the question under discussion. There was nothing in him of what Tennyson calls "the stocks and blackboards of convention." He talked much of "plain people," because he was one of the plain people himself.

On the table near him he kept a package of blank cards, such as one finds on every hotel counter. On these were written, in lead-pencil, some of the most important orders of the war. Very often he would address Secretary Stanton with a pencilled request, "if the exigencies of the service would permit," to "let up on" some chaplain, civilian, or soldier who complained of the rough treatment of the Secretary of War. Stanton sometimes granted these requests, but just as often he would tear up the card in the face of the applicant and tell him to "go back to Mr. Lincoln and tell him he'd be d—d if he would do it." For the modern Carnot, in spite of his virtues and his solid Presbyterianism, could, when angered, swear like a moss-trooper.

When Lincoln would be again appealed to, he would simply look up, or down, on the victim of Stanton's wrath, and say, quizzically,—
"Well, I never did have much influence with this administration."

The good understanding between Lincoln and Stanton continued without a break during all the storm and stress period of the rebellion. Of John Hickman, of Pennsylvania, and of Secretary Stanton, I heard Lincoln say,—

"I have faith in affirmative men like these: they stand between a nation and perdition."

Mr. Lincoln had great fondness, during the earlier years of his administration, for John W. Forney, the founder of the *Press*, and for John Hickman, who for eight years was the Congressman from the West Chester District of Pennsylvania.

He had not been President six months when on one September day he alluded to his campaign speeches delivered in Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio, in September, 1859.

He said of John Hickman, "It was the Anti-Lecompton fight which made me President of the United States; and in that man Hickman's speeches nearly every sentence contains a thought." He then turned to a copy of his Columbus (O.) speech (delivered in September, 1859) and read these words:

"Fellow-Citizens,—Senator Douglas takes me to task for saying that this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. Yes, my friends, I did say this, and the Senator from Illinois threatens to squelch me at home, and is hungering and thirsting to squelch William H. Seward in New York for his expressions in regard to the irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery. But Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, declared before I did, in the *Richmond Enquirer*, that this government could not exist half slave and half free. He used the same expressions which in us are so unpatriotic and heretical.*

* In a personal note to the writer, Roger A. Pryor, now a successful lawyer in New York, admits using the expression "irrepressible conflict" before either Lincoln or Seward used it.

"But the Senator from Illinois never breathed a word against Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia.

"Since that time John Hickman, of Pennsylvania, has expressed the same sentiment. But he has never denounced Hickman. Why? Notwithstanding that opinion in the mouth of Hickman, he thinks Hickman may yet become a Douglas man."

Mr. Lincoln warmed up with the theme, and his great eyes flashed with unwonted fire as he proceeded :

"In my Columbus speech I desired to get down to the temper of the people and to test the depth of this Anti-Lecompton feeling, which boded no good to the Democracy. And I said to an immense Republican-audience which contained many Democrats,—

"My friends, of all the Anti-Lecompton Democrats that have been brought to my notice, Hickman alone has the true, genuine ring of the metal, and, without endorsing what he says, I propose three cheers for the gallant Hickman, of Pennsylvania."

Mr. Lincoln said, with a glow of satisfaction and pleasure, "The whole audience rose and cheered lustily my sentiment."

He alluded to John Hickman's expression in front of Willard's Hotel to a crowd, when the Southern men were about to leave their seats in the Senate and in the House, and the West Chester Congressman said of General Winfield Scott, "I have little faith in an egg laid in Virginia and hatched in New Jersey." For that, and for saying that "John Brown and seventeen men and an old cow had frightened the State of Virginia out of her propriety," Edmundson, of Virginia, assaulted Hickman with a light cane in the House lobby. Northern Congressmen then became walking arsenals, and there were no further attempts made by the Hotspurs of personal violence.

Humor Bulwer defines as "strength's rich superfluoussness,"—an unsatisfactory definition ; but Mr. Lincoln had abundant wit as well as overflowing humor, but his wit never had taint of malice in it. He once said, "Sentiment goes further than thought ;" and his friendship or his affections once enlisted were unchangeable. Governor Newell, now of Washington Territory, attended Mr. Lincoln's youngest child, who died, and the governor became one of his closest friends, and was mainly instrumental in procuring the appointment of Hon. Thomas H. Dudley as consul to Liverpool, then, as now, one of the very best offices in the gift of the government. Mr. Lincoln desired this appointment for a very near friend of his in Illinois. Governor Newell begged the place for Dudley, to whom Mr. Lincoln was profoundly grateful. But he hesitated, and finally, signing Dudley's commission, said, in his quaint good-natured way (still thinking of his Illinois friend), "Well, Newell, I am like a farmer with a bundle of 'fodder' between two asses ; and the wrong ass gets the fodder." The friendship between Lincoln and Dudley continued till the President's death, and was strengthened by the good work Consul Dudley did in breaking up Confederate privateering and blockade-running during the war.

I told the President, during his second campaign, of the tender and affectionate respect in which he was held by the masses in the great interior counties of Pennsylvania, in which almost half of the voting

population had kissed their wives and babes and gone off for thirteen dollars a month to face death with fatal determination for one flag and one country. How his great eyes flashed with pleasure, later on, and his sad countenance lighted up and became almost beautiful, as he produced one of my old letters, in which I informed him that an old Methodist preacher said, "It's all up with Hiester Clymer for governor, because the young Methodist preachers have taken the stump for 'Linkum,' and the boys and gals in the oil country are a-wearing Linkum and Curtin rosettes." I had telegraphed him, much to his joy, at a time when the two great armies of brothers in internecine strife faced each other north and south like two spent swimmers,—I had telegraphed from Pittsburg the night before the State election in 1863,—

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN,—

"Have no fears for the result. The country is still for one flag, which floating over our cradle will float above our graves. Pennsylvania will endorse your administration by twenty thousand majority."

My prediction was true, within five hundred votes. When I met him my first question was, "Well, Mr. Lincoln, how goes the war?"

His reply was, "Oh, we're still pegging away at the rebels."

"But the Lord is on our side," I answered, "and we must surely win the fight."

The sad, far-away look, so familiar to the face of this great many-sided patriot, came again to his countenance as he answered,—

"And are you sure that the Lord is on our side? I sometimes doubt it."

He was naturally a doubter. He had a "spirit touched to fine issues," and felt keenly and intensely for the woes of others. During the spring following Curtin's re-election as governor of Pennsylvania, I found the President, fresh as the May morning, looking out of the east window of the White House, on the fragrant, opening bloom of the lilac-bushes beneath his window. Only that day he had received assurance that the spirit of nationality had proved stronger than the power of faction, and was fully informed that Chase, Ben Wade, and "Pathfinder" Fremont were all out of the Presidential race, and his nomination before the June Convention to be held at Baltimore would be practically unanimous. As I entered the room, he rose and pushed a chair, with his feet, across the room, close to his own. There was a suspicious moisture in his eyes as he grasped both of my hands in both of his own (a habit of Mr. Lincoln's when greatly moved by joy or sorrow). "God bless you, young man!" he exclaimed: "how glad I am you came! This is the happiest day of my life; for I no longer doubt the practical unanimity of the people, who are willing I should have the chance to finish the big job I undertook nearly four years ago."

He pulled out of his pocket a letter from that grand old man Robert J. Breckenridge, the sturdy patriot of Kentucky (who was the temporary President of the Baltimore Convention, at which Mr. Lincoln was renominated). In this letter Mr. Breckenridge assured him that the rebellion was like an empty egg-shell and would soon be broken. The Kentucky preacher-statesman also assured Mr. Lincoln

of the certainty of his being chosen at Baltimore, and of his triumphant re-election. Taking up the letter, Mr. Lincoln said,—

"The strangest feature, to my mind, in this terrible war between brothers is that outside of Pettigrew, of South Carolina, Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, and Bob Breckenridge, of Kentucky, I can name on the fingers of one hand the other great names of the men down in Dixie who have dared anything to save the Union of our fathers."

Changing the subject, the President said, "I have done something this morning which has roused the ire of Secretary Stanton." I expressed my desire to know what it was. He continued,—

"Congressman Dennison, of Pennsylvania, came to me this morning with the mother of John Russell, a soldier who was to be shot in forty-eight hours for insubordination, and I gave a peremptory order pardoning the soldier and restoring him to his regiment."

"At a recent battle, in the face of the enemy, John Russell's captain ran away. When the battle was over, in which half of the company were lost, this soldier met his captain, and, walking up to him, rifle in hand, he said, 'Captain——, you are a d—d coward, and ought to be shot for cowardice.' The captain pulled out his revolver and attempted to kill Russell, who aimed his rifle at the captain's head. They were separated. The captain preferred charges of insubordination against the soldier, and a subservient court-martial promptly sentenced Russell to be shot, and did not even censure the cowardly officer. Congressman Dennison has just given me all the facts in the case, and I have just made the poor mother happy by saving her boy." And with compressed lips he went on, "And I did more: I dismissed the cowardly captain from the army."

John Russell still lives to tell this story, how the great commander-in-chief of our army and navy saved his life. He re-enlisted at the end of his term of service, and fought to the end of the war, and yet wears his "wounds and honors a' front."

The bravest are the tenderest, and Coleridge used to say that the greatest men of the earth are those who possess the feminine element of character. This tenderness of nature was part of the warp and woof of the immortal rail-splitter and statesman of Illinois. Another incident illustrates my meaning.

Two boys ran away from their parents, while under age, and enlisted in the navy. The parents made many ineffectual efforts to get their sons discharged. They finally got an audience with Mr. Lincoln,—no easy matter, under the pressure of the President's manifold duties and engagements. The parents said that the worst fault of the boys was their disobedience to the paternal commands. Mr. Lincoln listened patiently to the story of the anxious fathers. He made no answer to their earnest appeals for the boys' discharge, but, reaching over to the adjoining table, picked up a blank card and wrote these words:

"SECRETARY WELLES,—

"The United States don't need the services of boys who disobey their parents. Let both Snyder and Ratcliffe be discharged.

"(Signed) A. LINCOLN."

That card can yet be found, and the parents of the runaway boys often tell the tale as one of Abe Lincoln's jokes; but the joke was on the boys, not on the sweet-spirited and lovable President.

The infrequent quarrels Mr. Lincoln had with the grim Stanton, of the War Department, grew out of his exceeding tenderness in yielding to the quality of mercy, and Lincoln would only smile at the wrath of the great War Minister when he charged the President with utterly demoralizing the army by his provoking lenity to deserters and men sentenced to be shot for sleeping at their post or for some minor act of neglect or insubordination. And Lincoln could boast, with Pericles, that by no act of his own had he ever caused a citizen of his country to put on mourning.

To President Lincoln poetry was the fairest side of truth. He was, withal, a philosopher, and one of his favorite passages, which he often repeated, was from Gibbon's "Philosophical Reflections:" "A being of the nature of man, endowed with the same faculties, but with a larger measure of existence, would cast down a smile of pity and contempt on the crimes and follies of human ambition, so eager in a narrow space to grasp at a precarious and short-lived enjoyment. It is thus that the experience of history exalts and enlarges the horizon of our intellectual view. In a composition of some days, in a perusal of some hours, six hundred years have rolled away, and the duration of a life or reign is contracted to a fleeting moment. *The grave is ever beside the throne*: the success of a criminal is almost instantly followed by the loss of his prize, and our immortal reason survives and disdains the sixty phantoms of kings who have passed before our eyes and faintly dwell upon our remembrance."

Lincoln's great soul was the Peak of Teneriffe, which caught like a sunburst the lofty tops of human thought while contemporary statesmen groped in the darkness of the valleys below. His Philadelphia speech on his way to the inauguration was the key to the unselfish and pathetic self-abnegation of his pure and lofty life. And he died in battle, as did the common soldier, slain by a dastard, in defence of the rights of man, imperishable and imprescriptible.

To see and know Abraham Lincoln unreservedly in his daily life, as I did, was to feel that

All Paradise could by the simple opening of a door
Let itself in upon him.

When we think of his apotheosis, so soon after he had walked hand in hand with his little son "Tad" Lincoln in the streets of Richmond, we think that he may have died in the right hour for his fame. But the reflection is forced upon us, Must the triumphant road of justice be forever watered with tears? Being dead, he still liveth; for Abraham Lincoln was the kind of statesman that stands between a nation and perdition.

James M. Scovel.

WITH GAUGE & SWALLOW.*

NO. XII.—THE "LONG VACATION."

"**B**E seated, Mr. Fountain."

This was the greeting I received from a man who sat in a great arm-chair before a bright wood fire in one of the rooms of an old château, a genuine castle, which overlooked one of those shelving bays into which the waves of the Atlantic have worn the southwestern coast of France. On my arrival at the hotel at Bayonne to which I had been directed, I found a conveyance had been ordered to take me the thirty-odd miles which intervened between the famous seaport and the place of my destination. It was nearly sundown when we arrived, and I could well understand, as we approached, the curious isolation which a country-house beyond the immediate range of the great lines of travel affords to a foreigner desirous of living quietly in France. The American millionaire was far more perfectly secluded here than he would have been in the wilds of Alaska. None of the incidental scrutiny of travel passed by his doors. Those who lived about him cared nothing for him. Fishermen and farmers were his only neighbors. They knew nothing of his antecedents, and would have cared nothing had they known. Now and then a strolling artist wandered along the coast, too much engrossed in its quaint beauty to care to take a ten-mile tramp to inspect a feudal castle which modern opulence had transformed into a presumably garish private caravansary. In reality, this was not at all true. An artist-mind had inspired all the changes and additions that had been made. One saw this as he approached, and knew that the donjon-keep, though of modern origin, was such as would have suited a lordly retainer of old, and somehow felt that it would hold and guard the secrets and interests of its occupants as faithfully as the castle which formed its central part must have kept and held the faith of its sovereign lord. It was no wonder that in this retreat a man of almost unlimited wealth could hide away for months at a time. It was his den,—his burrow,—like that to which the lion hies away after he has slaughtered his victims or put his enemies to flight.

And the old lion—the battered man-eater, broken and worn, yet still grim and terrible—was no bad type of the man who gave me this almost surly greeting. The fireplace before which he sat was cased with modern tiles, and the floor made of broad squares of red wood set in bevelled frames of browner tint and broader grain which must have grown under tropic suns. Almost the one thing that remains to me of my country life is a fondness for studying the grainings of wood,—a fondness which some artists share. Somehow, I had hardly set foot on this exquisite modern mosaic when a picture of the charming little house upon the Bergen Heights flashed across my mind, and my heart

was filled with the thought of the one being who united this man's destiny with my own.

It was a white, wan face—a face of that peculiar pallor which tells of the enemy at the gates who will not be denied—that looked up at me from the great leathern-cushioned chair, but the eyes were as bright as if the brows above them were not blanched with suffering.

"This room seems to have peculiar memories for you," said Mr. Hazzard, sharply, as I sat down on the opposite side of the hearth: "yet you have never seen it before?"

I had not had time to analyze my sensations, and so merely answered,—

"Never, sir."

"This is not much like the house you have lived in for the past three years?"

I smiled as I answered,—

"Not much."

"Yet it is of that you thought?"

I answered with a bow which might or might not mean assent.

"The reason is plain: the same mind designed both, and mind is recognizable whether it works with gold or mortar,—in likeness and unlikeness. I have seen a lapidary examine a diamond hardly as big as a pea and tell at once the name of the man who cut it three hundred years ago. Brain leaves its impress even on matter, and transmits that impression to a receptive beholder separated by any distance of time or space. I suppose that is why the architecture of the ancients was so much more distinctive than what is done now: every part had in each stone the impress of the master's mind.

"I cannot see anything in this room to remind you of the little snuggery in Jersey, and I doubt if you could designate anything, but I saw in a moment that it did. I built them both,—with the same co-operative suggestion. To you the one became the environment of the woman you loved——"

"Mr. Hazzard," I interrupted, angrily, rising from my chair, "I did not come here to be insulted."

"Sit down, sir," he replied, looking steadily at me, but without any change of tone. "Sit down, Mr. Fountain."

I cannot tell why, but I complied at once.

"You came," he said, calmly, "because I willed it. I should not have willed it had I not desired your assistance, your co-operation, in carrying my plans into effect. Desiring your aid, I could not have intended to insult you; and without intention there should be no offence."

I stammered something about his explanation being sufficient. I doubt whether I accepted or understood it; but he was one of those men with whom one can never disagree while in their presence.

"I understand your feeling exactly," he said, with a wonderful change in his tone,—instead of being imperious, it was now persuasive. "No man likes to have another talk about his love-affairs,—especially a successful rival."

He laughed,—a frank, engaging laugh.

"But you can afford to be generous," he continued. "You are alive: I am dead. I do not wish to shock you, nor to appeal to your compassion. I have lived my life, good or bad as it may have been, and I have only now to think how to end it. It may be a month, a year,—possibly two years; though that is not probable. In that time I may do a good deal,—more than another, perhaps, in a lifetime,—either of good or ill. Just now I do not want to do evil. In fact, I summoned you—through Mr. Swallow, because I could not call you directly—to see if you would help me do a little good. I would not ask you to do otherwise, knowingly. If I wanted you to do evil I should simply ask your firm to lend you to me for a while as my private secretary, or something of that sort."

"My instructions are simply to put myself at your disposal," I explained.

"So I supposed," he responded, with a curiously contemptuous smile. "Swallow is a good fellow and a first-rate lawyer. The only trouble with him, and a very common one with the profession, is that of thinking he knows more than his clients do about their purposes and intentions. He is a splendid adviser, and would be a safe, careful businessman if out of the law; but when he tries to evolve another's motives and purposes from his own consciousness he fails, because he does not distinguish his intuitions of their motives from his own inclinations."

"You have a singular power of impressing his consciousness, I believe?" I said, tentatively.

"Every man of strong will has the power of affecting—suggestively or compulsorily—the will of some particular class of men."

"Weaker men, I suppose?"

"Not necessarily. Certainly weakness is not a general characteristic of those subject to such influence. Indeed, I am inclined to think they would generally be considered strong natures. They are at least ardent, intense, and very generally forceful men, who give themselves up to the pursuit of a purpose or idea without reservation. Such men become leaders, inventors, suggesters. They are very easily turned aside, deflected, but very difficult to stop. They are like a cannon-ball, which will penetrate steel armor half a foot thick, but which a heap of loose sand will send a mile out of its course. A jet of water under great pressure may be turned in almost any direction by the slightest tangential force, but will tear down a mountain if directly opposed. There are other natures which seem to lack initial energy. Being a mechanician and an inventor, you know, I have to use some technical terms, though I never knew anything about the laws of mechanics until I had made a fortune by my inventions. Very few inventors do. You see, discovery rarely results from a conscious extension of known lines, but rather from daring invasion of the unknown. I have often thought of Columbus since I have been over here looking upon the same boundless expanse that he must have gazed fretfully across, and tried to realize his situation and impulses. Now, in spite of what is written about the knowledge he possessed and the inductions which he made from ascertainable facts, I don't believe the good Saint Christopher—for he ought to head the list of the New

World's saints, and no doubt will some day—I don't believe he was influenced a feather's weight by learned disquisition or deduction. What stirred his nature was the great unknown,—the watery pathway that led none knew whither or to what. That is the true inspiration of the discoverer, it matters not in what domain,—the irrepressible desire to go where others have never been, to find the unknown, to walk in a path unpressed by others' feet, and then—to mock at the laggards!"

How the man's eyes burned! They were like two flashing spheres of tawny topaz set in the waxy pallor of his face, with the silver fringe of his white brows falling over their dark rims.

He paused a moment, evidently repressing himself with an effort. I could see that he was systematically treasuring his vital power.

"Pardon me," he resumed, after a moment, with a smile, "my hobby has led me away from my thought; not an unusual thing with men who have hobbies. I was saying that there are natures whom one cannot influence,—natures which seem to be shaped by surroundings rather than moved by internal forces, just as molten metal runs into the shapes made in the sand and becomes fixed and hard and inflexible. They may not be weak natures, but they represent *vis inertiae* rather than inherent force. If a cannon-ball is merely rolled down an inclined plane, it will dash through a hillock of sand which would drive it out of its path if moving a thousand feet in a second. Such natures are unimpressible, at least by any force I can command. I can—or could, rather—impress, touch, make myself appreciable to the consciousness of Mr. Swallow at any distance and at almost any time. I do not know how I did it,—just by willing, wishing, determining that he should think of a particular subject. I could not always shape his thought, but could prescribe its direction. Mr. Gauge, now, is impervious to such influence. I am as familiar a presence to him as to Mr. Swallow, though he has only lately found it out. It is the same with you. I tried to get hold of you without letting Swallow know, but I might as well have tried to move a quicksand. I wanted you, and, as I was afraid I would not live until we could send forty miles and have you summoned by telegraph, I concluded to try my old power. I knew when the steamer sailed, and that it was the only chance to get you here in time. It was a foolish experiment. I succeeded, it is true, but it is strange it did not kill me. One wastes a lot of vital power every time he goes across the world, taps another on the shoulder, and compels him to think of him,—about the matter of which he is thinking, I mean. I don't intend to try it again, ever; while I live on earth, that is."

"You expect to use the faculty afterwards?" I asked, with an uneasy feeling.

"Most unquestionably," was the reply. "That is one reason I selected Mr. Swallow as my representative. I am telling you a good deal about myself, Mr. Fountain,—things, too, which I have never told any one else,—because I want to convince you that I have no ulterior motive—that I am entirely sincere—in the proposition I am about to make to you. I ought not, perhaps, to have alluded to your love for my wife—"

"Your wife!" I exclaimed.

"Certainly. Did you not know that Mrs. Murray is my wife?"

"I knew—that is—I supposed——" I stammered.

"I understand," he said. "You supposed there might have been a common-law marriage,—a marriage by acknowledgment, that is. Perhaps there was; perhaps not. It might have been a curious question if it had come to trial. No doubt it will be charged against me as one of my many sins, some day, that for years I maintained an illegal relation with the occupant of that pretty little home on the Bergen Heights. Yet the illegality was apparent only. She might have been my daughter, so far as any personal intimacy was concerned. I do not know why it was. I have no doubt she would have yielded to my wishes at any time. She regarded that as the tenor of the compact between us; and such was the inflexible candor of her nature that she would not have shrunk from the performance of her part of the bargain. But I wanted her to trust me, to honor me,—to love me, in short. I wanted rest, rather than excitement,—the rest which only a loving, sympathetic nature can give. I was willing to wait. For years I went now and then for a few days' or a few hours' rest, as occasion served, to the cosy little nest over which she presided with such scrupulous care. I guarded her honor, and she respected my secret. Not once did she betray any dissatisfaction or ask to know more than I volunteered to tell her.

"At length my long forbearance bore its natural fruit: she loved the man who had respected her helplessness. Even then, though, it was more the love of the daughter than of the wife. She would have given her life for me because I had been so kind and good to her. She had sold herself voluntarily and coolly to save her mother from suffering and want, but she would have consummated the sacrifice willingly because I had forbore to use my power. It was just at this moment that you formed her acquaintance; and I saw that your society was not only agreeable to her, but that she began to long for that sense of approval among her associates which is an inherent necessity to the female mind. A man may be a social hermit,—he may care very little how he is regarded by others,—but a woman must be respectable, or she is unhappy. Even in her lowest estate she must have some one to look upon her as an equal or a superior, or she cannot live. That is one of the moral differences of sex.

"It was in consequence of this that I arranged for her fictitious widowhood. It was not a difficult thing to do, and Fortune favored me, as she usually does one who is determined to do without her help. I fully intended to leave her free—I mean in her own estimation—to marry you or any one else she might prefer. I am free to say that I had studied you up, and thought you would make her a good, faithful husband, who would devote himself to her happiness, be a competent guardian of the little estate I had provided should fall into her hands, and that with you she would lead a happy, peaceful, contented life, in which I would always be pleasantly and kindly remembered.

"Don't thank me," he continued, irritably, with an impatient gesture of his puffy white hand. "I did not intend to do it for your

sake, and had not a particle of good feeling for you while I was thus planning your happiness. It was her comfort, her happiness, her peace, I wished to secure. If I could have made her happy and you miserable at the same time, it would have pleased me still better. It is all the same, however. That has usually been the fate of my endeavors to sacrifice myself: it has become more convenient not to do it. About the time I had arranged everything so that you could marry the woman I loved, I found I could marry her myself, and concluded to do so. I do not know whether she would have married you if I had not been in existence, but I judge, from the reticence she has shown in speaking of you, that she had a more than usually kind feeling for you; and I will do you the justice to say, though I never liked you and never could like you, that I think you would have deserved her confidence and have done honor to her love. However, I determined to test her love, and, if she endured the test, to make her my wife. I professed to have suffered great losses, that I was going abroad broken in health, and asked her to go with me. The latter was true enough. For the past three years I have been paying the penalty for having strewed the path of life with those 'ashes of the brain' which are the sure precursors of decay. I could not avoid the revenge which nature takes upon the overworked American. I have fought with death ever since. I can see that you recognize the scars. I said nothing about the relation we were to sustain to each other, and she asked me no questions. I merely told her our absence would be an indefinite one. She came, as you know, prepared never to return. I saw you upon the dock after I had been carried aboard. I expected to find you there, and was glad I did. It spoke well for you as a man.

"Well, we were married as soon as we reached England. Is there any question as to its validity? I think not; though it will probably be contested as soon as I am dead. You know the reason? Yes, I was a bigamist,—not exactly intentionally, but at least recklessly. My first wife was a good enough woman,—much better than I deserved,—but nervous, ambitious, anxious to get on, to be as good if not a little better than our neighbors. I was careless of little things, defiant of opposition, and possessed with the idea that I could make a machine that would sew better than a tailor—I was a tailor myself by trade—and as fast as a hundred tailors. She believed in my idea until the flour grew low in the barrel, the wood-shed empty, the little one ragged, and she realized that we were becoming the laughing-stock of the community. Then she insisted that I should stop inventing, for a while at least, and go to work. Her remonstrance angered me even more than the ridicule of my neighbors, and I finally sold the little property I had, gave her the proceeds, and, with my model under my arm, bade good-by to the little Western town and started on foot for that Mecca of the inventor, the rich and prosperous East.

"Our parting was not especially tender. Stung by want and humiliation, she did not hesitate to use sharp words, to taunt me with faults of which I had never intended to be guilty, and to express the hope that I would never return,—a wish which I promptly assured her should be fulfilled. Filled with anger, I changed my name as soon as

I got beyond the range of my acquaintance, using my middle name as a surname. This name long afterwards I had legitimized,—in fact, just before leaving the country. In the mean time, I have used several others, though never again dropping entirely my identity,—only duplicating it. I soon met with success, and almost the first use I made of it was to send money to my wife. I was very careful never to send it twice through the same channel, and never in such a way that it could be traced back to me. Finally the amount sent was refused. She had, of course, divined its origin and refused to take support as an abandoned wife. I saw an account in the local paper of her ill treatment, also of her resolution to accept no further gratuity at my hands. Awhile afterwards she disappeared, and I was informed, when I had inquiries instituted, that both she and her child were dead.

"I confess I did not feel much sorrow. I had come to have a decided antipathy for her because she did not believe in my hobby. She thought I hated the child. The fact was, it only troubled me. I had no room in my mind then for anything but my idea. When this had become a success I would have taken care of them,—perhaps in time have become reconciled to my family; but I was not at all sorry when I found that I had none. After a time I married again, and was well paid for my conduct to my former wife. I was not suspicious. It never occurred to me that a woman having everything that wealth could buy could be unfaithful. I was absorbed in business,—how absorbed, only the American who is the architect of a great fortune can ever imagine. Almost at the same moment the fact of my second wife's perfidy and my first wife's existence became known to me. It was a perilous situation, but its very danger gave it a charm to my mind. I determined to make some atonement to my wife and her child, and to protect the woman known as my wife and her children from disgrace. It was a hard battle. I had to separate myself entirely from the latter, and yet do it in a way not to excite general comment. This fight had just ended when I sailed for Europe.

"My first wife finally died; the other had long been dead to me, and the overwhelming proof of her continued guilt had been put in form to be perpetuated for future use. This was the story, much extended, which I told 'Mrs. Murray' as we crossed the Atlantic, and I asked her to become my wife and help me make the best of what was left of a bad life. She consented, not, I think, without qualms, but because she is of that practical nature, so rare in woman, which seeks for the best thing that is really attainable, whether it be the ideal good or not. She has helped me very greatly by keeping always in my mind the pledge I made to her then. Thus far I have managed to avoid scandal,—I hardly know how. Of course society thinks my wife is my mistress, and that a woman who has never been my wife has a legal right to the name. In order to prevent a scandal which would blight the happiness of the woman I love, I must prevent the possibility of personal attack upon her after my death. I have taken certain steps, of which you know something, to secure that end; but they alone will not—at least I am apprehensive that they will not—be sufficient to save her from unpleasant attack. I can think of but one way to accom-

plish that end; and that is, to ask you if you love her well enough to sacrifice yourself—your career, I mean, for you will not need to forego any comforts—for her sake.”

“I—I—do not understand you,” I gasped, in amazement.

“Probably not,” he responded, coolly; “and I have no notion of explaining myself. I simply ask you if you love my wife well enough to sacrifice something of your independence, possibly your dreams of domestic felicity, and certainly your professional prospects, to save her from sorrow, disgrace, and persecution.”

“If I could be assured——” I began.

“There are not many men who would question the assurance of Andrew M. Hazzard that one of *his* plans would not miscarry.”

“Does your wife know of your intentions?”

“Not a word,—and will not until my death.”

“She, of course, knows that you have summoned me?”

“She has no idea that I ever thought about you.”

“Will I be permitted to see her during my stay?”

“You will make no stay. Whether you accede to my proposal or not, you will leave here to-night, and will neither see nor communicate with her until you learn of my death.”

I rose and walked back and forth across the room once or twice.

“And you believe my assent to your conditions will enhance her happiness?” I asked, at length.

“That is my conviction, and is the sole reason of my making this proposal.”

“I will do what you wish,” I said, going towards him and extending my hand.

“There is no need of that,” he said, impatiently, waving my hand aside. “I know I am securing your comfort, ease, and happiness, but I do not like you any better for that. What I am doing is for *her* sake alone: you are a mere incident of her happiness. I hate you because I think you are an essential incident of it, and take this course only because I do not see any other way by which the end may be attained. I don’t want to shake hands with you, but you know you can rely on my word.”

“I will do what you wish,” I said, coolly, as I walked back to my seat. “What are your instructions?”

“You will return at once to London and take lodgings suitable to a gentleman of wealth and leisure. Go into society as little as you can, but make yourself familiar with the city and the surrounding country. Do not mind expense. You will find in this”—handing me an envelope as he spoke—“enough to serve your reasonable needs until my death. If you require more, let me know. You can engage in any study you choose, but no business. I would recommend that you study all European tongues. You may have need for them. Notify Gauge & Swallow that you have left their employ, and break off all communication with the *New World* except what is absolutely essential. You can go anywhere in Europe that you choose, taking care never to be more than twenty-four hours from Paris, and reporting to me every change of address before it is made. Be sure that the telegraph com-

pany always knows your address, that there may be no delay in reaching you. On receiving a summons you will come to me without delay. On hearing of my death you will take the first train to Paris. On the way you will open this envelope, which you will always carry on your person, and obey the directions it contains. You will never mention my name nor admit that you have any knowledge of my affairs. Do you understand?"

"I think so."

"And you assent to these conditions?"

"I do."

"Very well. I know I can rely upon you. You have relieved me from great anxiety. I would rather lose all I have acquired than know that the woman I love will suffer humiliation and shame on my account. I think you have enabled me to secure her from it. You have my thanks, and I believe you will receive some time a reward you will prize much more highly than my gratitude. There is not much more to be said."

He touched a bell: a servant entered, and at a sign drew a writing-desk to his side. He opened it, and took out a small metallic case covered with Russian leather.

"This case," he said, "I deliver into your keeping. You will please inspect its contents, so far as you can without breaking the seals, and note the character of each, to see that it conforms to this list."

He handed me the papers and the list, which I hastily compared.

"You will please sign this receipt," he said, indicating an acknowledgment at the foot of the list. I did as requested. He locked the case and handed it back to me.

"Immediately on arriving in London you will deposit this in a safe place. It requires two keys to unlock it. You will retain one of them, and open it whenever the other shall be brought you with this list, in the presence of the holder, whoever it may be."

He summoned a servant and gave directions for my departure. After a moment I was informed that the carriage was at the door.

"I am sorry to seem discourteous," said Mr. Hazzard, as he rose with difficulty. "You will find everything provided for your comfort. I wish you a safe journey."

"Good-by, sir," I said, as I bowed my way out.

He waved his hand, and sank back into the chair, evidently much exhausted.

An hour afterwards I was on my way back to the city. As I drove away, the moon was shining brightly, and I kissed my hand to the figure of a woman standing on one of the balconies silhouetted against the sky. She looked dreamily down at the carriage, unconscious of my act of devotion.

I led a pleasant life during the two years succeeding this interview with Hazzard, though some would not have thought it such. For the first time in my experience I had no need to practise economy. The draft he gave me had provided a larger balance at my banker's than I had ever expected to possess. When I presented it I was closely scrutinized, and when I spoke of opening an account it was intimated

that recommendations were customary. I pointed to the draft in the teller's hand, and told him, with a smile, if that was not recommendation enough I would take it elsewhere. He smiled frankly back, and asked—more for form's sake than otherwise, I thought—how long I expected to keep an account with them. I told him, carelessly, it might be a month, it might be a year, it might be forever; at present I merely wanted to deposit the draft; within a week I might want to draw a small sum; as to the balance I had not yet decided. He retired, evidently to consult the president, and after a few moments I was ushered into that functionary's presence. There was no cross-examination here, but I was conscious that the keen eyes which looked over the gold-bowed glasses were "taking stock" of me with exceeding care. He seemed to be satisfied, and the necessary preliminaries were arranged. The bank was one to which I had been directed by Mr. Hazzard. I learned afterwards that it was one with which he had never had any dealings.

I did not regard the money as mine. It belonged to Hazzard, and was given to me for my expenses. I did not doubt that he intended the surplus to be mine; but I had no right to treat it as such in the mean time. I felt no scruples, however, in using it freely for anything that I needed or, within reasonable bounds, desired. I had enough to serve me for a while, however, and so made no draft on the sum at my banker's for several weeks. Then I took lodgings in a convenient quarter, fitted them up to my own notion, and began to live in a new fashion, indulging my tastes and inclinations without restraint, but making no acquaintances.

It is curious how pleasant the life of a permanent stranger in a great city may be made, if only he has good clothes, good manners, literary or artistic taste, and self-control enough not to attempt to establish social relations. One is, of course, an outcast in a certain sense, but an outcast to whom the world offers all its pleasures without being able to impose upon him any of its burdens. I did not feel bound by the customs of those by whom I was surrounded. By the time my lodgings were ready, I had settled my plans. I arranged to take lessons in modern languages, as advised by Hazzard, bought a horse, but did not indulge in a groom, and applied myself sedulously to the study of London and its surroundings. For my recreation I had the courts, libraries, theatres, and Parliament when in session. In a year I knew London and the country around it far better than most people who are born within sound of Bow-Bells. I knew nothing of my employer's purpose, but faithfully carried out my instructions as I understood them. At the end of that time I had expended one-fifth of the sum placed in my hands. It was ten times as much as I had ever spent in a like period before. The year passed very quickly. Some would have fretted, no doubt, about the uncertainties of the future: I did not. I knew that the woman I loved was in safety, and believed that somehow or other—I had no idea how—I was being prepared to serve her in a time of need. I had an impression that my employer was keeping an eye on me. I had no objection: I was doing his work according to his directions and in the way that pleased me best. If my

method did not suit him, he could change his purpose at any time. I had not sought the place, and, now that I knew the truth in regard to the one woman I had ever loved, I somehow did not care greatly whether I kept it or not. I was faithful to my agreement more from habit than from inclination, and liked Andrew Hazzard no better than he liked me.

Not long after I had opened my account at the bank, the president suggested that if I did not need all my funds there were very good opportunities for temporary investment on the market at the time. I thought then that his hint was suggested by his own suspicion. I assured him, with diplomatic earnestness, that I would consult him before making any investments. I have since thought that it might have been suggested by my employer. Towards the end of the year my banker sent me a note asking me to call, and, when I entered his private apartment, showed me with great solemnity a letter from a Parisian banker who said he acted on behalf of a patron, inquiring as to my financial condition.

"What answer shall I make?" asked the president, anxiously.

"Send a transcript of my account," I answered.

"Do you know the source of the inquiry?"

"I suspect it."

"Has the party a right to make it?"

"Oh, yes; any one has."

"Certainly; but don't you see this might be an enemy as well as a friend? He may have your check, or something of that sort."

"Very well," I said: "send the statement; or, better still, have it prepared while I wait. You may give me a copy too."

When I had seen this put under cover to his Parisian correspondent, I asked for a check, drew out all but a trivial sum, and made a special deposit of it with the banker.

"Now," said I, "if doubt inspired the inquiry, no harm will arise, since I have not a check out; if fraud, it is sure to be detected."

I could see that the banker regarded this as a very sharp thing to do.

A week afterwards another draft was received from Mr. Hazzard, with an intimation that it would be desirable for me to purchase a pleasant house somewhere within an hour or two of the metropolis and occupy it a part of the time at least, so as to become known in the neighborhood. It was also intimated that it might be well for me to devote my leisure to French law, especially as regards inheritance and succession.

I considered these intimations both as fresh instructions and as approval of what I had already done. Strangely enough, during some weeks I had thought of doing the very things I was thus directed to do. Could it be that I was coming under the mysterious power of my patron,—the power he had assured me he never intended to exercise again? Or was it true, the theory he had broached, that this was only a general law of mind, which draws two intellects simultaneously engaged with the same thought into the same channel, without regard to distance? The thought startled me. More than once I had found myself pursuing a train of thought which seemed to have been suddenly

but imperiously suggested by another. I obeyed instructions, however, and in a short time became the owner of a neat little villa which I judged would at all times be worth its cost, and would constitute a cosey nest should one at any time desire to become practically invisible to the world. I thought I began finally to understand something of my patron's plan, and greatly admired its adroitness. How little I understood its boldness and sagacity, events were yet to prove. Confident, however, that I knew for whose occupancy the villa was intended, I occupied myself most pleasantly in furnishing and decorating it so as to suit her taste.

A few weeks afterwards I was startled at receiving emphatic instructions to retain my present quarters, though occupying the villa a good part of the time, and also to prepare myself to secure lodgings for a lady in the same parish, at a moment's notice. After that there came every now and then peremptory orders, some of which I was able to guess the object of, while others have remained as yet entirely inscrutable.

It was a little more than two years when I was wakened one night from a sound sleep to the consciousness that some other human presence was in the room. I knew in an instant that it was Hazzard, and that he was dead. I did not see anything; I did not hear anything: I was merely conscious of another's presence. I was not at all alarmed, but, feeling sure that I would soon receive a summons to depart, I at once arose and began my preparations. It was a quarter-past four o'clock. Upon a sheet of paper on my table were written the words, "Destroy all traces." The handwriting was exactly like that of Andrew Hazzard. I have no recollection of having written it myself, though I may have done so in an unconscious state. Certain it is that ever since that time I have been able under peculiar conditions to imitate this handwriting so perfectly that even Professor Cadmus, whose opinion Mr. Swallow took in the matter, unhesitatingly declared it to have been done by Mr. Hazzard. Whether I was able to do this before that time or not, I do not know: I do not think I had ever attempted it. The most curious thing about it, however, is the fact that I am not always fully aware of what I am doing at such times, and frequently write about matters of which I have no conscious knowledge. I usually find such letters upon my desk in the morning, sealed and addressed to Mr. Swallow. At first I opened one or two of them, but, finding myself unfamiliar with their contents, I concluded to forward them, without further scrutiny, to their address. I understand that more than one attempt has been made to trace these letters. Mr. Swallow thinks he is acting under the spiritual direction of his testator, while other parties who are interested in the matter profess to believe that the death of Andrew M. Hazzard at Bayonne was a cunningly-contrived scheme of that gentleman himself, who has only disappeared in order to see that his wishes in regard to the distribution of his estate are faithfully carried out. Such persons affect to believe that in case any serious controversy about the disposition of his millions were to arise he would reappear to the discomfiture of the parties opposing his desires.

This theory seems to receive support from the fact that the coffin occupying the grave marked with his name in the little Protestant cemetery overlooking the sea, being surreptitiously examined, was found to contain no traces of a human form. It was half full of clean white sand instead, covered with funeral wreaths. The proof of death, however, was conclusive. The physician, the notary, and the innkeeper had all known the deceased for several years, and certified to his death with all essential particularity. The disappearance of the body was an undeniable fact, as was also that of his wife. With much difficulty she was traced to Paris, where all track of her was lost. The castle, which was found to have been purchased in her name before the date of her marriage, was left in charge of a notary, from whom permission to examine it was easily obtainable by any one professing to represent a possible purchaser. All that could be learned in regard to the widow, however, was the fact that four days after her husband's burial she had executed in Paris with all due formality, and after the fullest identification, an absolute and unconditional surrender of all claims, as heir or distributee, upon the estate of her late husband, a copy of which was forwarded to the executor, with a certificate that a duplicate had been filed in the archives of the Department of the Pyrenees. As a result of these things, the settlement of the estate has proceeded without scandal or serious litigation, notwithstanding the peculiar circumstances of the testator's life. Hardly two years have elapsed, and the executor has secured the release of every one having the remotest claim on the decedent, whose estate has thus been equitably applied to the purposes he desired.

As for my own part in this, it might seem perhaps that I had been guilty of fraudulent practices; and it is quite possible that I have. I do not think, however, that any one has been harmed, and I am sure that many have been benefited thereby. I do not know the contents of most of the letters I have written to the executor, and do not care to learn them. I have been informed that these have given very full and reliable information as to the life of Mr. Hazzard under different aliases. Of this I am sure I knew nothing beyond the mere conjecture that he had done business as Murrow, Murray, and Anderson, as well as Hazzard. What his life had been under these aliases I had no knowledge beyond what he had told me in my one interview with him. If I wrote anything in regard to it, I am sure it was under the influence of some other intelligence. I did use my own discretion in mailing these communications at different points in and about the city, so as to avoid detection. I do not think I would ever have taken the part I have in this matter, whether it has been entirely voluntary or not, had I not thought it would serve to protect the woman I loved from annoyance. Aside from this I have derived no advantage whatever from the executor's action.

The specific written directions of Mr. Hazzard required Mr. Swallow to retire from the practice when he qualified as executor, and that he should employ Mr. Minton as his special counsel and successor in case of his decease. This, of course, broke up the firm; and, as I happened to return just at that time, I was asked to take Mr. Minton's

place. For two years the firm has been Gauge, Burrill & Fountain. During this time I have lived with Burrill, who in my absence and much against my will had married my mother. The marriage of such elderly people has always seemed to me supremely ridiculous; but I must confess that both seem to be happier on account of their union, and my mother's careful ministrations have no doubt done much to prolong a useful and worthy life.

It is not need that has induced me to dwell thus modestly with these good people. My balance in the London bank was so swollen by deposits in my favor from time to time that before taking my departure I deemed it advisable to invest the greater part in bonds, which I placed on deposit with a safe company. I might therefore have figured as a rich man or engaged in speculation with abundant capital at my back; but I have no desire to be a "plunger," and do not know at what moment this money may be required for some other purpose. So I have lived quietly with the old people upon the Jersey hill-crest which fashion has ignored, though it is perhaps the sightliest place in the world, overlooking the homes of more millions than can be observed from any other point. Perhaps a special reason for this is the fact that the memory of the woman I love clings about the house and I keep hoping that her voice may summon me from it.

Where is she? I do not know; but I have this satisfaction: wherever she may be, it is *my* name that has furnished her an impenetrable cover from her enemies. No search has been sufficient to penetrate her disguise; no reward has proved adequate to discover her whereabouts. I am the only one who knows anything about her, and this is all I know.

Whether I shall ever know more I cannot tell. There have been strange revelations made in tracing up the life of Andrew Hazzard,—revelations which, if they should once get beyond the barriers which the law places on the attorney's lips, would make the world wonder whether the financial miracles which have rendered his name famous for all time are any more wonderful than the power of self-obliteration and concealment of plans and purposes which enabled him to duplicate himself so many times, to live so many successful lives and leave no tangible clues to his identity in either. More than one who did not dream of relationship to him has found a part of the millionaire's estate proffered for their acceptance. To all questions of how or why, Mr. Swallow has been deaf and dumb. Some accepted without question; others demanded more; all eventually came to his terms. Mr. Minton's wonder at being selected as the counsel for the great estate was increased when he found that a portion of it was carved out for John Codman's erratic daughter's lost child.

Professor Cadmus was the one friend whom Hazzard had trusted in all, or at least many, of his aliases. He had known him as a poor visionary country tailor, and had advanced him the money necessary to secure his first patent. This had been many times repaid; but money did not stick to the fingers of this erratic genius, and financial reverses finally compelled him to appeal, like his more fortunate friend, to the security of an alias. The fame of his great case brought him

again to Hazzard's notice, and he was never afterwards allowed to feel the need of money. Mr. Swallow averred that the dead man desired this friend of his youth to be amply provided for, and it was done. So, too, some notable public charities were aided, Mr. Swallow declaring himself only the agent of the dead man's purpose. So the great estate melted into fragments. The evil of a life of wonderful activity and strange irregularity was at last partially remedied, and the name of the great financier left untarnished by tangible shame, so that it will long be cited as an example and an incentive to the young of a land which exults far more in the wealth of its millionaires than in all the other facts of its history.

But there is one thing the executor cannot find out; and that is, what has become of the woman who was the wife of Andrew Murray Hazzard when he died. That is my secret,—my romance. We are told that men are romantic at twenty and sensible at forty. I think it must be the reverse with me. I am getting on towards forty, and am more romantic than ever before. So I sit and muse under the sloping roof, in the cosey little room where I first told my love, as the second year draws to its close since the dead man summoned me to do the work he left unperformed.

Will the world ever know my secret? I am sure I cannot guess. Never will my lips reveal it unless unsealed by the touch of hers. What is that? A cablegram for me? I snatch the yellow wrapper with its cautionary device, glance at the superscription, sign the receipt, and tear open the envelope. It has come. My waiting is at an end. To-morrow I begin a new life. Where? Oh, I care not. I am going to forget the past, live in the present, and dream of the future. What will I do? Write my name Gerald de Fontaine once more, after the good old style. Who is it from? What are its contents? I would not take all of Andrew Hazzard's millions for that little bit of paper, with its scrawly address and one word of message. It is from my wife,—my wife, whom I married a short month after her husband's death, in the most popular church in London, and left hidden under her own proper name in the little villa at Ipswich. Not once has suspicion turned towards her or myself.

How did we arrange it? It was all arranged for us. We met in Paris three days after his death, each acting by his direction, and not knowing whom we were to meet. His wishes were that we should be married without delay, publicly and regularly, according to English law, and retire at once to the villa I had purchased. This would hide her effectually. No one would suspect the transformation until she chose to declare it, if she ever should.

It was not at all romantic. Harsh, cold, matter-of-fact was the dead husband's letter to the young widow. She made two conditions. The first was that she be allowed to renounce all claim to the husband's estate. I did not object. I do not love poverty, but I would have faced want to call her mine. The second was harder,—that I should leave her as soon as we were wed, and not see her again until she summoned me. When would that be? She did not know: she would give no hope. These terms she would not abate a jot,—except that I

might write to her, not above once a month, and she would answer,—if she chose. I accepted. She would at least be mine,—be known by my name. I have complied with the conditions, have waited, and written—twenty-three letters. Three brief notes have come in reply.

And this telegram of one word,—what does it mean? "*Venez.*" That is all it says. In a fortnight the second anniversary of our marriage will occur. Does she want me then? Has she learned to love me a little? I do not know. She has summoned me, and I obey. Whatever happens, I shall never return to the old life.

Am I not afraid through her to link my soul with Hazzard's sin? Did not all the good of that wild, wonderful life spring from her unstainable uprightness, her sinless sinfulness? Do not quote any wise saws to me. Did you ever note in what soil flowers grow? But it matters not: I think I would give for her all there is of life, present and to come. I am not sure that to give her ever so little joy I would not bar myself from all chance of happiness.

Yet I am not without hope. On what is it based? She has written no word of love,—given no hint. But in the *Salon* this year there was a wonderful picture,—at least a curious one. Somebody sent me a photograph of it. It was entitled "*The Betrothal.*" A woman in widow's weeds, her face turned away from the beholder, holds a letter in her right hand, the arm falling straight down against the black drapery. She is talking to a man who holds a richly-ornamented casket upon his knee. The painter is unknown. All Paris is agog to guess the riddle. The face is mine.

Albion W. Tourgee.

WHY I DENY EVOLUTION.

IT must be creation or evolution,—creation by some personality placing a perfect organic being at one master stroke into life and action; or by some impersonality from the lowest point of life, by slow development reaching higher and higher in the scale of being until man has been reached,—the most complex and perfect of organisms.

The following argument and demonstration, both on paper and by the mechanical duplication of a complex organ, showing its actual application to the living being, are made in answer to Mr. Darwin's two queries or demands.

1. He says, "*Demonstrate to me a complex organism that can be made in any other way than as I say by slow slight modification, and my argument falls to the ground.*"

2. In contemplating the human eye and how nearly man had by mechanics and the law of optics duplicated it, Mr. Darwin was led at once to doubt his own arguments, since he had denied design and intel-

ligence in nature. He says, "Is it not presumption to suppose the Deity works intelligently as man does?"

To Mr. Darwin's first query, I reply that I have duplicated by design and intelligence the most complex organ in the human body and made it perform the same function as the natural organ, and I can explain all the laws by which it was first designed and then made.

To the second query I can but say, "O God, I do thy works intelligently, as thou didst, by the same intelligence, before me."

The following claims, then, embody the arguments which I propose to place in book form. These will suffice to draw attention to the facts and prepare the reader for a broader and more detailed exhibit which shall show throughout that there is yet something which evolutionists have never had brought to their attention. I simply ask to be heard and studied from this stand-point.

I claim to have discovered the laws by which organic forms are shaped in order to reach their highest efficiency.

I claim to have made a demonstration of the construction of a complex organism—the human teeth—according to these laws; a demonstration which accounts for all the functions of the natural organism.

I claim that this demonstration is the true representation of the jaw made for the first man; that from it there can be no variation to a higher type; that the only change possible would be retrogression.

I claim that the human jaw was a special creation, not a "work of evolution," and that nature, or the Deity, could not change it now for the better.

I claim that if I am able to form such a complex organism by a single act of creation, I must be greater than nature, or must have anticipated her by millions of years.

I claim that this organism could not have been made from that in any other existing type of animal or combination of animals.

I claim to have discovered that the lower jaw of man is an equilateral triangle, and that all races have it, and that it has so existed from the advent of the first man.

I claim that it belongs exclusively to man; that this equilateral triangle shows that there cannot exist any organism higher in the scale of being than man; and that, as the circle is the recognized embodiment of perfection of form, the equilateral triangle in the hexagon is the only angle that is the equal of the circle.

I claim that the six superior incisors of man make just the one-third of a circle, and that the radius of that circle is found in the mean diameters of the superior centrals, laterals, and cuspid of one side; that the mean diameters of the base of the incisors and cuspids of the human teeth show that each one is an equilateral triangle; that unless this were so arranged the human jaw could not be absolutely perfect; that inasmuch as the equilateral triangle cannot be gotten into any other than a perfect circle, it shows that the jaw has reached its limit of usefulness and efficiency.

I claim that it is as necessary to have six incisor teeth, which form the third of a circle or one arm of the equilateral triangle, as it is to

have six sides to a hexagon ; that less than six would disarrange the whole organism.

I claim that if the hexagonal cell of the bee is a perfect geometrical figure and cannot be improved upon, that the lower jaw of man from the centre of each condyloid to the other, and from these to the median line at the incisor teeth, being an equilateral triangle, and the embodiment of the hexagon or the perfect circle, no other form of jaw could have been made to give to the human teeth such perfection of form.

Since the laws of geometry and mechanics underlie not only the principle of formation of the human jaw and teeth, but of all organisms that have shape and action,—

I claim that as Newton discovered that geometry and mechanics governed the formation and action of the astronomical worlds, I have an equal right to the discovery of the relation of the same laws to the structural organic world.

I claim that, if the first law of motion be correct, namely, that a body once set in motion will continue to move in a straight line forever unless deflected by surrounding bodies and made to describe an orbit, then, as no world ever did go in a straight line, but began at once to make a circle or ellipse, and since we have no evidence that there is such a thing as a straight line in nature,—only in art,—nature must abhor a straight line, and it is plain that it never began the universe by making one world at a time and throwing it into space, it being absolutely necessary that there should be at least three worlds in order to counterbalance each other and make the first law of motion a fact.

I claim, then, that if this be true the truth is just as applicable to the organic world ; that it is utterly impossible to conceive of the existence at any time in the history of life of an organ that was not globular ; that if globular or spheroidal then it could not have existed alone at any moment for a single instant ; that if of such shape it must have action, since it was so shaped by attraction and repulsion from all sides, and motion must be begotten and kept up from the combined effort of many bodies.

I claim that the bare assertion of attraction and repulsion is evidence that there must have been a third factor giving power to these ; and that as evolution has to begin from a single germ, the first law of motion denies the theory.

Hence I claim that the laws of geometry and mechanics deny evolution.

And I claim still further that from the highest to the lowest forms of organic life each is absolutely true to these laws, and that if we admit their prior existence in governing the formation of bodies from molecules into spherical masses we must grant that law is order and that intelligence is implied, and that where there is intellect there must be personality.

I claim, then, that life could not have been prolonged without the fittest—the most efficient—organ having been made at the earliest stage ; otherwise it could not have been continued ; that all organic life that has motion must have some point of attachment for muscles or a fulcrum by which the levers act, since they are not, as claimed by

evolutionists, single globes of jelly, having single organs to perform different functions.

I claim that natural selection could only reproduce a pre-existing type and could not add a new organ or alter the form of the pre-existing one; that mechanical means which could only be externally applied cannot even reproduce an existing type, let alone form an additional organ.

I deny that the use or disuse of one organ or of the combined organs of any living animal can change the whole organism or any part thereof, and thus form a new and distinct animal.

I claim that as all organic life has such a struggle for existence, and as nature has to be always on the alert to select, that it is as much as an organ or an organism can do to keep itself up to the standard of healthy action; that *death to the weakest* is rather the rule than "survival of the fittest."

I claim, then, at least, we can only prolong life a certain period by obeying laws, and that as man cannot give to an organ any greater life than what it had stamped upon it originally, neither can nature add a new organ, nor can it be done by mechanics or art. Each organ can be sustained and strengthened and made through successive generations to reach the highest efficiency of organic form and function, but beyond that God himself cannot go, for he is the embodiment of law, and cannot blot out himself.

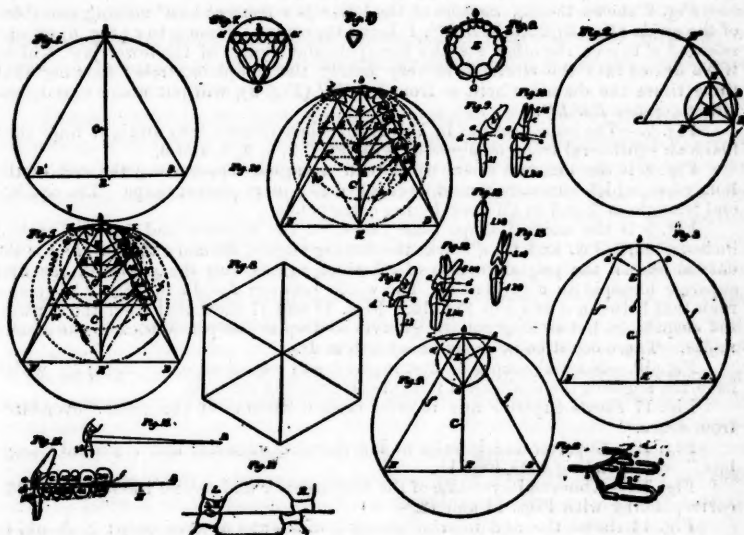
If any one will study closely the rules for forming a set of artificial teeth, he must see the hand of design running through the whole work. It is not possible to conceive of a mechanism more efficient.

If so, surely the evolutionist must grant that I have produced what was either in existence from the beginning, or that I am a creator.

Give me any first superior bicuspid, and I can plan the whole jaw of teeth, and no tooth can be changed in its place to give more efficiency. Moreover, this is just as true of the lower animals.

I cannot cite a better illustration of the fallacy and absurdity of evolution than the presumption of one of its advocates in the daring prediction he makes of what the coming man will be. A well-known American naturalist says that, inasmuch as man has lost the superior lateral incisor, he from some cause will continue to be without it until the human jaw will finally reach a higher efficiency. Now, if he could see a set of teeth arranged in perfect model, he would note the greatest change not in a forward but in a regular movement. Such a loss would bring the cuspids forward to fill the breach, and likewise, of course, all the teeth posterior to the cuspids; and this would not only destroy the perfect arch formed by the six teeth, but would bring the cusps of all the bicuspids and molars into direct contact, instead of letting them remain between, interlocking each other as before the laterals were lost. Thus the cusps, in the course of time, and very soon, would be worn completely flat; and instead of a more perfect organization our evolutionist would have a very imperfect one. Had he understood the mechanism of the human teeth he would never have made such a false prediction. Again, if, as he claims, nature would not have made the change back to the superior lateral, there would be no other resort

than to the use and disuse of some parts of the jaws or to the action on the gums to reproduce the laterals. But he would hardly invoke nature or art to return them, since the jaw must of necessity be more perfect if they continued to come in that way, agreeably to evolution.



DESCRIPTION OF DIAGRAMS.

Fig. 1 shows an equilateral triangle of four inches,—the average size of the lower jaw of man,—within its circle, with a vertical line from its summit to its base and at right angles with said base.

Fig. 2.—The first step in the formation of the arch of the six incisors of the lower jaw, made by forming an equilateral triangle with the radius of the circle of the main equilateral triangle of four inches, as in Fig. 1, BCB''' . Divide the line B to B''' at B' . Form an equilateral triangle of $BB'B''$. Find the centre of the equilateral triangle at E , and the arc described from Bb to B' will be the normal arch of the six incisors of the average lower jaw, which corresponds with the size of human teeth as found in any jaw of four inches, and is the same as found in Figs. 3, 4, 5, and 6.

Fig. 3.—The second step taken in the application of the definite arch as proportioned in Fig. 2. By placing one part of the dividers at E (Fig. 2), the centre of the equilateral triangle $BB'B''$ and the radius of the circle $BbB'B''$ and placing it at E (Fig. 3), and describing the arch aba' , intersect said arch a and a' by placing one part of the dividers at b . The dividers placed at D and D' and at E will also intersect at a and a' . A line is now drawn from A to D on one side and a' to d' on the other, which are the lines upon which the bicuspid and molars are found, f and f''' being their limit. It will be found that f is equidistant between D and b and D' and b , and the length f' to a will be found also to be the mean diameter of the six lower incisors, or the length of the line from ab to a' , Fig. 7. Then, as these lines are all equal, we have the six incisors and the two bicuspid and molars on either side, as in Fig. 7, forming an equilateral triangle of aba' and o , or a nearly perfect circle, as in Fig. 6, showing that the circle is not squared by multiplying the diameter by three, corresponding with the rule in mensuration.

Fig. 4 is the third step in showing the equilateral triangle made by the six incisors on one side, or the line from x to x' , and the bicuspid and molars on the other lines from x to o and from x' to o . The lines from o to x and o to x' intersect at a and a' , and are fully shown in Fig. 7.

Fig. 5 is the fourth step in the design to complete the arch of the lower jaw, giving the width or size of each bicuspid and molar corresponding with the first arch $BB'B''$ (Fig. 2) and all the succeeding arches in the main equilateral triangle $DD'b$ until the full limit is reached for any efficient tooth.

Fig. 6 shows the six incisors of the lower jaw from ab to a' making one-third of the circle (Fig. 2) from $BbB'B''$, E being the centre. From a to o (Fig. 6) on one side and a' to o on the other are the bicuspid and molars of the lower jaw, which, when drawn into the circle, form very nearly the complete circle; showing that three times the diameter here, as from b to B'' (Fig. 2), will not make exactly the circumference $BB'B''$.

Fig. 7.—The same teeth as in Fig. 6, but when thrown into straight lines they make an equilateral triangle, agreeing with Figs. 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

Fig. 8 is the hexagon or six equilateral triangles, representing the cell of the honey-bee, which structure cannot be changed to a more perfect shape. The equilateral triangle as found in all these figures corresponds.

Fig. 9 is the normal shape (side views) of the superior and inferior central incisors, marked SI and II ; d marks the cutting edge of SI , and e that of II ; a is the curved line on the palatal surface of SI which agrees with the angles of the first superior bicuspid in Fig. 10 at a . The width between d and e in Fig. 9 is greater than that between d and e in Fig. 10. Figs. 16 and 17 show that from the centrals the cuspids are not so long nor the grooves so deep as one passes back to the second molar. There could be no cusps on a tooth at D .

Fig. 10.—Normal shapes of first superior and second superior bicuspid which have the angle of the equilateral triangle on grinding surfaces.

Fig. 11 shows superior and inferior central incisors of abnormal "over-bite" from d to e .

Fig. 12.—Superior and inferior molars showing excessive and abnormal "over-bite," corresponding with Fig. 11.

Fig. 13.—Abnormal over-bite of the first superior and second inferior bicuspid, corresponding with Figs. 11 and 12.

Fig. 14 shows the first inferior bicuspid with but one true cusp: it should be named *unicuspid*.

Fig. 15 is a side view of the human teeth from the centrals to the second molars, giving the law of the "over-bite" and length of the cusps, and curvature of the ramus.

Fig. 16 shows much plainer the depth of each groove when articulating, from the centrals to the condyloid processes.

Fig. 17.—A back view of the human teeth, showing the process of mastication. As here arranged, the left side is where all the mastication is done; while upon the opposite side (right) only the molars and bicuspid, all the way to the central, touch upon their palatal and buccal sides, merely to hold the jaws, touching perfectly on only one-half the surfaces; on the right side no mastication could take place.

Fig. 18 is a one-fourth size representation of the anatomical articulator, in which all artificial sets of teeth are placed to have them arranged, obeying the natural law which places the inferior central incisors at the median line four inches from the condyles D and D' . B and B' are removable bows of metal upon which the plaster casts are cemented. These are held firmly by screws S and S' . Any number of casts can be articulated on the same base at the same time without destroying any of them.

W. G. A. Bonwill.

MAGICIANS AND FEATHER-DUSTERS.

TO the eyes of a certain traveller in a tropical land the long lines of palm-trees looked like row after row of feather-dusters. To another they seemed weird magicians, hoary and solemn, grown old, immeasurably old, in all mysterious knowledge, and conning their strange secrets over, as the sun shone upon them and the wind passed by.

In the one simile we mark something smart and not inapt, the glibness of superficial observation, and the imperturbability which is never afraid to fasten its little price-mark upon anything. Such an observer goes upon his journeys of discovery in an express-train, and gathers material for his notes through the car-window. If any shallowness or inaccuracy of comment—any omission of details that help to explain the whole—is the result, we must blame the rate of speed. It is a fault common enough in our hastening times. As regards the other comparison, it is an expression of that imagination which has a vision of its own. The inward source of living light vivifies the weed, the stone, the wayside pool; for the aspect of the world depends less upon the things seen than upon the one who sees them. Doubtless the ancient maker of fable and legendary lore was a songless poet whose voice the rude age silenced,—who could not bend resignedly to the thought that there were no miracles or marvels, and therefore set to work to create some. It was a rebellion, a pathetic revolt, against living in such a prosaic world. If he was never entirely successful in persuading himself of the reliability of his own inventions, he derived a sort of pleasure from noting the credulity of his fellows. It was something, at least, to make others believe. And, after all, his was not so inexcusable a falsification as the rigid moralist may suppose. "Who can foretell to-morrow?" He lived in hope's land of promise. His eyes never wearied of watching for the haunting naiad of the source. The dragon-fly shimmering with gauzy wings upon the brink might be the forerunner of the fairy-folk. When the tree tossed its boughs and whispered to the wandering breeze, he started about in the eager hope that he might catch a glimpse of the hidden dryad. The glitter of green and gold in the fence-corner must be a fay snared in the spider's mesh and giving battle with his tiny blade. A sudden pattering over the dead leaves of the woodland meant the skurrying feet of trolls, hastening away in terrified remembrance of the days when Thor was wont to throw his hammer at them. Yonder undulating line across the pool was not the passing of a water-snake, but a kelpie. The sound of piping from the yellowed summer grass might be the shrilling of elfin trumpets. That sudden gleam of scarlet among the weeds was not the flaunting of some poor wild-flower, but the red cap of a fairy messenger on his way to court.

And as this slave and master of fancy continued to multiply marvels about him, all the more devoutly did the simple folk believe. Mentally incapable themselves of a like creative energy of imagination, it could not occur to them to suspect another of possessing such a gift. Thus his supremacy was established, and they came to him for intelligence of the unseen world whose mysteries they strained their dull eyes in vain to see. He it was who feigned sleep in the magic ring, and ran home breathless at cock-crow, to tell the gaping

neighbors of the brave things he had beheld. Hiding near the cross-roads, upon the stroke of twelve, he spied the fairy procession wending along the highway, headed by the Queen herself, mounted on a snow-white palfrey that moved to the music of golden chimings. He heard the wood-sorrel ringing its silver bells to summon the sprites to their nightly revels, but not the shriek of the mandrake plucked up by the roots,—for that meant madness. The wandering fires of the will-o'-the-wisps lighted up an unknown path he was fain to follow,—how vainly he scarce whispered even to his own heart. He parleyed with Robin Goodfellow, and watched the flight of witches through the murk of the dead hours. When some villager disappeared in the depths of the great gloomy forest and was no more seen, the man of second-sight spoke mystic things, as the light burned blue, and his listeners huddled around him, shuddering between delight and terror, of mortals lured away to the land of Faery, changed there to birds or beasts, or wrapped in a magic forgetfulness of home and friends. They brought their dreams to him, and he unriddled them, being wise in signs, omens, and portents. He heard the death-watch tick, and knew to a certainty which way the flickering of the corpse-candle pointed. Treading fearlessly the demesne of the graveyard, his only regret was that the ghostly occupants did not squeak and gibber at his will. He warned his followers that wise men will not stir abroad on Midsummer Night, when "the world goes a-madding," and told them of weird rites upon which mortal eyes may not gaze unblasted. When one fell sick, and wasted beyond the help of the healing juices expressed from herb or flower, he whispered of the casting of spells by those in league with evil spirits. If his inventions proved fatal, now and then, to some poor, mumbling Goody, we must believe that he was never among the active persecutors of wizardly folk. If he started the hue and cry, it was in all innocence; for he loved mysteries too well to wish to abolish even the least of them. Sometimes, it is to be supposed, he fell a martyr to his magic creed that he scarce believed himself. The superstitious feelings he had evoked turned traitor to him: his own hand, it may be said, lighted the fagots about his funeral pile, and he perished in smoke and flame, for the sake of those pathetic imaginings with which he had tried to enliven the dull colors of every-day life.

The German story of the youth who travelled to learn what shivering means might be taken as an allegorical allusion to a certain human anxiety to be thrilled. The man of second-sight is still among us, and to-day, as ever, he finds it hard to reconcile himself to commonplace conditions. But modern thought has somewhat clipped his wings; his flights never range so far or wildly as of old. Though he has not relinquished the secret hope that each day may bring forth a miracle, he has grown wise enough not to confess it. Taught wariness by the mockery of practical people, if one finds him hunting for elves in the grass he avers that he is pursuing the study of botany. To him a telescope is only an excuse for reading his fortune in the stars. He learns the jargon of the market-place, and speaks it as glibly as the best. But there is always something which betrays him. He has a trick of forgetting his surroundings until some ruder jostling than usual startles him awake, and he stands all adaze, with the tattered filaments of the dream still hanging about him. Out of the ruins of old beliefs he has striven to build himself a cloudy City of Refuge, whither he may flee when the outside toil and strain become too harsh. The child part of his nature has not died. Vain is the effort to console him with the "fairy-tales of science." What he wants is the unexplainable, the un-

provable, the legends that taught him of a kingdom where love and youth and beauty are immortal. Is it lost forever, that wonder-land to which he sometimes gropes his way back through dreams? He seems to hear the myriad murmurs of an invisible host attendant upon his steps. The sounds of the pulsing darkness, the sigh of reeds by the stream, the cry of tides that come and go, the viewless wind, that bodiless voice of rage and wild laughter and infinite grieving, all speak to him as of yore, but the clue to their signification has been snapped off short. What means that shudder before the mystery of infinite beauty?—and what the sudden leap in the heart, as of some captive thing straining at the leash?

Though the dreamer's philosophy bears about the same relation to the sober business of existence as astrology to astronomy, and ornithomancy to ornithology, and he is not an active helper forward of progress, he has his uses. However light his weight may be, it is needed to preserve the balance of power. His influence prevents the world from becoming hopelessly ugly and brutal and matter-of-fact. His year is full of days that may not be forgotten, marked in memory by the dawn-bright blush of April peach boughs or the long lights wavering across fields of ripened wheat. The pageant of the seasons is his: autumn's fire-dropping torch; the ghostly silence of winter; summer revels that die in a dazzle of rose and gold; or peaceful evenings of the springtime, when twilight steals pensively over the dew-wet sward, and one great, bright star points the hour midway between the zenith and horizon. If we take him from his green fields to the clamorous town, he is no whit poorer. In the foundry-fires he hears the chant of singing flame. He notes how the glow of the setting sun transmutes the volumes of smoke that roll from the furnace-chimneys into a hundred metallic tints and lustres. He sees something more than bricks and mortar. And when the night is full of echoing footsteps, and the vast rumor of life comes to him as to one who stands upon the edge of a storm; he feels that the secret of humanity has touched him in passing and something inarticulate strives within him for speech.

Because he cannot endure that anything should be barren and desolate, he is always covering the arid places of the world with the blossoms of his fancy and heaping flowers high upon the graves of buried hopes. He can find green grass and fresh-water pools even in the infinite thirst of the desert, where the sand-column soars above the burning plain. If we dispossess him of the earth, he smiles, and paints the empty sky with the mirage of his dreams. Let those who will preach their gloomy creed that "Heaven is a gas; God a force; the second world a grave," death to him means not dust and dull extinction and the conqueror worm, but the flight of an upward-winging soul. Like the bird of night, he can "sing darkling." He needs no day-spring; for an inward impulse bids the song break forth. Not of his own will, but through some hidden instinct, rises the strain potent to "witch the heart out of things evil." It is a wandering voice of poesy, giving us back the lost tears and laughter of youth, the thrill of dawn, and the immortal pang of love.

Is it but an idle dream,—a vision vain as bright? What is life, at best? Man, surrounded by terrific forces which may destroy him at any moment, plays ignorantly among them like a child, and is sometimes pleased at fancying himself their master. To-morrow may disabuse him of the flattering idea, but still the valorous pygmy continues to rear his puny defences,—an ant-hill against an avalanche, a cobweb against a whirlwind. Can all his intelligence check the flood or

stay the tempest?—can his cunning prevail against the warfare of blind and enraged Titans? When the hour of destruction strikes, his utmost wisdom will carry him little farther than the folly of the estray from dream-land, who calls those mighty powers giants and sorcerers and magicians.

J. K. Wetherill.

WHERE IS MR. STEVENSON?

SOME months ago it was amusing to hear the trained writers of two lands sing the praises of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. It was a tuneful choir, with a robust soprano in the person of Miss Sophia Kirk and a fine tenor in that of Mr. Henry James. It was a ringing All Hail to the master of a perfect style; it was a vindication of the character of the professional author; it said, for the first time in ages, that Petty Jealousy was not the secret dictator in the republic of letters. For a week and a day Mr. Stevenson really wore the laurel crown. It was quite the fashion to speak of his "antiseptic" style; to think of him and Mr. Howells as the leaders of two hostile camps; to shrug the shoulders at mention of Mr. Haggard, and scoff at the comparison. Comparison, indeed! It was a contrast. That, we say, was some months ago. And have we changed all that? Lies homage in a new quarter? Perhaps a greater than Stevenson is here and I do not know it. At any rate, Where is Mr. Stevenson?

Trustworthy tidings of his appearance somewhere in Polynesia have nothing to do with my question. It is a frivolous reply to say that he has been seen in Honolulu. It is, however, quite to the point to say that one may find him in company with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne in "The Wrong Box." I have deliberately read this piece of farcical fiction to learn the whereabouts of Mr. Stevenson. It gave me the news I sought, but in a provokingly fragmentary way. It is plain, in the first place, that Mr. Stevenson is alive; but it is not so clear that he is well. He never wrote like this before; it will be a surprise to a thousand of his friends that he can write like this at all. Not altogether a disagreeable surprise. There are many reasons for esteeming "The Wrong Box" one of the very cleverest of his always clever stories; and it matters little that not all of the authorship of it is his. It is Stevenson's style and Stevenson's humor, and if it is not Stevenson's ingenuity too his collaborateur should say so and receive the high credit he deserves. But "The Wrong Box" is only of interest to us here as a source of news. It tells us the whereabouts of Mr. Stevenson.

Where is he, then, to-day? Doubtless many others who write for a living may not read the message as I do, and I know of many things more probable than that I read the message aright; but it seems clear as crystal to me that the author of "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island" is foremost in the ranks of living English writers of fiction. If that is really where Robert Louis Stevenson is to-day, then it is worth while inquiring how he got there. Not that I believe for an instant, Mr. Hack, that you and I, by ascertaining to a nicety the cunning method of this master, can employ it successfully in putting ourselves in his place; but methods are good things to learn, and in learning Mr. Stevenson's method I am sure we shall be learning a very valuable lesson.

It is the easiest imaginable, too. Perhaps if we had it from his own lips it would read something like this: Words are primary colors; blocks of stone; bags

of coin. Mix them harmoniously; carve them carefully; spend them wisely. This teaches nothing new, to be sure, but it brings home to us our own bad taste, our carelessness, our improvidence. Robert Louis Stevenson has assuredly hugged the alphabet to his heart as a miser would hug his purse. There is not the least doubt that he has broken as a burglar into the complicated lock of our idiom; that he has taken apart the phrases of many a perfect page in the same spirit in which a lad with a taste for mechanics would take apart the works of a watch. That is the only way to master a watch; the only way to master a style. It is patent that Stevenson did this; but so, for the matter of that, did Walter Pater and Henry James. These three have sat at the feet of the Sphinx of style and melted its inscrutable face with their eager, scorching eyes. And yet they have not learned their trade in the same way.

It was one thing for Stevenson to study Newman and the Book of Job; that was work. I haven't the least doubt that "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Bible in Spain," which he professes to have enjoyed, were a duty. But when it came to "The Egoist" and the "Vicomte de Bragelonne," the inner circle of his intimates, he was no longer a workman; he was one of us; his eye, perforce, eased of straining, ran gladly and naturally as ours along the magic lines. Dumas he absorbed; there was nothing of style to be learned there,—only the delight of contact with a creative genius more exuberant than his own; and it stimulated him,—even to mimicry.

I don't know whether I have said anything helpful to writers of my lowly rank. At least it is something to believe that a distinct and meritorious style may be formed after the method of Mr. Stevenson. Then, if one has only that mysterious prompting,—that precious plant which flowers in the brain and sends its eager roots itching to the slothful fingers,—if one has this at times, why, indeed, shouldn't one aspire to get where Mr. Stevenson is?

Melville Philips.

FRENCH PROPRIETY.

MODERN French literature has a reputation of its own: it has qualities which cannot, without offence, be introduced into literature that is English, or even American. In this respect it resembles poetry, which, in all languages, is a chartered libertine and offers an asylum for indiscretions which would be too indiscreet in prose. To use another simile, a ballet-dancer in gauze skirts and behind the foot-lights is all right,—at least, we have agreed to tolerate her thus and so,—but a ballet-dancer in Quaker costume and amid the sanctities of a private drawing-room would scandalize the most bald-headed frequenter of front-row orchestra-chairs.

So much will be readily conceded. But there is another aspect of the matter which deserves earnest consideration. Suppose the ballet-dancer were to adopt the Quaker dress in good faith, and to leave the bald-heads without, so to speak, a leg to stand on. Suppose poetry were to cease rehearsing the esoteric allurements of passion and frailty, and to confine itself to a sober and strict chronicle of the time,—or, say, to that "criticism of life" which is all that the late Matthew Arnold professed to be able to find in it. And suppose, to come to the point, that modern French literature were to become even as the English for young persons: should we rejoice in our hearts and devour it, or should we only

go through the motions of rejoicing, while really lamenting, and quietly letting it alone?

Nor is this all. The question also arises whether the French genius, such as it is, is good for anything except to be improper. Is it capable of interest, of brilliance,—in a word, of readableness,—otherwise than in the treatment of *The Illicit*,—of those pungent and poignant topics at which our guileless Anglo-Saxon tongue stumbles and falters? Certain amiable philosophers have remarked concerning Our Lady of Pain, whom Mr. Swinburne so melodiously apostrophizes, that she is practically one of the most efficient preservers of our domestic peace and security. May it not likewise be true that if Messrs. Zola, De Maupassant, and Daudet were to forego their Cyprian rhapsodies, and settle down to the demure jog-trot of homespun household novel-writing, those spotless English pages of ours, which are now laid open without hesitation to the perusal of our unmarried daughters, might become defiled with crude and unsavory efforts to imitate the lost Gallic lubricity? Nay, is it not already the case that some of our writers have begun to betray obliviousness of the traditions bequeathed to us by our Puritan ancestors?

These are not idle speculations. Even admitting that the American erotic school, so called, is but an accidental and baseless efflorescence, we have still to confront the fact that the French romancers have actually begun to act in a manner calculated to afford our erotics an excuse for being. M. Zola, a few months since, published a novel called (in translation) "*The Dream*," which was destitute of every quality that made his "*L'Assommoir*" and "*La Terre*" so popular in two hemispheres; and now M. Georges Ohnet has written, and Messrs. Lippincott have printed in English, a story with the title "*Antoinette*," which is, if anything, more disastrously unobjectionable than "*The Dream*." Lest I be suspected of exaggeration, I give a summary of M. Ohnet's plot. The idea of it is not new; it is, in fact, at least as old as that of "*Romeo and Juliet*." Antoinette is the daughter and heiress of a proud and aristocratic French family, which, however, thanks to the inventive crankiness of its male representative, has nothing better to bequeath her than debts and mortgages. The latter have all been bought up by the mortal enemy of the house, one Carvajan, a plebeian capitalist and money-lender, who, in revenge for an insult put upon him many years before, has dedicated his life and energies to working the ruin of his titled foe. But the implacable Carvajan has a son who is all goodness and mercy, and who is, moreover, desperately and sublimely in love with Antoinette. He is an eminent barrister, and when the crisis comes, instead of siding with his father, he espouses the cause of the aristocrats, paying their debts out of his own pocket, and triumphantly vindicating Antoinette's brother from an unfounded but plausible charge of murder. Hereupon Antoinette gently but firmly dismisses a suitor of her own rank, and declares her unalterable preference for the noble but plebeian lawyer, just as he is on the point of fleeing to America, there to be wasted away by his unavowed passion. The pair are married, and everybody is content except old Carvajan, and even he solaces himself with the reflection that the castle of his enemy has, after all, fallen into the possession of his own immediate descendant.

This is not only unobjectionable, it is positively ideal and paradisiacal. Everybody is good except Carvajan, and the worst that can be said of him is that he is a good hater. Antoinette recalls the most immaculate of Walter Scott's heroines: as for the two lovers, they vie with each other in honor and self-abne-

gation. It may fairly be asked, What is the use of the French language, if such novels as this are to be written in it? It is enough to shake Paris to its foundations, and force good Americans, when they die, to seek some more congenial sphere. A serious remonstrance should at once be addressed to M. Ohnet. It should be explained to him and to all who would imitate him that not only are virtuous French stories not interesting, but also that persistence in them threatens to endanger the integrity of American literary morals. We must have naughtiness somewhere, and the French do it so nicely that we are willing to allow them the monopoly in its production. But if they fail us, we shall be constrained to try our hand at it ourselves; and this, to judge by the character of our existing tentative efforts, will be an unmixed calamity to all concerned.

Julian Hawthorne.

ABOUT FOOT-LIGHTS.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, theatrical performances began at three o'clock in the afternoon. As the theatres were exposed and the stage and galleries were open to the sky, artificial lighting was not an absolute necessity. Nevertheless, wax lights appear to have been used for this purpose. In the pastoral play of "The Faithful Shepherdess," Fletcher has these lines:

Nor want there those who, as the boy doth dance
Between the acts, will censure the whole play;
Some like, if the wax lights be new that day;
But multitudes there are whose judgment goes
Headlong according to the actors' clothes.

Malone, in his edition of Shakespeare, describes the stage as formerly lighted by means of two large branches "of a form similar to those hung in churches." But it was soon found out that the branches obstructed the view of the spectators and were otherwise inconvenient: so they gave way to small circular wooden frames furnished with eight candles, four on each side.

The frontispiece to the Dublin edition of Chetwood's "History of the Stage" (1749) shows the stage lighted by hoops of candles in this way, suspended from the proscenium, with no foot-lights between the actors and the musicians in the orchestra. The body of the house, according to Malone, was lighted "by cressets or large open lanterns of nearly the same size as those which are fixed in the poop of a ship."

The use of candles involved the employment of a candle-snuffer, who came on at certain pauses of the performance, to tend and rectify the lighting of the stage. His appearance was usually greeted with the same derision which now marks the entrance of the "supe" who carries chairs on or off the stage, spreads or removes a carpet, etc.,—the same derision, only rather more obstreperous, for the audience were wont to even go so far as hurling missiles at the unfortunate candle-snuffer. In Foote's comedy of "The Minor," Shift, one of the characters, ascribes the courage which was a component part of his character to the experience gained as a candle-snuffer in Drury Lane: "For I think, sir, he who dares stand the shot of the gallery, in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary

complements. But an unlucky crab-apple applied to my right eye by a patriot gingerbread-maker from the Burrough, who would not suffer three dances from Switzerland because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat."

It was Garrick who first introduced foot-lights on the English stage, in 1765. He borrowed the practice from Italy, having just returned from a journey in that country. When oil lamps took the place of Garrick's candles, the occupation of the candle-snuffer was gone forever. Probably the trimming of the lamps became his next duty, and, as time went on, he developed into the gas-man, that indispensable attendant of the modern theatre.

The street gas-lamp, after numerous abortive experiments, established an uncertain foothold for itself in 1810, and by 1817 had become a permanent institution. Gradually the new mode of lighting stole from the streets into manufactories and public buildings, and finally into private houses. By 1828 it had made its way into the theatres, for in that year an explosion took place in Covent Garden Theatre, by which two men lost their lives. Great excitement ensued. The public was afraid to re-enter the theatre. The management published an address stating that the gas-fittings would be removed from the interior of the house and safer methods of illumination substituted. While the alterations were in progress, the theatre was closed for a fortnight, the Covent Garden Company appearing at the English Opera-House or Lyceum Theatre.

Gradually, however, the world grew bolder, and gas again made its appearance on the stage. Still, its employment was strenuously objected to in various quarters. In 1829, a physician, writing from Bolton Row and signing himself "Chiro-Medicus," addressed a remonstrance on the subject to a public journal. In the course of his practice he had met with several fatal cases of apoplexy which had occurred in the theatres or a few hours after leaving them, and he had devoted much time to investigating the cause. The conclusion at which he had arrived was "that the strong vivid light evolved from the numerous gas lamps on the stage so powerfully stimulated the brain, through the medium of the optic nerves, as to occasion a preternatural determination of blood to the head, capable of producing headache or giddiness, and, if the subject should at the time laugh heartily, the additional influx of blood which takes place may rupture a vessel, the consequence of which will be, from the effusion of blood within the substance of the brain or on its surface, fatal apoplexy." It was his opinion and that of many of his professional brethren that the air of the theatre was very considerably deteriorated by the consumption of gas, and that the consumption of oxygen and the new products and the escape of hydrogen occasioned congestion of the vessels of the head. Indeed, by actual inquiry he had found that theatre-goers and actors were by no means so subject to apoplexy or nervous headaches before the adoption of gas-lights as afterwards.

In spite of all his reasonings, however, Chiro-Medicus did not succeed in his well-meant efforts to turn off the gas. Since his time numerous improvements have been made in the stage foot-lights, or floats, as they are technically called. It was not till 1863 that, at the instance of Charles Fechter, at the London Lyceum, the floats were sunk below the surface of the stage, so that they should not intercept the view of the spectator. His example was speedily followed by other managers; and a few years later, owing to accidents which had occurred to the dresses of dancers when they approached too near to the foot-lights, these were fenced and guarded with wire screens and metal bars.

William S. Walsh.

NEW BOOKS.

FRANK STOCKTON tells a story of an author who once wrote a very clever tale which had great vogue, but whose subsequent stories were universally rejected by editors because they fell short in power and interest of the story that had achieved signal success. "The Wrong Box," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne (Charles Scribner's Sons), is somewhat disappointing,—first, because it is a composite work, and composite books, like composite photographs, are never entirely satisfactory; and again because it falls far short of reaching the high-water mark of some of Mr. Stevenson's former books. But comparisons are odious, and we ought to forget all about Mr. Stevenson's former books, or at least try to put them out of our minds for the time being, and give ourselves over to the enjoyment of the present very enjoyable book, which has no further aim than to supply, as the preface explains, "a little judicious levity;" and certainly it achieves its object.

It is always hard to distinguish the individual in a composite, and so in "The Wrong Box" the wizard-like Stevenson is somewhat dimly outlined; but he appears to have a jester's cap on his head, and there is a faint tinkle of bells about him. Even in his lighter and jocose vein Mr. Stevenson's *penchant* for uncanny subjects reveals itself. The misadventures of a barrel in which has been enclosed a human corpse are the direct cause of a great deal of the merriment in the book, and indeed very laughable complications arise, though one's laughter is somewhat held in check by the ghastliness of the affair.

Still, the book is full of mirth-provoking situations that are bound to provoke hearty laughter, and the man who provokes hearty laughter is as blessed as he who first invented sleep. "The Wrong Box" should be taken as an antidote for the average stupid summer novel which is sure to be palmed off upon the tourist by some designing train-agent.

"A Sage of Sixteen," by L. B. Walford (Leisure Hour Series, Henry Holt & Co.), is a light story of the kind which, it must be confessed, makes rather heavy reading. The "Sage of Sixteen" is a sort of female little Lord Fauntleroy, lacking his brightness and naturalness, who brings about a change of heart among a family of rich, aristocratic, and intensely stupid relatives. Elma, the "Sage," is a good little girl, but one is very glad when finally on the last page she cuts the proper English caper and engages herself to a first-class earl who keeps his carriage.

"Three Years," a translation from the German of Josephine, Countess Schwerin (Rand, McNally & Co.), is a tame and uninteresting story, without a redeeming virtue or a redeeming vice.

A very useful little book at this time of the year, and one that has especial interest for local anglers, is "'Near by' Fresh- and Salt-Water Fishing, or Angling within a Radius of One Hundred Miles of Philadelphia. Where to Go; When to Go; How to Go." By A. M. Spangler. Mr. Spangler is the president of the Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania, and his ripe and wide knowledge of both the art of angling and of the best places within easy reach for the exercise of that art makes his work of great value to all local lovers of the sport. The book is profusely illustrated, and cannot fail to become the *vade-mecum* of Philadelphia fishermen. A pamphlet accompanies it which indicates the choice spots for gunning and fishing along the Chesapeake and Delaware peninsula.

H. C. Walsh.

EVERY DAY'S RECORD.

AUGUST.

In the ancient Roman calendar August had twenty-nine days. When Julius Caesar revised the calendar he gave it thirty days, which were increased to thirty-one by Augustus, who took a day from February for this purpose. The month was originally called *Sextilis*, or the sixth month; but Augustus, jealous that a month had been named after his predecessor, changed its name to August, and increased its length. He was born in September, but in *Sextilis* he was created consul, had thrice triumphed in Rome, had added Egypt to the empire, and had brought the civil wars to an end. He looked upon it, therefore, as his month of fortune.

August is by no means a season of delight to our winter-tempered tastes. The dog-days drift over its verge from July, and sweltering weeks succeed, in which life becomes a burden, and even hope of better things is almost drowned in perspiring floods. Yet the sun is southing, the days are shortening, and cooler nights serve to render the torrid days more endurable. It is only to man, however, and to his near neighbors in the animal kingdom, that August brings torment. To the lower animal world, and the whole kingdom of plants, it is a season of joy and fruitfulness. Under its warm suns life thrives amazingly, the command to "be fruitful and multiply" is abundantly obeyed, flying and creeping (also biting and stinging) things congregate in myriads, the soil sends up new multitudes of flowering plants, and the trees of the orchard and the grove, which for months past have amused themselves in the charming play of the blossoming, now fairly enter into the serious work of the year, and distil delicious juices to fill their globing fruits. In spring they were all poetry, nor are they yet all prose; much of beauty remains, but it is a beauty that appeals to the practical sense of taste more than to the æsthetic sense of sight. The poet has ceased to sing. Spring,

with its green meads and wild field-flowers, is gone; the beauty of the autumn is yet to come. It is the resting-time of the year for man; though nature was never more actively at work, and the fruits of her labors are visible on every hand.

The charm of the orchard is not one to be despised, even by the poetic soul. The swollen globes of white and red which profusely hang against the green background of the apple foliage, though they lack the airy grace of the flown blossoms, have a beauty of their own which the dullest soul can appreciate. It is a solid beauty, which appeals at once to two senses; there is in it none of the day-dream of the flower, none of the flitting fancifulness of youth, but much of the sober delight of age, that has gathered its wealth and now needs to think only of ornament and enjoyment.

The apples are not alone in this August carnival of fruitfulness. The early fruits of the year are gone; the berry-bearing bushes have fulfilled their mission and retired to leafy rest; the nut-yielding trees are waiting for the touch of autumn frosts; but the juicy fruits of the orchard are now everywhere swelling and ripening, turning their rosy cheeks to the sun, and filling with sugary juices of multitudinous flavors. The peach and the pear rival the apple in fruitful activity; the purple-hued plum distils its agreeable acid; on running vines the melons and pumpkins display their mighty golden globes; the green maize, which in July served but as a foil to the yellowing grain, now waves its ripening tassels high in the air; and on his flower-embowered porch the husbandman rests for a while from his labors, gazing with joyful eyes over his broad fields and orchards, and thankful at heart to perceive that, as Douglas Jerrold said of Australia, "Earth is so kindly that tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest."

EVENTS.

August 1.

1464. Cosmo Medici, a celebrated statesman of the Florentine republic, died. He was the son of a rich merchant, was a liberal patron of learning and the arts, and made a large collection of ancient manuscripts. His benefits to Florence gained him the title of the "Father of his Country," and paved the way to that great power of his family which enabled Alessandro Medici in 1582 to subvert the liberties of Florence.

1498. Columbus first saw the continent of South America, during his third voyage. On the preceding day he had discovered an island, which he named Trinidad.

1798. The battle of the Nile, or of Aboukir, was fought between the French fleet under Brueys and the English under Nelson. The English were victorious, nine of the French ships being taken and two burnt, while two escaped. The French flag-ship, with one thousand men on board, was blown up, less than one hundred escaping.

1831. The new London Bridge was opened. This replaced the celebrated old bridge, built more than eight centuries before. It had eighteen solid stone piers, with bulky stone arches, and was covered from end to end with buildings. On the "Traitors' Gate," on the end towards the city, the heads of traitors were shown. It was removed on account of its obstruction to navigation.

1834. The act for the abolition of slavery in the British possessions, passed August 28, 1833, went into effect. Over seven hundred and seventy thousand slaves were freed. On August 1, 1838, slavery was abolished in the East Indies. Twenty million pounds sterling were appropriated by Parliament to compensate slave-holders.

1842. A riot broke out in Philadelphia, in consequence of the colored people attempting to celebrate by a procession the emancipation of the West India slaves. They were assailed by a mob, who committed many deeds of violence. A public hall and a church were burned, and several private houses destroyed. Disturbances of a similar character occurred in other places.

1884. The celebrated trotting horse Jay Eye See trotted a mile at Providence in 2.10. This was the best record to that time. On August 2, 1884, Maud S. made a mile in 2.08½, and on July 30, 1885, in 2.08½, the best trotting record yet made.

1886. A desperate effort was made by a Tartar to murder the Grand Vizier at Constantinople. He fired two shots into the vizier's carriage and then chased it with a dagger. His effort was unsuccessful.

1887. Disastrous floods took place at the city of Augusta, Georgia. One million and a half dollars' worth of property was destroyed. Terrific storms of wind and rain occurred in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Connecticut.

August 2.

216 B.C. The great battle of Canne, between Hannibal and the Romans, was fought. The Romans suffered a disastrous defeat, forty thousand of them being slain. Hannibal sent to Carthage three bushels of rings taken from the Roman knights.

1100. William Rufus, King of England, was found dead in the New Forest. The popular account of his death is that he was killed by an arrow, discharged by Walter Tyrrel, which glanced from a tree and struck the king. His violent and tyrannical character may have had something to do with his death.

1788. Thomas Gainsborough, a notable English landscape-painter, died. His works are admired for their simplicity and fidelity to nature, their richness of color, and their masterly distribution of light and shade.

1832. The Black Hawk War was ended by a battle in which the Indians were defeated with great loss. Black Hawk, with his sons and other warriors, was captured and imprisoned in Fortress Monroe. The cause of the war was the attempt to remove the Sacs and Foxes from Illinois to the country west of the Mississippi.

1873. A fire broke out in Portland, Oregon, which destroyed twenty-three blocks of buildings, the property destroyed being valued at one and a half million dollars.

August 3.

1492. Columbus set sail from the port of Palos, Spain, on his voyage of discovery to America. He had three small ships, manned by one hundred and twenty men.

1667. Jeremy Taylor, an English bishop and author of great eminence, died. He wrote many works on theological subjects, in which he displayed a rich imagination and poetical genius. His sermons are notable for their imaginative fluency, but not for argumentative force.

1777. Fort Schuyler, at the head of the Mohawk River, was invested by an army of British and Indians. General Herkimer marched to the relief of the American garrison, but his force was ambushed, and defeated with great slaughter. General Arnold then marched to its relief. His force was small, but he sent on a spy with an exaggerated account of the size of his army. On hearing this the Indians fled, and the British were forced to decamp hastily.

1792. Richard Arkwright, the reputed inventor of the cotton-spinning machine, died. His right to the patent was contested, and a verdict given against him in 1781. He became rich, however, and his son, who continued his business of cotton manufacturing, accumulated a fortune immense for that period.

1830. The first vessel to traverse the Welland Canal, now just completed, reached Oswego from Lake Erie.

1857. Eugene Sue, a popular French novelist, died. He is best known by his "Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew," which works attained great popularity and have been very widely read.

1885. A tornado at Philadelphia did great damage to the northern part of the city and to Camden. Over five hundred buildings were injured, two steamboats partly wrecked, eight persons killed, and eighty-six injured.

August 4.

1265. Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was slain in the battle of Evesham. He played a very active part in English politics. In a rupture that occurred between Henry III. and his barons in 1258, Montfort headed the insurgents, in 1264 defeated the royalists and took the king prisoner, and in the following year summoned a Parliament, which was the foundation of the English House of Commons.

1830. Chicago was surveyed and laid out as a town, and the map recorded. It was incorporated August 10, 1833. At

that time its population was five hundred and fifty.

1864. Farragut's fleet entered the harbor of Mobile. He ran the gauntlet of the forts with wooden vessels, defeated the Confederate fleet, and forced the forts to surrender. It was on this occasion that Farragut daringly ran past the forts, lashed to the masthead of his flag-ship, that he might more easily superintend the action.

August 5.

1600. John Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie, attempted to assassinate James VI. of Scotland, who was visiting his castle. Gowrie and his brother were killed by the king's attendants. The preceding Earl of Gowrie had taken James prisoner in 1582 and held him captive in Ruthven Castle for ten months. He was executed for this in 1584.

1716. The sanguinary battle of Peterwardein was fought, in which Prince Eugene defeated the Turks, who lost twenty thousand men. In August, 1717, Eugene again defeated the Turks, and captured Belgrade.

1858. The first signals were transmitted across the Atlantic by electric cable. The first messages were sent on August 16. This event was celebrated with great rejoicings throughout the country; but the cable soon ceased working, from imperfections in its manufacture.

1874. The steamboat Pat Rogers was burned on the Ohio River, fifty lives being lost.

1887. Eleven Chicago officials were convicted of bribery and embezzlement. Seven of them were sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and four to a fine of one thousand dollars each.

1888. General Sheridan died of heart-failure. This distinguished military officer gained high honor as a cavalry commander in the civil war, particularly in his Shenandoah Valley campaign against General Early. His ride from Winchester, with its turning of defeat into victory, during this campaign, has become famous. He played a very prominent part in the final events of the war, was made lieutenant-general in 1869, and succeeded Sherman as commander-in-chief of the army in 1883.

August 6.

1637. Ben Jonson, a celebrated English dramatist, died. He was a contemporary and friend of Shakespeare, and was an active and able writer, though his characters were types rather than individuals. He was most successful in satirical comedies. As a lyric poet he

had fine powers, and produced several poems whose popularity remains undiminished.

1736. The first newspaper published in Virginia was issued at Williamsburg on this day. It was called *The Virginia Gazette*.

1759. Eugene Aram, a person made familiar as the subject of one of Bulwer's novels, was executed. He was a school-master of great talents and acquirements, but was convicted of the murder of Daniel Clark, a shoemaker. He attempted suicide by opening a vein, but was discovered before he had bled to death.

1886. A dangerous riot broke out at Belfast, Ireland, in street-fighting between the Nationalists and Orangemen. The police and troops were called out, and were attacked by the mob. Eight deaths occurred, and over one hundred and twenty were wounded. The riot continued to the 10th, and broke out again on the 14th. Many persons were hurt before quiet could be restored.

August 7.

1777. The following spirited letter was addressed by General Putnam to Governor Tryon, who had demanded the release of a prisoner taken by Putnam as a spy, and threatened vengeance if he should be executed:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, 7th August, 1777.

"Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

"ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P.S.—He has, accordingly, been executed."

1880. The remarkable feat attempted by Dr. Tanner in New York, of fasting for forty days, was successfully accomplished. During this period there is satisfactory evidence that he ate no food. He drank water freely. His loss of weight was thirty-six pounds. At the end of his fast he ate heartily of fruit and meat, with no evidence of stomach-disorder.

1882. A solar engine (adapted to obtain power from the direct rays of the sun) was exhibited at the Tuilleries Garden, Paris. It worked a small engine and ran a printing-machine for several hours. Ericsson, the Swedish inventor, has since then greatly improved the solar engine.

August 8.

1827. George Canning, a distinguished English orator and wit, died. He took part in the famous series of political

satires published in *The Anti-Jacobin*, to which he contributed several very humorous poems. His parliamentary career was a highly successful one. He entered Parliament as a Tory, and a supporter of Pitt, in 1793, became a cabinet member in 1807, and prime minister in April, 1827, dying in August. As an orator he had an ornate style and admirable diction, though not the highest powers. His most celebrated speeches were those on the Currency.

1873. The steamer *Wawasset* was burned on the Potomac, with a loss of about seventy lives.

1882. An explosion took place in a school-house at Grodno, Russia. A barrel of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar of the school, without the knowledge of the authorities. It exploded while the school was in session, and the children, mostly of Jewish parents, were nearly all killed.

1885. The body of General Grant was interred at Riverside Park, New York, with imposing ceremonies. Twenty-five thousand soldiers took part. Among the pall-bearers were Generals Sherman and Sheridan, and the Confederate generals Johnston and Buckner. Twenty-five black horses, led by negroes, drew the hearse, which was escorted by a guard of honor from the Grand Army of the Republic.

1888. Very high speed was made on the London and Northwestern Railway, the distance from London to Edinburgh (about four hundred miles), exclusive of stops, being made in seven hours and twenty-five minutes,—an average speed of over fifty-three and a half miles per hour. In July, 1885, a train on the West Shore Road ran from Buffalo to New York at an average speed of fifty-four miles per hour. The most remarkable long run was made by Jarrett and Palmer's Company in 1876, from New York to San Francisco (3813½ miles) in eighty-four hours and seventeen minutes, with seventy-two stops.

August 9.

48 B.C. On this day was fought the great battle of Pharsalia, in which Julius Cæsar defeated his rival Pompey and made himself master of the civilized world. Pompey fled to Egypt, where he was treacherously slain. The power gained by Cæsar through this victory enabled him to overthrow the republic of Rome and establish the Empire.

1803. A steamboat made by Robert Fulton was tried on the river Seine. On August 11, 1807, the *Clermont*, the first successful steamer, was run up the Hud-

son from New York to Albany in thirty-two hours. It afterwards ran as a regular packet-boat between those cities. Several earlier experiments in steam-navigation had been tried, but Fulton's boat was the first that proved commercially successful.

1848. A flue collapsed in the Edward Bates, a Mississippi steamboat, causing the death of fifty-three and the wounding of forty persons.

1884. A successful ascent was made by M. Renard, near Paris, in a cigar-shaped, steerable balloon. It moved a short distance with, then returned against, the wind. The motive power was electricity, stored in accumulators. Many partial successes of this kind have been recorded, but the problem of practical air-navigation remains yet to be solved.

August 10.

1388. The celebrated battle of Otterburn was fought. The Scotch had besieged Newcastle, and were driven off by Henry Percy (Hotspur). A conflict took place at Otterburn, in which the Earl of Douglas was killed and Percy taken prisoner. The ballad of "Chevy Chase" is founded on this battle.

1667. John De Witt, one of the most eminent of Dutch statesmen, was murdered. He was republican and pacific in his political policy, and became the leader of the anti-Orange party. A war broke out with England during his term of power, which he conducted with great ability. Subsequent Dutch reverses rendered him unpopular, and the Prince of Orange rose to power. His brother Cornelius had been accused of a conspiracy against the life of the Prince of Orange, but acquitted. De Witt visited him in prison, and while there a mob, probably instigated by his enemies, burst in and murdered them both.

1822. A terribly destructive earthquake occurred at Aleppo, shocks continuing till September 5. More than twenty thousand persons perished.

1887. The steamship City of Montreal was burned five hundred miles from the American coast. All on board were rescued by passing vessels.

1888. The steamship City of New York reached New York on her first trip, in seven days and six hours from Queens-town, having lost some time by an accident. This is the largest vessel of the Atlantic fleet. It has over nineteen thousand horse-power, and burns three hundred and fifty tons of coal daily. The fastest time yet made across the Atlantic was by the City of Paris, in April, 1889, her record being five days, twenty-three hours, and seven minutes.

August 11.

1834. A convent of Ursuline nuns at Charlestown, Massachusetts, was attacked by a mob, in consequence of a report that a girl had been confined there against her will. The inmates were warned to escape, and the house was broken open, set on fire, and destroyed. The cemetery was then visited and the graves desecrated. This outrage led to a large meeting of citizens of Boston, who denounced the perpetrators and took measures to discover them. Several persons were arrested, but only one was convicted.

1851. An invasion of Cuba was made by four hundred and eighty men under General Lopez. It ended in quick disaster. Many of the men were killed, others were taken and executed. Lopez was captured, and executed on September 1.

1887. A frightful railroad-accident took place near Chatsworth, Illinois. An excursion-train on the Toledo, Peoria and Western Railroad, for Niagara Falls, broke through a bridge that had been set on fire by burning grass. Six cars were telescoped, eighty persons killed, and over two hundred injured. The cars caught fire, which was kept down by earth and sand flung upon it.

1888. A huge log raft which left Jogins, Nova Scotia, on August 1, reached New York in safety. It was nearly six hundred feet long, sixty-four hundred tons in weight, and contained twenty-two thousand trees. The cost of transportation was seven thousand dollars, as against thirty thousand by the ordinary methods of transport.

1888. An artificial pond, eight hundred feet above the level of Valparaiso, Chili, burst, and the torrent rushed through several of the streets, sweeping everything before it. The loss of property was one million dollars. Fifty-seven dead bodies were found in the ruins. The most frightful calamity of this kind on record was that arising from the bursting of the dam that confined a huge artificial lake above Johnstown, Pennsylvania. This disaster, which occurred on May 31, 1889, almost completely swept away several towns, with a population of about thirty thousand, of whom from three to five thousand were drowned, while the loss of property was probably over twenty-five millions of dollars. The storm which caused this disaster did great damage to Williamsport, Lock Haven, and other cities.

August 12.

1848. George Stephenson, the celebrated inventor of the locomotive engine, died. At the age of fourteen he became

assistant fireman in a colliery, but learned to read and write at a night-school, showed great mechanical ability, and in 1814 completed a locomotive engine which drew eight loaded cars four miles an hour. In 1815 he built a much improved one, and in 1822 began to construct the Stockton and Darlington Railroad, the first passenger road in use. On this his engine, the Rocket, was tried in 1830, and amazed the public by running at a speed of thirty miles an hour, winning a prize of five hundred pounds.

1867. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, was suspended from his office by order of President Johnson, in disregard of the Tenure of Office Act. General Grant was appointed as acting Secretary. The Senate, in the following January, refused to concur in this action, and, as the President persisted, a vote to impeach him was passed.

1868. Thaddeus Stevens died. This eminent American legislator, born in Vermont in 1798, was distinguished as an opponent of slavery. He served several terms in the Pennsylvania legislature, and was for many years a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, being at the end of the civil war the most influential member of the House of Representatives, and a strenuous opponent of President Johnson's policy. He took an active part in reconstruction legislation.

1887. A fire at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, destroyed the Masonic Hall and other important buildings, with a loss of one million dollars.

August 13.

1834. A riot broke out in Philadelphia against the negroes, great feeling having been aroused by the activity of the abolitionists. It continued for three nights, during which forty-four houses inhabited by blacks were assaulted and many of them destroyed.

1862. The steamer West Point, having on board many sick soldiers, came in collision at night with another steamer, on James River, Virginia, and was sunk. About seventy-five persons were drowned in this disaster.

1868. A terrible earthquake destroyed the cities of Arequipa, Iquique, Tacna, and Cincha, and many small towns, in Peru and Ecuador. About twenty-five thousand lives were lost and thirty thousand persons left homeless. The loss of property was enormous. The earthquakes continued from the 18th to the 16th of August.

August 14.

1794. George Colman, an eminent English dramatic author, died. Some of

his plays were highly popular. His son, George Colman, inherited his talent, and wrote many plays, some of which still hold the stage.

1813. The United States sloop-of-war Argus was captured by the British sloop-of-war Pelican, in St. George's Channel.

1844. Rev. Henry Francis Cary, eminent as the translator of Dante, died. His translation is the most highly esteemed of any that has been made into English.

1851. A disastrous earthquake in southern Italy laid nearly the whole of Melfi in ruins. Fourteen thousand lives were lost.

1858. George Combe, eminent as a phrenologist, died. He was an able writer on this subject, on which he published several works. His principal work, "The Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Objects," passed through eight or more editions.

1870. Admiral Farragut died. We have elsewhere spoken of the principal naval victories of this celebrated commander, who won high honor in the American civil war. His most striking achievements were the passage of the forts on the Mississippi and that of those in the harbor of Mobile. As a man his character was in every way admirable.

1873. The most destructive cyclone that ever visited the Atlantic coast of America continued from August 14 to August 27 of this year. It is known as the "Nova Scotia cyclone." Its ravages were terrible. Twelve hundred and twenty vessels are known to have been destroyed, and the loss of life was probably six hundred or more. The fishing interests of Canada and the United States were severely crippled. The money-loss was estimated at three and a half million dollars.

1881. During a bull-fight at Marseilles the stands gave way, precipitating two thousand persons to the ground. Twelve were killed and one hundred and fifty injured.

1888. The steamer Geiser, of the Thingvalla line from Copenhagen to New York, was run into by the Thingvalla, of the same line, near Sable Island, off Newfoundland. The Geiser was cut almost in two, and sank in eight minutes. Of her crew and passengers one hundred and seventeen were lost and thirty-one saved. The Thingvalla was seriously injured, and reached the harbor of Halifax with difficulty.

August 15.

1416. A severe naval battle took place off Harfleur, France. The Duke of Bedford, with an English fleet, took

or destroyed nearly five hundred French ships.

1814. A large British force made an assault on Fort Erie, but was repulsed with great loss.

1824. General Lafayette reached New York, having been invited by Congress to visit the United States. He was received with the greatest honor, and his journey through the country excited the utmost enthusiasm among the people.

1880. Adelaide Neilson, a highly popular actress, died. She was of English origin, but was born near Saragossa, Spain, in 1850. Her *début* as an actress was made at Margate in 1865, where her beauty and grace won her a marked success. Her most celebrated part was Juliet. She played much in the United States, where she was a great favorite.

1887. A great fire broke out in Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Several hundred houses were burnt, and five thousand people left homeless.

August 16.

1777. The battle of Bennington was fought. General Burgoyne, in his march southward through New York, had sent a body of troops to Bennington, Vermont, to seize provisions and stores collected there. They were met by a body of militia under General Stark and completely defeated. On this occasion Stark uttered the memorable words, "There, my boys, are your enemies: you must beat them, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow to-night."

1780. A battle took place at Camden, South Carolina, in which the Americans were defeated, with severe loss.

1812. General Hull surrendered Detroit to the British besieging force, with a large quantity of stores and three thousand men as prisoners, and the whole of Michigan Territory. Hull was afterwards tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot for cowardice, but was pardoned on account of his services in the Revolutionary War.

1867. The first gold and stock telegraph company of America was incorporated in New York. Its purpose was the instantaneous quotation of prices and sales of stock, gold, etc., made at the various exchanges. Its effect has been to increase speculation greatly in this country.

1870. The battle of Vionville, or of Mars-la-Tour, near Metz, was fought by the French and German armies. The battle was a very sanguinary one, each side losing about seventeen thousand men. The victory was at first claimed by the French, but finally inclined to the Germans.

1879. A cyclone entered North Carolina from the Atlantic, and passed to Eastport, Maine, by the 20th. There was excessive damage to inland property, and three hundred vessels were wrecked or disabled. At Cape Lookout, North Carolina, the wind attained a velocity of one hundred and thirty-eight miles an hour.

August 17.

1648. Oliver Cromwell totally defeated a royalist army under Sir Marmaduke Langdale near Preston, Lancashire.

1721. The *New England Courant*, one of the earliest American newspapers, was founded by James Franklin, at Boston. This paper is of interest as the one on which Benjamin Franklin first worked and in which his earliest writings were published.

1786. Frederick the Great died. This notable military genius was born in 1712, and became King of Prussia on the death of his father in 1740. He quickly showed great political ability and unscrupulous ambition. He invaded Silesia and wrested it from Austria. A coalition of Russia, Austria, and France was formed against him, and the "Seven Years' War" began, in which his only allies were the English. He was reduced to desperation, but never to despair, gained several great victories over his opponents, and finally wearied them out. He kept Silesia and ceded nothing. His warlike energy, and the high position to which he raised Prussia in European politics, were the foundation of its present military supremacy among the states of Europe. He was a patron of literature and science, and a writer, though not a very successful one, himself.

1880. The island of Jamaica was devastated by a cyclone, which destroyed hundreds of buildings and caused great loss of property.

August 18.

1587. The first English child was born in America. Its mother was a daughter of the governor of the colony which Raleigh had sent to the coast of North Carolina.

1803. James Beattie, a Scotch poet and philosophical writer, died. His most popular work was "The Minstrel," a poem of great melody of versification, tenderness of feeling, and fine perception of the beauties of nature.

1853. Thebes, in Greece, was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake.

1868. A total eclipse of the sun, of the longest possible duration, was observed on this day. This eclipse is of special interest, as during his observation

of it in India M. Jannsen conceived a method of studying the surface phenomena of the sun at any time, its brilliancy being reduced by sending the light through several spectroscopes in succession. Mr. Norman Lockyer tried a similar method in October, before he had heard of this discovery. By the use of this process since that date very much has been added to our knowledge of the physical phenomena of the sun's surface, almost daily observations having been made.

1870. Another great battle was fought by the French and German armies, two days after the battle of Vionville, above recorded. The battle continued for twelve hours, both sides losing very heavily. The most desperate struggle took place on the slopes over Gravelotte, which the Germans captured at nightfall and gained the day. The French were outflanked, and fell back to Metz. The French are said to have lost nineteen thousand and the Germans twenty-five thousand in killed and wounded.

August 19.

1662. Blaise Pascal, a celebrated French philosopher and mathematician, died. He produced several valuable treatises on physics, but is known in literature principally by his "Provincial Letters" and his "Thoughts," both of which are very highly esteemed. The "Provincial Letters" were aimed at the Jesuits, and went far to bring this order into disrepute. They are written with the greatest wit and spirit. His "Thoughts" have elicited the highest admiration, and no similar work ever attained an equal reputation or gained as enthusiastic praise.

1812. The celebrated naval battle between the United States frigate Constitution and the British frigate Guerrière was fought. The action was fought at close quarters for half an hour, when the Guerrière surrendered, but was so much injured that she had to be destroyed. This victory gave great confidence to the Americans. It was the beginning of a series of brilliant naval victories.

1814. Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, a celebrated natural philosopher and political economist, died. He was of American birth, and was school-master at Rumford (now Concord), New Hampshire, from 1770 to 1772. He was regarded as a Tory at the opening of the Revolutionary War, and went to England. He repaired to Bavaria in 1784, where he attained to great military power and became minister of war. He was made a count in 1790. He did much to ameliorate the condition of the poor,

and made a number of important discoveries in his researches on heat and light. He was the first to advance the theory, now prevalent, that heat is a mode of motion.

1823. Robert Bloomfield, an English poet, died. While a shoemaker's apprentice in London he composed his rural poem of "The Farmer's Boy," which was received with extraordinary favor and translated into French, Italian, and Latin. He wrote other poems, but none equal to his first production.

1831. The Lady Sherbrooke, from Londonderry to Quebec, was wrecked near Cape Ray. Two hundred and seventy persons perished; only thirty-two were saved.

1850. Honoré de Balzac, one of the ablest of recent French novelists, died. His works were very numerous, and comprise a series entitled "Comédie Humaine" and intended to delineate every phase of French social life. His works show great acuteness of observation and fine powers of character-drawing, and their popularity is still growing.

1886. The town of Indianola, Texas, was overflowed and destroyed by a cyclone-wave. It had been similarly overflowed in September, 1885.

1888. The Dark Secret, the smallest boat in which it was ever tried to cross the Atlantic, was picked up by a Norwegian barque when about half-way across. Captain William A. Andrews, the only person on board, was exhausted from want of food and rest. He had been much troubled by whales and sharks. The boat resembled an ordinary whale-boat.

August 20.

1153. Saint Bernard, an eminent ecclesiastic, died. He became Abbot of Clairvaux, France, in 1115, in which office he exercised a powerful influence in the religious politics of Europe. He was an active promoter of the crusade of 1146, and was canonized in 1174 by Pope Alexander III.

1701. Sir Charles Sedley, an English poet and dramatist, died. He was distinguished for his wit and profligacy at the court of Charles II.

1773. The first newspaper published in Baltimore was issued on this day. It was called *The Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*.

1794. The insurgent Indians of the West, who had defeated General St. Clair, were decisively defeated by General Wayne, at the forks of the Miami. He desolated their country and built forts in it.

1842. William Maginn, a witty Irish

writer, died. He contributed largely to *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's Magazines*, and is one of the characters in Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianae."

1852. A collision took place on Lake Erie, between the steamers Ogdenaburg and Atlantic. More than one hundred lives were lost, principally of Norwegian emigrants, whose ignorance of English prevented their being apprised of the means of escape.

1857. The clipper-ship Dunbar was wrecked on the rocks near Sydney, New South Wales. One hundred and twenty-one persons were lost, only one escaping, who remained on the rocks for thirty hours.

1868. A railroad-accident took place at Abergele, Wales, two trains colliding. Barrels of petroleum ignited, and thirty-three persons were burned to death.

1877. A desperate conflict was fought in the Shipka passes in the Balkans. They had been fortified by the Russians, and were fiercely but unsuccessfully assailed by the Turks, the slaughter being great on both sides.

1886. Galveston, Texas, suffered severely from a hurricane. Thirty-eight lives were lost, and property was destroyed to the value of five millions of dollars.

1886. The trial of the Chicago anarchists ended in seven of them being sentenced to hang, and one to imprisonment for life.

August 21.

1762. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a distinguished English writer, died. She was an intimate friend of Addison, Pope, and other writers of that period. Proceeding to Constantinople with her husband, English ambassador to Turkey, she wrote home a series of brilliant descriptive letters, which have been much admired. She was the first to introduce into England the Turkish practice of inoculation for the small-pox.

1883. A tornado in Minnesota did much damage. Three hundred buildings were destroyed in Rochester and other cities, and twenty-six lives lost. A railroad-train was lifted from the track and completely wrecked, eighty persons in it being injured.

1886. A fire at San Francisco destroyed property to the estimated value of two million dollars.

1888. Two tornadoes crossed the State of Delaware, doing great damage to buildings and orchards. The rainfall was extremely heavy. In New York it amounted to 8.98 inches in an hour, which has been surpassed only three times on record.

August 22.

1485. Richard III. of England was defeated and slain at the battle of Bosworth Field, in which the long conflict between the houses of York and Lancaster came to an end. The Earl of Richmond, the victor, succeeded as Henry VII. Richard is ordinarily described as a ruthless tyrant, in which character he figures in Shakespeare's play of "Richard III." Some recent writers assert that his character has been unduly maligned, and that he was by no means so black as he has been painted.

1642. The first number of the *London Gazette* was issued on this day. The *London Gazette* of the existing series was first published November 7, 1665. There had been a variety of periodical publications previously, but none of them were entitled to the name of newspapers. The first real newspaper was the *Public Intelligencer*, issued in 1683. It ceased on the appearance of the *Gazette*, in 1685.

1818. Warren Hastings died. He was made governor-general of India in 1773, and ruled with great vigor and cruelty, gaining an unenviable reputation by his unprincipled extortions from the native princes. He was impeached on his return to England, but the trial ended in his acquittal. He did much to extend the British power in India.

1828. Dr. Gall, the founder of the system of phrenology, died. He devoted much time to the study of the brain and of external indications of mental operations. His doctrine that the shape of the skull indicated the character of the intellect was for a time very popular, but has greatly declined in favor under the researches of recent physiologists.

1872. The telegraph between Adelaide and Port Darwin, Australia, was completed. This line crossed the barren centre of Australia, and brought the southern colonies into telegraphic communication with England. The first message passed from Adelaide to London on October 21, 1872.

1888. The steamer *Oceanic*, from Hong-Kong and Yokohama, collided with the City of Chester in the Bay of San Francisco, during a thick fog. The City of Chester was cut almost in two, and sank within five minutes. Thirty-four persons were drowned. Many were saved by passing to the deck of the *Oceanic* while the steamers were locked.

1888. The tower of the New Church of the Covenant, at Washington, D.C., one hundred and fifty-eight feet high, fell, taking with it the entire front of the edifice. The supporting arches proved too weak to bear its weight.

August 28.

1305. Sir William Wallace, a celebrated Scotch patriot, was executed. He for several years carried on a successful partisan warfare against the English, and gained a signal victory at Stirling Bridge in 1297. He was defeated in 1298 by Edward I., near Falkirk. After several years spent in border warfare, he was betrayed into the hands of the English, condemned as a traitor, and executed.

1623. The Duke of Buckingham was assassinated. He was the first to bear the title, having been created duke by Charles I., with whom he was a great favorite, and who made him prime minister. He was insolent, incapable, and unprincipled, and his unpopularity led to his murder. His son, the second duke, was a favorite of Charles II., and highly profligate.

1851. The celebrated Bramah lock, whose maker had offered for years a prize of two hundred guineas to any one who could pick it, was picked in thirty days by an American named Hobbs, who had never seen the key. He afterwards opened it in twenty-five minutes.

1881. A severe cyclone passed from Savannah to Minnesota, from the 28d to the 29th. It did great damage in and near Charleston. About four hundred lives were lost and hundreds of houses destroyed.

August 24.

410. The city of Rome was captured by Alaric, the King of the Visigoths, and the long dominion of the "Mistress of the World" brought to an end. Alaric, who had served for some time in the Roman army, first invaded the empire in 396, and did much damage in Greece. In 402 he invaded Italy, but was defeated by Stilicho. He invaded Italy again in 408, and advanced to the gates of Rome, but was bought off. The terms he offered for peace having been rejected, he besieged and captured the city in 410, and delivered it up for six days to pillage. The churches and public buildings, however, were spared.

1572. On the evening of this day, that of the festival of St. Bartholomew, a massacre of the Protestants of France took place, under secret orders from Charles IX., at the instigation of his mother, Catherine de Médicis. The Protestants had been offered very favorable terms of peace two years before, and their suspicions quieted by the seeming friendliness of their late foes. Coligni, their leader, was lured to Paris to attend the marriage of Henry of Navarre. Two days afterwards the massacre began. Coligni and many other prominent Prot-

estants were killed. Over ten thousand persons were murdered in Paris, and the slaughter throughout the kingdom is variously estimated at from twenty to one hundred thousand. Henry of Navarre escaped, to become the great leader of the Protestants in after-years.

1814. The city of Washington was captured by the British forces under General Ross, who had defeated the Americans at Bladensburg. Ross, under orders from Admiral Cockburn, who made himself infamous by his treatment of the captured city, burned the national library and the public buildings, including the Capitol, the President's house, the public offices, arsenal, navy-yard, and the bridge over the Potomac. Ross was killed shortly afterwards, in an engagement near Baltimore. Cockburn was appointed to convey Napoleon to St. Helena in 1816, and was for many years afterwards a lord of the Admiralty and member of Parliament. His behavior at Washington brought him into no discredit at home.

1841. Theodore Hook, a celebrated English punster and practical joker, died. He was an expert mimic, an excellent vocalist, and a prodigy of colloquial power, and was for years an idol of the gay world and a favorite of the prince-regent. The *John Bull* newspaper, which he edited, was very successful. His most popular work was "Sayings and Doings," of which he issued three series.

1851. The greater part of the business portion of Concord, New Hampshire, was destroyed by fire.

1857. The financial panic of this year began with the failure, on this day, of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, with liabilities of about seven million dollars. Its credit had been high, and its failure shook public confidence. Numerous failures followed, which led in late September and October to a general suspension of specie payments by the banks, while business was almost annihilated. The distress slowly passed away during the succeeding year.

1870. The national library and imperial university at Strasburg were burned. The library contained three hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and was of great value from its antiquity. Efforts to replace the lost books by donations were made. America sent thirty-six large cases of books.

1881. A boat fourteen feet long and five feet beam reached Falmouth, England, from America, having crossed the Atlantic under charge of two young sailors. Heavy weather was encountered, and the adventurers were drenched all the way over.

August 25.

1771. Chatterton, an English poet celebrated for his genius, precocity, and literary impostures, died by suicide. He was unusually precocious, displayed a fondness for antiquarian pursuits at the age of eight, and wrote creditable verses at twelve. At the age of sixteen he began his impostures, which consisted in imitations of ancient ballads and documents. Failing to obtain remunerative literary employment in London, and being reduced almost to starvation, he apparently committed suicide, being found dead in his room. He was never surpassed as a juvenile prodigy.

1776. David Hume, an eminent English historian and philosopher, died. He was born at Edinburgh in 1711. His "History of England" was long highly popular, and is admired for the grace, naturalness, and clearness of its style, though its value is lessened by partiality and inaccuracy. He wrote several works on religious subjects, and became famous as a sceptic. His "Political Discourses" are very highly commended for excellence and originality.

1819. James Watt, a famous Scottish engineer and inventor, died. His great work was the invention of the steam-engine, the most valuable gift to human industry ever produced. He began his experiments on a Newcomen steam-engine, which was of value only as a philosophical toy, and quickly produced an effective low-pressure engine, the foundation of all later engines. He also discovered, in 1788, the composition of water; though some writers give Cavendish the honor of this discovery.

1822. Sir William Herschel, one of the greatest astronomers ever known, died. His father was a musician, and he adopted music as a profession. He was about thirty years of age before he began the study of astronomy. In this science his discoveries were numerous, including the planet Uranus, with its six satellites, and two new satellites of Saturn. He produced much the greatest telescope known to that time, with which he made many discoveries in the stellar regions of space. His sister Caroline and his son Sir John aided and succeeded him in astronomical discovery.

1854. Damariscotta, Maine, was almost entirely destroyed by fire, a considerable portion of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was consumed, and more than a hundred houses and factories were burned in Troy, New York.

1885. A severe storm raged in the southern United States, beginning on the 23d, after a period of intense heat. In

Charleston, South Carolina, one-quarter of the houses were unroofed or otherwise injured, and there were many wrecks along the coast. There was a loss of twenty-one lives and two million dollars' worth of property. In Connecticut the damage to the tobacco-crop was valued at one and a half millions.

August 26.

1346. The great battle of Crécy (or Cressy), France, was fought, in which Edward III. of England and his son Edward the Black Prince, with about thirty-six thousand men, defeated Philip of France, with about one hundred and thirty thousand. About thirty thousand of the French army, with many nobles, were slain, while the English loss was very small. According to some historians, cannon were first used in this battle.

1635. Lope de Vega, a Spanish dramatist of great celebrity, died. He was famous for his extraordinary fecundity and powers of invention, and wrote the remarkable number of about two thousand dramas. He could produce a versified drama in a single day. His popularity was extreme. In richness of invention and vivacity of dialogue he is unsurpassed; but the rapidity of his work injured the literary value of his productions, and they have been chiefly useful as a mine of incident for later dramatists. He wrote several epic poems of inferior quality.

1813. Körner, a celebrated German poet, was slain in battle. Among his first productions were two popular comedies. He afterwards wrote a series of the most spirited martial lyrics in the German language. He also wrote two popular tragedies. He was but twenty-two years of age when he died.

1832. Adam Clarke, an eminent Methodist minister and Bible-commentator, died. His learning was extensive, and he produced several learned works, chief among which was his "Commentary on the Holy Bible," a monument of learning and industry.

1850. Louis Philippe died. His life was a remarkable one. He was a son of "Philip Égalité," Duke of Orleans, who was guillotined in 1793. He joined the army in 1790, favored the popular cause, and fought against the Austrians. Being summoned by the Committee of Public Safety, he escaped across the frontier. He afterwards wandered as an exile and in disguise through various countries, but was restored to his title and estates in 1814. After the Revolution of 1830 he was offered and accepted the throne of France. The Revolution of 1848 again drove him out, and he escaped

in disguise to England, where he remained till his death.

1860. The first petroleum was struck, in a well bored at Titusville, on Oil Creek, Pennsylvania. The existence of rock-oil at this place had long been known, and boring began early in 1860. This first well yielded, by pumping, one thousand barrels a day. The news of this success created great excitement, and numerous wells were soon bored, while an excited speculation in oil lands and wells began, in which vast sums of money changed hands. It is estimated that by the end of the year two thousand wells had been sunk.

1883. The volcanic explosion at Krakatoa, Java, the most destructive of modern times, took place on this day. The island of Krakatoa was almost blown to atoms, and the ocean-wave which reached the neighboring coast of Java caused an immense destruction of life and property. This explosion produced world-wide effects. Air- and ocean-waves passed round the earth, and the Atlantic coast of America was overflowed. An extraordinary quantity of fine dust was thrown high into the air, and this was undoubtedly the cause of the remarkable red sunsets which were observed immediately afterwards in all parts of the world and which continued noticeable for several years.

August 27.

1748. James Thomson, the celebrated poet of the "Seasons," died. He was born in Scotland in 1700, and educated for the ministry, but renounced it for literary pursuits. He wrote several tragedies, but his fame rests upon his descriptive poem of "The Seasons," which is still one of the most popular of English poems. His "Castle of Indolence" is also highly esteemed.

1813. A great battle, and Napoleon's last great victory, took place at Dresden, Saxony. The allies, two hundred thousand strong, attacked the French army, and were defeated with great slaughter. The event might have been fatal to them had it not been for an error of General Vandamme. They being obliged to retreat into Bohemia, Vandamme pursued them too far, and his division was cut to pieces and he and his staff made prisoners.

1871. The steamer Ocean Wave exploded at Mobile, causing a loss of sixty lives.

1886. A severe earthquake in the Peloponnesus, Greece, caused the ruin of many towns and villages. About three hundred persons were killed, and twice that number injured.

August 28.

1645. Grotius, an eminent Dutch jurist and theologian, and one of the most celebrated scholars of his time, died. He is said to have written Latin verses at eight years of age. He published many works, including his celebrated treatises "On the Truth of the Christian Religion" and "International Law." Besides these, he wrote in Latin several historical works, tragedies, and poems.

1830. A trial-trip of the first American-built locomotive was made. It was built by Peter Cooper and tried on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, but did not meet the requirements of the company, and was withdrawn. The first locomotive used in America suitable for passenger travel was on a small road built by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, near Honesdale, Pennsylvania. This was in August, 1829. The locomotive was imported from England, and was called the "Stourbridge Lion."

1859. Leigh Hunt died. He was a poet and essayist of much merit. "Rimini" is his most admired poem. His productions are greatly varied, and include a large number of essays, which display much humor, an easy and agreeable style, and brilliant fancy.

1862. The second battle of Bull Run was fought on this and the succeeding day. Pope attacked Stonewall Jackson, but his partial success was turned into defeat by the arrival of Lee with the remainder of the army. Fitz-John Porter was charged with the loss of this battle, from his neglect to support Pope. He was tried by court-martial, and dismissed from the service. Many years afterwards this decision was reversed, and he was reinstated.

1864. The postal-car service, in which mail-matter is assorted while in transit, began on this day, on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. It was soon widely adopted. The money-order system of the post-office went into operation in November.

1887. Charles A. Percy went safely through the Niagara whirlpool in a specially-constructed life-boat. He tried it again September 16, 1888, and passed the whirlpool in safety, but below it the waves dashed in the man-hole door of his safety-chamber. Being forced into the boat, he was thrown overboard, and swam through the rapids three miles to Lewistown. He was picked up in an exhausted condition.

1888. The temperature fell several degrees below the freezing-point on Mount Washington, and ice nearly four inches thick formed on the windows of

the station. The wind was blowing at the rate of one hundred miles an hour.

August 29.

1350. One of the earliest English naval victories was gained off Winchelsea. Edward III. defeated the Spanish fleet of forty large ships, and captured twenty-six.

1782. The Royal George, a man-of-war of one hundred and eight guns, was lost off Spithead. While keeled over to repair a pipe, a sudden gust washed the sea into her ports, and she went down with all on board, about six hundred persons.

1855. A railroad-collision took place at Burlington, New Jersey, through which twenty-one persons were killed and many more injured.

1880. The steamer City of Vera Cruz foundered off the coast of Florida. Sixty-eight lives were lost by the disaster.

August 30.

1833. The Amphitrite, a ship with female convicts for New South Wales, was lost on Boulogne Sands. Only three persons were saved out of one hundred and thirty-one on board.

1881. The Trenton, a mail-steamer, struck a rock near Cape Agulhas, Cape of Good Hope, and foundered a few hours afterwards. There were three hundred and sixty-one persons on board, most of whom were drowned, only thirty-six escaping.

1886. A magazine on the open prairie near Chicago was struck by lightning and exploded. It contained one hundred thousand pounds of dynamite, powder, and other explosives. Everything within a radius of a half-mile was wrecked.

1888. The last span in the great bridge over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie was finished. The completion of this work was signalized by the firing of a cannon from the bridge and the blowing of steam-whistles. The viaduct-approach has since then been completed.

August 31.

1688. John Bunyan, the author of the celebrated "Pilgrim's Progress," died. He began life as a tinker, and led a wandering and dissipated life for some years. In the civil war he served in the Parliamentary army, and afterwards became deeply impressed with religious ideas and grew highly zealous. As a Baptist minister he was arrested and sentenced to transportation for life, on the charge of promoting sedition. This sentence was not executed, but he was kept in prison for twelve years, during which he wrote part of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Few works ever published have attained the popularity of this production, whose influence on English thought has been very great.

1856. Sir John Ross, a famous Arctic navigator, died. In 1818 he commanded an expedition to seek a Northwest passage. He made another voyage in 1829, and remained in the ice till 1838, when his party were rescued by a whaling-vessel. In 1831 he discovered a point which he believed to be the magnetic pole. His nephew, Sir James Ross, accompanied him in his voyages, and in 1839 headed a highly successful expedition to the south polar region.

1870. The battle of Sedan, between the French army under Marshal MacMahon and the German under the King and Crown-Prince of Prussia, began in a series of desperate conflicts on August 29, 30, and 31. The main battle was fought on September 1, in which the French were irretrievably defeated. The carnage was frightful, and about twenty-five thousand French prisoners were taken, while eighty-three thousand surrendered the next day.

1886. Charleston, South Carolina, was visited by one of the most destructive earthquakes ever known in the United States. For the loss in this catastrophe, see statement under September 4.

CURRENT NOTES.

ARE women to blame? For the physical degeneracy of the race where is the blame to be placed? Within certain limitations women are to blame. In their ignorance of hygienic laws, they become great misery-makers. A wonderful sympathy exists between disease and the dining-table. Upon the quality of one's food depends the quality of the nerves and muscles, and the housekeeper who does not look after the digestive organs of man must be held accountable for the failures of life.

Every grain of bodily power, ability of motion, or effort is derived from the food we eat; stimulants, spirits, and mental excitement call out that power in unnatural quantities, but the power itself is derived from the food, through the medium of the nerves and muscles.

The principles of men are so out of joint that when you sit down to a table and suppose you are eating pure food, nine chances out of ten you are taking into your stomach substances whose cumulative effect will prove fatal to health and comfort. To escape these impositions it is not enough that you should have perfect confidence in your grocer, for like yourself he may be deceived, but you should enforce it upon your housekeeper that she use only those market products which from long-standing reputation have proved themselves to be what they represent, and are backed by reliable authority, who have no other motive than public good in pronouncing them genuine and pure.

The question of adulteration in its relation to the physical welfare of the race is second to none. This pernicious trickery is steadily on the increase, and has caused a hue and cry in mercantile circles, that legitimate trade should be used as a means for fraud. If our homes are to be protected from the depredations of these petty tricksters, our housekeepers must join forces with public health benefactors and wage a war against food-cheapeners, thus protecting humanity from sickness and suffering, the inevitable outcome of a departure from hygienic laws. There is among housekeepers a wide-spread lack of appreciation that these adulterating substances are the more harmful because they act slowly, and the effect is so far removed from the cause that its detection is difficult.

Housewives should refuse to purchase or place upon their table any fraudulent food condiment, or to have their credulity traded upon by the manufacturers of cheap articles.

Is there a meaner crime than the representation of an article as pure and wholesome, when the manufacturer knows, if he knows anything, that his product can be of no good and may even injure the user? A business carried on in this way is nothing more nor less than obtaining money under false pretences.

It is a good thing that the people of this country are getting to a point where they will no longer brook trifling with adulterators. No more strenuous effort has been made, heroic and single-handed as it was, than by Price Baking Powder Co., to bring about purity in human diet, and the decision of the National Food Analysts was that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder was the only one they could recommend for general family use, being free from ammonia, lime, and all drug taint.

LOOKING BACKWARD.—The superstition of the ill luck of looking backward, or returning, is a very ancient one, originating doubtless from Lot's wife, who "looked back from behind him," when he was led by an angel outside the doomed City of the Plain. In Robert's "Oriental Illustrations" it is stated to be "considered exceedingly unfortunate in Hindostan for men or women to look back when they leave their house. Accordingly, if a man goes out and leaves something behind him which his wife knows he will want, she does not call him to turn or look back, but takes or sends it after him; and if some great emergency obliges him to look back, he will not then proceed on the business he was about to transact."

THE SALUTE OF ONE HUNDRED AND ONE GUNS.—Opinions differ as to the origin of firing this number of guns on great occasions. Some hold that it can be deduced from the German custom of adding one, on almost every occasion, which has descended into trade and the ordinary affairs of life. Others hold to the following historical origin. On the triumphant return of Maximilian to Germany after a successful campaign, a brilliant reception was offered to the monarch by the town of Augsburg, and a hundred rounds of cannon were ordered to be discharged on the occasion. The officer in service, fearing lest he had neglected the exact number, caused an extra round to be added. The town of Nuremberg, which Maximilian next visited, desirous to prove itself equally loyal, also ordered a like salute; whence, it is held, proceeds the custom that has descended to our day.

AN EARLY PICNIC.—It is hard to tell when this form of entertainment first came into popular favor, but there is extant an account of a distinguished picnic which took place in the early part of the seventeenth century, upon the birthday of Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. of England. Mainwaring, in a letter to the Earl of Arundel, bearing date November 22, 1618, alludes to this picnic, and says, "The prince his birthday has been solemnized here by the few marquises and lords which found themselves here; and (to supply the want of lords) knights and squires were admitted to a consultation, wherein it was resolved that such a number should meet at Gamiges, and bring every man his dish of meat. It was left to their own choice what to bring: some chose to be substantial, some curious, some extravagant. Sir George Young's invention bore away the bell; and that was four huge brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sarsiges, all tied to a monstrous bag-pudding."

SPINSTER.—The manual occupation of spinning, so indispensable in early times, furnished the jurisprudence of Germany and England with a term to distinguish the female line, *fusus*; and a memento of its former importance still remains in the appellation of *spinster*. King Alfred speaks of his male and female descendants by the terms of the spear-side and the spindle-side; and the German jurisprudence still divides families into male and female by the titles of *schwertmagen*, "sword-members," and *spillmagen* or *spindelwagen*, "spindle-members." The term "spinster," a single woman, in law, is now the common title by which an unmarried woman is designated. "Generosa," says Lord Cole, "is a good addition for a gentlewoman; and if such be termed *spinster* she may abate the writ." This, however, is not so now, for the word *spinster* is applied in England, as well as here, to all unmarried women, of whatever rank or condition.

"WHEREVER WE GO," is the bicyclist's song, "we see the same sentence—*It makes the weak strong.* All over the city—all over the land, we meet with the motto on every hand. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, North, South, East, and West, of all the blood medicines, surely, is best. It drives out the poison that lurks in the veins—the acid that causes the aches and the pains. It builds up the body, gives strength to endure, and of carbuncles, pimples, and boils is the cure. No medicine, truly, can ever compare with the Sarsaparilla compounded by Ayer."



"My brother, when he lived in England, was, for a long time, unable to attend to his occupation, by reason of sores on his foot. I sent him Ayer's Almanac, and the invaluable instructions and testimonials it contained induced him to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine he procured in London. After using it a little while, he was perfectly cured, and is now a well man, working in a sugar-mill at Brisbane, Queensland, Australia."—ANTHONY ATTEWELL, *Sharbot Lake, Ontario.*

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to say that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—MRS. R. IRVING DODGE, 110 *West 125th Street, New York City.*

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for years, and always recommend it when asked for the best blood-purifier."—W. T. MCLEAN, *Augusta, Ohio.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Ayer's Pills supply the universal want of a perfectly safe and reliable purgative medicine. They are compounded from the *extracted and concentrated* juices and active remedial principles of purely vegetable substances, and are consequently superior in uniformity, strength, and curative power. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Ayer's Pills.

THE BUCCANEERS.—These were an association of sea-robbers or pirates, called also "the Brethren of the Coast." For nearly two centuries they waged constant war against the Spaniards in the West Indies. The buccaneers were Europeans, chiefly natives of Great Britain and France, and first formed their association about 1524. Several narratives of their exploits have been written: that of Dampier is especially interesting. The name "buccaneer" arose in this way: the Carib Indians taught the colonists to cure the flesh of cattle, which they called *boucan*; the French made therefrom *boucaner*, and hence the noun *boucanier*, and our "buccaneer."

GLEN SUMMIT HOTEL stands on the crest of the Nescopee Mountain, one of the most delightful and romantic spots in Pennsylvania.

Standing at an altitude of two thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a section unsurpassed for magnificent scenery, it is not strange that in a few years it has attained a popularity unexcelled by any similar place East or North.

Its accessibility,—it being less than 150 miles from New York or 125 miles from Philadelphia,—its situation on the line of the picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad, together with its close proximity to many of the principal cities of the East, are some of the reasons why, in the short space of six years, Glen Summit stands absolutely in the lead of available mountain-resorts.

Within easy distance of Glen Summit may be viewed one of the grandest sights that can be witnessed. The Valley of Wyoming—famous in song and story—lies spread out before the eye like a panorama. A chain of mountains forms a gorgeous background, while the winding Susquehanna flows peacefully at the base. The cities of Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, etc., ever busy, and melodious with the hum of industry, are plainly visible in their entirety, the whole presenting a scene that once viewed can never be effaced from memory.

With every requisite of beautiful and healthful situation, it is not surprising that Glen Summit attracts so large a share of attention as a spring or summer resort.

A first-class hotel was all that was necessary to render this charming spot attractive in the highest degree; and this the erection of Glen Summit Hotel has accomplished.

The Glen Summit is a stanch, commodious, and handsome building, furnished luxuriously, has electric bells, open grates, steam heat, gas, etc., and is a model in every respect.

CANADA.—Sir John Barrow gives the following derivation of this name: "When the Portuguese, under Gaspar Cortereal, in 1500, first ascended the great river St. Lawrence, they believed it was the strait of which they were in search, and through which a passage might be discovered into the Indian Sea. But on arriving at the point whence they could clearly ascertain it was not a strait but a river, they with all emphasis of disappointed hopes exclaimed repeatedly, 'Canada' ('Here nothing'), words which were remembered and repeated by the natives on seeing Europeans arrive in 1534, who naturally conjectured that the word they heard employed so often must denote the name of the country." The now generally accepted derivation, however, which is supported by the analogy of other names, is either that given by Charlevoix, from the Iroquois *Kaunata*, a collection of huts, or from two Indian words, *Kan* or *Can*, a mouth, and *Ada*, a country, signifying the mouth of the country, and presumably originally applied to the river St. Lawrence.

IN reply to your request for my opinion of the GIESSHÜBLER WATER, both as a table and medicinal water, I would say that it belongs to the bicarbonated alkaline (sodic) waters, of which the waters of Vichy, Vals, and Bilin are well-known examples. The Apollinaris and Selters belong to the chlorinated sodic waters. This water is, however, much less alkaline than most of the springs of Vals, some of them containing 477 grains of alkaline bicarbonates to the gallon, while the Vichy waters contain from 322 to 380 grains. The GIESSHÜBLER contains only about 91 grains. I consider it, therefore, the best table water we have. It is in all respects a natural water, both as regards gaseous and solid constituents. Besides being palatable and having the merit of mixing perfectly with wine and spirits, I can recommend it for use here, because, owing to climate and much that is bad in our American *cuisine* and to other causes, lithic or uric acid and digestive derangements are extremely common with us; indeed, almost the rule. The alkaline bicarbonates which this water contains in moderate amount are valuable in acidity of the *primæ viæ*, while the manganese and iron are tonic. A very important characteristic in the prevention of and as a solvent of lithic or uric acid is the lithia which the Giesshübler contains, it being a strong lithia water, containing a twelfth of a grain to the pint. I regard it as in the highest degree irrational and harmful to recommend any water or thing as a curative of any special renal conditions. I can only say that the Giesshübler has its uses in preventing certain renal difficulties, especially the formation of uric acid. I am glad that the water has been introduced here by your well-known firm. I have passed a good deal of time at foreign springs, and know how conscientiously and under what favorable circumstances the waters are bottled. I regret to say that medical hydrology has, up to the present time, received so little attention in this country, that I am not inspired with great confidence as regards some of our American bottled waters corresponding perfectly with the analyses that have been made by able chemists.

Yours respectfully,

H. B. MILLARD, M.D.

(Foreign Corresponding Member of the Society of
Medical Hydrology of Paris, etc., etc.)

4 EAST FORTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, April 15, 1889.

Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents for the United States and Canada, 6
Barclay Street, New York.

It has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise which have been before the public of England for the last half-century are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to Beecham's Pills, which in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe this shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English-speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, that their druggist does not keep BEECHAM'S PILLS, they can send twenty-five cents to the General Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

HOWEVER uncomfortable military frontier life may be considered by the soldier who actually experiences it, it has a great charm for the reader of fiction. A very interesting and breezy story of frontier army life is Captain Charles King's last novel, "*Laramie*"; or, *The Queen of Bedlam. A Story of the Sioux War of 1876.*" It is just the kind of a story to be taken along for summer reading, containing a happy blending of the two ingredients dearest to the heart of the readers of romance,—love and war. Captain King possesses a brilliant and dashing style, and his own experiences of military frontier life enable him to give the proper local color to his tale.

THE leading English papers for the past month are filled with glowing accounts of a very unique and extraordinary exhibition in the shape of a monkey congress, at the Alexandra Palace, London, in which over one thousand monkeys participate. When it is remembered that no zoological garden in the world contains more than one hundred monkeys, some idea may be conveyed of the outlay of time and money this enterprise must have involved. The promoters of this interesting exhibition are Messrs. Benjamin Brooke and Company, of Philadelphia, who have adopted the monkey as their trade-mark, inasmuch as they claim that their Brooke's Crystal Soap is the "missing link" of household cleanliness, and who take this means to call the attention of Englishmen to the merits of this far-famed product.

As an advertising scheme, this is by far the most extraordinary ever attempted, and it is estimated that it has cost not less than one hundred thousand dollars to carry it out successfully. Orders for monkeys were sent all over Europe, also to India, Africa, Asia, South America, Ceylon, the West Indies, and the Southern Archipelago. Captains of vessels trading with every port where it was likely that a supply could be obtained were commissioned to secure the most original specimens possible, and the gardens of the European Continent were called upon to contribute to the display. The result has been that almost every branch of the simian family is represented, and the collection is one which includes specimens the existence of which has been hitherto unknown to naturalists. The orang-outang from Borneo and the chimpanzee from West Africa rub noses together; the monster baboon from the Congo region is to be found side by side with the tiny marmoset from the banks of the Amazon and the timid but agile spider-monkey from Peru; the capuchin monkey, with its black crown like a monk's cowl, has been brought from Guiana; Brazil sends the squirrel monkey; India furnishes the rhesus and the macaque; the Diana, Pluto, and Mustache are among the representatives of West Africa; while the Barbary ape and the brilliantly-colored Cochinchina monkey divide attention with the hussar from North and the lemur from East Africa.

Every effort has been made to put the surroundings in harmony with this unique display of tropical life. The quarters allotted to the monkeys are commodious, and brilliant sunshine, graceful palms, shady ferns, and plashing fountains, with the chattering occupants of the cages grouped around, make up a very attractive picture. In addition to the monkey congress there are many other popular attractions in the Palace and the grounds. Five bands of music, nightly displays of fireworks, a chorus of eight hundred voices, sleight-of-hand performances in the theatre, and thrilling descents by Baldwin, the parachutist, from his balloon, have made this display one of the most popular of the metropolis.

FORTY years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed and whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody, without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is, "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.



"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

THE various needs of insurers require various adaptations. The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia has no best plans which it seeks to sell to the exclusion of other forms. No other has a greater variety of contracts—none so acceptable. A dollar of premium buys its full value—no more, no less, under each contract.

Insurers are recommended to get all the insurance which their premiums will buy,—not allow a portion of such premium to be diverted from legitimate use by accumulation in a fund divisible fifteen or twenty years hence among a few survivors. An honest administration of such a plan will produce satisfactory results to a few; but when they are adopted by Companies and thrust upon the public in order that the meagre dividends which can now be paid may be concealed, and in order that a fund may be controlled for a long series of years, it is a grave question whether the opportunity thus presented to do wrong will not be used. He who contemplates a wrong needs only a short start of his victim; and when an insured member of a company is kept in ignorance of his dividends or gains, it may be intended to deprive him thereof, or to charge against his policy the excessive cost attendant upon its issue. It is noticeable that only those companies which are expensively managed, which have a diminishing surplus, and which, therefore, cannot compete with others in low cost, are encouraging life insurance upon deferred dividend plans. Address Home Office for full information, 921-925 Chestnut Street.

TRUE BLUE.—In England this partisan color was first assumed by the Covenanters in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I. Hence it was adopted by the soldiers of Lesley and Montrose in 1639. The adoption of this color was a piece of religious pedantry, the following precept being given in the law of Moses: "Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them ribbons of blue." (Numbers xv. 38.)

The color was also a party distinction in Rome. In the factions of the Circus of the Lower Empire, the emperor Anastasius secretly favored the *Greens*, Justinian openly protected the *Blues*; the latter therefore became the emblem of loyalty, the former of disaffection. For some less evident reason, the Blues were looked upon as the party of the established and orthodox church; and the imputation of heresy thrown forth against the others served as a pretext for every act of oppression.

James III. granted to the city of Edinburgh a banner, which is still esteemed a sort of palladium, and is called, from its color, Blue Blanket.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.—The name of these famous works is derived from Sir Francis Henry Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, who died in February, 1829, and left a will directing certain trustees to invest eight thousand pounds to be placed at the disposal of the President of the Royal Society, to be paid to the person or persons nominated by him. The will further directed that when these persons were so selected they should be appointed to write and publish one thousand copies of a work "on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the creation, illustrating each work by all reasonable arguments, as, for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the effects of digestion, and thereby of conversion; the construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments; as also by discoveries, ancient and modern, in Arts and Sciences and the whole extent of Literature." David Gilbert was at that time the president of the Royal Society, and he, with the advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, appointed the following eight persons, who accordingly wrote the Bridgewater Treatises: Dr. Chalmers, John Kidd, Rev. M. Whewell, Sir Charles Bell, Peter Roget, Rev. Dr. Buckland, Rev. Wm. Kirby, and Wm. Prout.

THE many readers of "Not Like Other Girls" will be pleased to learn that Miss Rosa N. Carey has just issued another story, entitled "Merle's Crusade." Like Miss Carey's other stories, this novel appeals especially to women. It deals with the problems confronting a young woman of the present day, and the manner in which they are overcome. The finish is a happy marriage, and so "all's well that ends well."

